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WERNER'S
READINGS AND RECITATIONS
No. 57 - Easter Celebrations

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EASTER SUNDAY.

TABLE SHOWING THE DATE OF EASTER SUNDAY IN EACH YEAR OF THE NINETEENTH AND TWENTIETH CENTURIES.

1801—April 5	1835—April 19	1869—Mar. 28.	1902—Mar. 30.	1935—April 21.	1968—April 14.
1802—April 18.	1836—April 3.	1870—April 17.	1903—April 12.	1936—April 12.	1969—April 6.
1803—April 10.	1837—Mar. 26	1871—April 9.	1904—April 3.	1937—Mar. 28.	1970—Man 29.
1804—April 1.	1838—April 15	1872—Mar. 31.	1905—April 23.	1938—April 17.	1971—April 11.
1805—April 14	1839—Mar. 31	1873—April 13	1906—April 15.	1939—April 9.	1972—April 2.
1806—April 6.	1840—April 19.	1874—April 5.	1907—Mar. 31.	1940—Mar. 24.	1973—April 22.
1807—Mar. 29.	1841—April 11	1875—Mar 28.	1908—April 19.	1941—April 13.	1974—April 14.
1808—April 17.	1842—Mar. 27	1876—April 16	1909—April 11.	1942—April 5.	1975—Mar. 30.
1809—April 2.	1843—April 16	1877—April 1.	1910—Mar. 27.	1943—April 25.	1976—April 18.
1810—April 22.	1844—April 7	1878—April 21.	1911—April 16.	1944—April 9	1977—April 10.
1811—April 14.	1845—Mar. 23.	1879—April 13	1912—April 7	1945—April 1.	1978—Mar. 26.
1812—Mar. 29.	1846—April 12.	1880—Mar. 28.	1913—Mar 23	1946—April 21	1979—April 15.
1813—April 18.	1847—April 4.	1881—April 17	1914—April 12	1947—April 6	1980—April 6.
1814—April 10.	1848—April 23.	1882—April 9.	1915—April 4.	1948—Mar 28.	1981—April 19.
1815—Mar. 26.	1849—April 8.	1883—Mar. 25.	1916—April 23	1949—April 17	1982—April 11.
1816—April 14.	1850—Mar. 31.	1884—April 13.	1917—April 8.	1950—April 9.	1983—April 3.
1817—April 6.	1851—April 20.	1885—April 5.	1918—Mar. 31.	1951—Mar 25.	1984—April 22.
1818—Mar. 22.	1852—April 11.	1886—April 25.	1919—April 20.	1952—April 13	1985—April 7.
1819—April 11.	1853—Mar. 27	1887—April 10.	1920—April 4.	1953—April 5	1986—Mar. 30.
1820—April 2.	1854—April 16.	1888—April 1.	1921—Mar. 27.	1954—April 18.	1987—April 19.
1821—April 22.	1855—April 8.	1889—April 21.	1922—April 16.	1955—April 10.	1988—April 3.
1822—April 7.	1856—Mar. 23	1890—April 6.	1923—April 1.	1956—April 1.	1989—Mar 26.
1823—Mar. 30.	1857—April 12	1891—Mar 29	1924—April 20.	1957—April 21	1990—April 15.
1824—April 18	1858—April 4.	1892—April 17.	1925—April 12.	1958—April 6	1991—Mar. 31.
1825—April 3.	1859—April 24.	1893—April 2.	1926—April 4.	1959—Mar. 29.	1992—April 19.
1826—Mar. 26.	1860—April 8.	1894—Mar. 25.	1927—April 17.	1960—April 17.	1993—April 11.
1827—April 15.	1861—Mar. 31.	1895—April 14.	1928—April 8.	1961—April 2.	1994—April 3.
1828—April 6.	1862—April 20.	1896—April 5.	1929—Mar. 31.	1962—April 22.	1995—April 16.
1829—April 19.	1863—April 5.	1897—April 18.	1930—April 20.	1963—April 14.	1996—April 7.
1830—April 11.	1864—Mar. 27.	1898—April 10.	1931—April 5.	1964—Mar. 29.	1997—Mar. 30.
1831—April 3.	1865—April 16.	1899—April 2.	1932—Mar. 27.	1965—April 18.	1998—April 12.
1832—April 22.	1866—April 1	1900—April 15	1933—April 16.	1966—April 10.	1999—April 4.
1833—April 7.	1867—April 21.	1901—April 7.	1934—April 1.	1967—Mar. 26.	2000—April 23
1834—Mar. 30.	1868—April 12.				

He is Risen

Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 57

Easter Celebrations

WRITTEN, COMPILED, OR ARRANGED BY

STANLEY SCHELL

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NEW YORK

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Werner's readings and
recitations

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INDEX TO AUTHORS

Allbright, Mary E..... 54
Bacon, Mrs. L. B..... 47
Baker, George M..... 37
Barber, Joseph 73
Bonney, Callie L..... 54
Bradt, Edith Virginia..... 52
Browning, Robert 44
Burch, Adele E..... 71
Cary, Alice 56
Chandlers, Izora 66
Charlton, Amanda 126
Chishold, William B..... 72
Chisholm, Belle V..... 65
Connor, Ralph 21
Copeland, Benjamin 73
Crary, Alice 170
Dana, Julia M..... 29
Doane, Bishop William C.. 53
Donnell, Annie Hamilton... 17
Fellner, Itta Allen 57
Forrester, Izola 59
France, Anatole 32
Francis, J. W. D..... 61
Gibbons, Cardinal 58
Hamm, Margherita Arlina.. 30
Harlowe, Beatrice 19
Hebard, Mary 109
Hemans, Felicia 109
Henderson, Emily 67
Holton, Helen A..... 38
Irving, Minna 62
Kingsley, Florence Morse.. 51
Knox, Jessie Juliet 39
Lathbury, Mary A..... 46
Le Gallienne, Richard 76
Macdonald, Mrs. 53
Malsbary, Eva 50
Mund, E. D.....123
Nesbit, Wilbur D.....48, 80
Newberry, Fannie E..... 86
Niver, Louise Boranger.... 26
O'Donnell, Jessie F..... 70
Randall, James Ryder..... 36
Russell, Lawrence K..... 23
Rust, Ida G..... 77
Schell, Stanley .....
Smith, May Riley..... 35
St. Luke 15
Stanton, Frank L..... 30
Sterling, Harriet B..... 24
Stewart, Jane 151
Sweet, Frank H..... 68
Sylva, Carmen 55
Thayer, Julia H..... 34
Trench, Archbishop R. C... 74
Tubbs, Arthur Lewis..... 24
Tucker, Jule Hamilton....104
Urmy, Clarence 43
Vincent, Ellen Kingsbury.. 42
Walker, Anna D. 31
Wesley, Charles 36
West, Kenyon 45
White, Bertha B. 63

ALPHABETICAL CONTENTS

PAGE.

Almond Blossoms [Love].—Poem 98
And the Procession Moved On.—Izola Forrester.—Prose 59
Anemones [Peace].—Poem 100
Angel's Food.—Recipe 189
Arbor of Lilies.—Dance 169
Auction Sale.—Social Entertainment 173
Awake! Awake!—Poem 20
Babbette's Easter Lesson.—Belle V. Chisholm.—Prose for child.. 65
Ball and Package Game 183
Bark Nest.—Centerpiece 185
Basket of Chickens.—Centerpiece 184
Basket of Crocuses.—Centerpiece 184
Basket of Eggs.—Recipe 189
Be Glad.—Edith Virginia Bradt.—Poem 52
"Be Glad and Full of Joy Today."—Entertainment. Poem. Several children 25
Bells of Easter.—Play. Any number 137
Bells of Easter.—Song and Recitation 137
Binny and Bunny.—Poem for child 72
Birth, Death and Resurrection of the Flowers.—Mary Hebard.—Entertainment. Any number 109
Blessed Easter.—Children's Day.—Exercise. 10 children 117
Bonnet Archery.—Game 163
Bonnet Auction.—Game 162
Bonnet Dance 163
Bonnet Nest.—Game 163
Bonnet Secrets.—Dance 163
Bonnets Indispensable to Easter.—William B. Chishold.—Poem. 72
Bouquets of Easter Flowers.—Dance 169
Boy and Angel.—Robert Browning.—Poem 44
Bunny Cake.—Recipe 188
Bunny Cake and Easter Candlesticks.—Centerpiece 184
Bunny Charlottes.—Recipe 188
Bunny Impersonations.—Game 181
Bunny Party.—Social Entertainment 148
Bunny Picnic.—Social Entertainment 180

PAGE.
Bunny Quoits.—Game 150
Bunny Ribbon Dance 149
Bunny Shadow Pictures.—Game 150
Cakes, Desserts.—Recipes 188, 189
Cameo Eggs.—How to make Souvenir..... 178
Candies.—Recipe 189
Candy Bunnies.—Recipe 189
Candy Chickens.—Recipe 189
Candy Eggs.—Recipe 189
Capturing Clown.—Dance 176
Centerpieces 184
Chicken Pates.—Recipe 186
Chicken Run.—Centerpiece 185
Chicken Salad Surprise.—Recipe 179
Chloe Ann's Easter Egg.—Frank H. Sweet.—Prose..... 68
Choir Loft Proposal.—Wilbur D. Nesbit.—Prose with singing... 48
Christ Arose in His Heart.—Izora Chandlers.—Prose..... 66
Christ the Risen King.—Ellen Kingsbury Vincent.—Entertainment. Any number 42
Christ Touched His Eyes.—Florence Morse Kingsley.—Prose.... 51
Cocktail Sandwiches.—Recipe 179
Come, Whisper in My Ear.—Poem 80
Consider the Lilies.—Action Song 89
Conundrum Game. 159
Daffodils.—How to make Easter Souvenir 178
Daffodils [Joy].—Poem 96
Dances 97, 136, 149, 157, 163, 169, 175, 176
Dead Birds and Easter.—May Riley Smith..... 35
Death Means Freedom.—Bishop William Croswell Doane.—Poem 53
Delinquent Rabbit—Wilbur D. Nesbit.—Poem for child..... 80
Deviled Eggs Entertainment.—Social Entertainment. Game.... 161
Dost Thou Know 'Tis Easter Day?—Song..... 145
Drawing an Easter Egg.—Game..... 183
Drills, Marches 93, 99, 100, 104, 143
Ducklings.—Recipe 186
Easter a Day of Spiritual Joy.—Cardinal Gibbons.—Prose..... 58
Easter Altar-Cloth.—Julia H. Thayer.—Poem..... 34
Easter Bells.—Prologue.—Poem 94
Easter Bonnet Contest.—Game 156
Easter Bonnet Party.—Social Entertainment 162
Easter Bridal Song.—Alice Cary.—Action Poem..... 56
Easter Cake.—Recipe 188

PAGE.
Easter Candlesticks.—Centerpiece 184
Easter Centerpieces. 184, 185, 186
Easter Chimes.—Entertainment. Any number..... 94
Easter Convention.—Entertainment. Any number 127
Easter Dream of Mun Chee.—Jessie Juliet Knox.—Prose..... 39
Easter Fishing Pond.—Game 182
Easter Flower Pageant.—March.—Illustration 93
Easter Flowers.—Dance 169
Easter Flowers.—Exercise.—Poem. 4 girls..... 108
Easter Garden.—Game 157
Easter Gifts.—Social 135, 146
Easter Girl.—Poem 23
Easter Hat Sale.—Entertainment 173
Easter Hats.—How to make Souvenir..... 177
Easter Lilies.—Exercise of quotations for 9 girls..... 121
Easter Lilies.—Poem 118
Easter Lily Quotations 121, 190, 191, 192
Easter Monday Lawn Egg Hunt.—Game..... 178
Easter Nest Game.—Alice Crary.—Social Entertainment..... 170
Easter Offerings.—Emily Henderson.—Poem for child..... 67
Easter Parable.—Poem 120
Easter Story Contest.—Game 156
Easter, the "Sunday of Joy."—Prose Essay 83
Easter Tree.—Centerpiece 185
Easter Tree Party.—Social Entertainment and Dance..... 152
Easter Trifle.—Recipe 164
Easter Tulip Party 156
Ecclesiastical Ball.—Game 182
Edible Bunny.—Recipe 186
Egg and Rabbit Symbols of Spring..... 147
Egg-Blowing Contest.—Game 168
Egg Dance.—Game 183
Egg Decorating.—Game 160
Egg Decorating.—Game 179
Egg-Decorating Contest.—Game 168
Egg Deliver.—Game 168
Egg Description.—Game 161
Egg-Eater.—Money-Making Scheme 152
Egg Hunt.—Game 168
Egg Nest Salad.—Recipe 188
Egg Nests on Toast.—Recipe 164
Egg Nests on Toast.—Recipe..... 187

PAGE.
"Egg-Plant" Party.—Social Entertainment..... 179
Egg Race.—Game 160
Egg Race.—Game 179
Egg Race.—Game 182
Egg Rolling on Easter Monday on White House Lawn.—Prose Essay 165
Egg-Shell Dippers.—How to make Easter Souvenir..... 178
Egg Throwing.—Game 182
Egg Tree.—Money-Making Scheme 172
Egg Vases with Flowers.—How to make Souvenir..... 177
Emblems of Easter.—Exercise.—Poem. 5 or groups of 5..... 101
Fairer Day.—Poem 119
Fairies' Easter.—Dialogue. 2 boys 132
Father's Easter Sermon.—Annie Hamilton Donnell.—Prose..... 17
Feast of Deliverance.—Anatole France.—Prose 32
Feathers.—Game 183
Fickle Lady and Her Cushion.—Dance..... 176
First Easter.—St. Luke.—Prose 15
Floating Eggs or Floating Toys.—Social Entertainment..... 155
Flower Basket Dance (Lilies, Gold Ring and Tulip).—Dance..... 169
Flower Bonnet One-Step.—Dance 163
Flower Fan.—Dance 157
Flowers Akin to Humanity.—Poem 136
Flowers Beloved of Christ.—Poem 81
Forming a Knot.—Dance 175
Fortune Eggs for Easter.—Social Entertainment..... 158
Fragrant Lilies.—Song 131
Friar's Omelet.—Recipe 187
Frolic and Fun with Egg-Shells.—Social Entertainment..... 153
Funny Eggs.—Game 169
Funny-Face Contest.—Game 174
Fuzzy-Wuzzy Chicken Cup.—How to make Easter Souvenir.... 178
Game of Flowers.—Singing Game 181
Games 150, 156, 157, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 168, 169, 170
174, 179, 180, 181, 182
Games for Easter.—Group Games 182
Germany Is Land of the Easter Egg.—Prose..... 176
Gifts for Easter.—Prose. Suggestive 146
Glorious Child of the Sun [Summer].—Poem 112
God Looketh on the Heart.—Poem 78
God Was Otherwheres.—Poem 82
Gold Cake.—Recipe 188

PAGE.
Golden Egg.—Game 160
Grand March.—Dance, Drill 148
Greeting to Easter.—Action Song 87
Greeting to Easter.—Musical Sketch. Any number..... 87
Hans and Gretchen Hunting Easter Eggs.—Bertha B. White.—
Prose for child 63
Happy Rabbit Family.—Centerpiece 184
Harlequin Eggs.—Recipe 188
He Is Risen.—Charles Wesley.—Poem 36
Headless Chickens.—Game 183
Hedge of Lilies.—Dance 157
Hidden Proverbs.—Game 160
Hot Cross Buns.—Recipe 189
How Nancy Did Her Part.—Prose 28
How the Flowers Grow.—Poem 60
How to Find Easter.—Poem for child 83
How to Remember Easter Date.—Fannie E. Newberry.—Poem
for child 86
Humpty-Dumpty Cotillion 175
Humpty-Dumpty Dance 175
Humpty-Dumpty Festivity.—Social Entertainment 159
Humpty-Dumpty Search.—Game 174
Humpty-Dumpty Social 174
Hunt the Bunny.—Game 150
Hunting Bunny Nests.—Game 181
"I Will Arise."—Richard Le Gallienne.—Poem 76
Identical Eggs.—Game 182
In Jesus's Grave Lie Man's Sins.—Ralph Connor.—Prose..... 21
In Search of the Lily.—Legendary Sketch. Any number..... 102
Informal Easter Party 168
Jellied Egg.—Recipe 189
Jellied Eggs and Real Eggs in Jelly Nest.—Recipe..... 181
Jelly Eggs.—Centerpiece 185
Jokes, Easter 43, 46, 162, 167, 173
Joy of Easter Morning.—Poem 19
Joyous Daffodils.—Drill or Dance 97
Keeping an Ancient Custom.—Callie L. Bonney.—Poem..... 54
Language of the Heart.—Prose 86
Last Rose of Summer.—Song 114
Lay of Eggs.—Poem 49
Legend of the Lilies.—Carmen Sylva.—Prose..... 55
Lesson that Easter Teaches.—Adelle E. Burch.—Poem..... 71

PAGE.
Life Through Death.—Archbishop Richard Chenevix Trench.—Poem 74
Lilies' Litany.—Poem 118
Lily [Immortality].—Poem 99
Lily Garland.—Dance 157
Lily March.—Dance or Drill 99
Lily, Queen of Flowers.—Prose 84
Lost Bonnet—Lost Heart.—Minna Irving.—Poem 62
Mad March Hare Party 167
Magic Eggs.—Recipe 187
March of the Easter Flowers.—Dance or Drill 100
Matching Eggs.—Game 183
Mock Eggs in Jelly.—Recipe 188
Mrs. Bunny's Salad.—Recipe 187
Myrrh Bearers.—E. D. Mund.—Pantomime.—Poem 123
Naming the Chickens.—Mrs. L. B. Bacon.—Poem for child 47
Never More Tears, Sorrow, nor Sighing.—Ida G. Rust.—Poem 77
Night-Blooming Cereus.—Jessie F. O'Donnell.—Poem 70
Old Bell-Ringer.—Prose 25
Omelet.—Recipe 187
One-Step.—Dance 175
Our God Is Marching On.—Benjamin Copeland.—Song. Tune suggested 73
Our Resurrection.—Poem 64
Parepa Rosa's Special Easter Hymn.—Prose 75
Pasch, Pace, or Paas Egg.—Prose Essay 139
Pass the Bunnies.—Game 180
Pealing, Pealing, Pealing!—Louise Boranger Niver.—Poem 26
Peppermint-Sticks.—Dance 176
Pictures for Easter Gifts.—Prose. Suggestive gifts 135
Pilate's Monologue.—J. W. D. Francis.—Poem 61
Place Cards (Illustrations) 102, 150, 154, 156, 167, 174
Pond Lily Salad.—Recipe 187
Potato Chicks.—Recipe 187
Potato Snow and Bunny Croquettes.—Recipe 186
Primroses [Hope].—Poem 95
Progressive Games 159, 160, 161
Quotations.—Poems 121, 190, 191, 192
Rabbit and Egg Cake.—Suggestive 181
Rabbit and Egg Candies.—Suggestive 181
Rabbit and Egg Ice-Cream.—Suggestive 181
Rabbits and Daffodils.—Centerpiece 186

PAGE.

Rainbow Easter Eggs.—Entertainment. 7 or groups of 7..... 134
Recipes 157, 164, 179, 181, 186, 187
Refreshments 157, 161, 163, 164, 169, 174, 179, 181
Resurrection Day's Power.—Mary E. Allbright.—Poem..... 54
Resurrection Morn.—Eva Malsbary 50
Ring, Easter Bells.—Helen A. Holton.—Poem..... 38
Ring Loud, O Easter Bells.—Beatrice Harlowe.—Poem 19
Ring the Chimes.—Song 147
Robin Redbreast's Reward.—James Ryder Randall.—Poem..... 36
Roses First to Hear—Lilies First to See.—Clarence Urmy.—Poem 43
Salads.—Recipes 187, 188
Saviour Rose Today.—Margherita Arlina Hamm.—Poem..... 30
Seeking the Fountain of Youth.—Play. Any number..... 140
Seemed Like a Fairy Show.—Arthur Lewis Tubbs.—Poem..... 24
Shad Punctual at Easter Time.—Joseph Barber.—Poem..... 73
Shadow Pictures.—Game 150
She's the Easter Girl for Me.—Mrs. Macdonald.—Poem..... 53
Shine On, Most Glorious Light.—Kenyon West.—Poem..... 45
Siberia if with Her.—Poem. 4 lines..... 47
Significance of Easter.—Jane Stewart.—Prose Essay..... 151
Sketching Contest.—Game 156
Snowdrops, Lilies, and Butterflies.—Mary A. Lathbury.—Entertainment. Poem. Several children..... 46
Souvenirs for Easter. How to make.....177, 178
Spring Wild-Flowers.—Centerpiece 185
Stunning Easter Hat.—Joke. 162
Summer.—Song 111
Sweet Fairy Bells.—Song 142
That Sacred Fountain.—Song 144
This Chicken Has Lots to Learn.—Joke..... 173
Thoughts During Easter Service.—George M. Baker.—Poem... 37
To Color Easter Eggs.—Social Entertainment..... 177
Tommy Day's Easter Eggs.—Julia M. Dana.—Poem..... 29
Toss and Catch.—Dance 176
Trinity Drill, or Drill of the Cross.—Jule Hamilton Tucker..... 104
Tulip Bouillon.—Recipe 157
Tulip Cake.—Recipe 158
Tulip Ice-Cream.—Recipe 157
Tulip Salad.—Recipe 157
Vainglorious Mrs. Gray.—Poem 41
Victory Is Won.—Anna D. Walker.—Poem 31

PAGE.
Violets [Comfort].—Poem 96
Violets and Rabbits.—Centerpiece 186
Voice of Spring.—Felicia Hemans.—Poem 109
Watercress and Egg Salad.—Recipe 188
We Are Rainbow Easter Eggs.—Song and Dance (no music, tune suggested). Any number 136
When Jenny Wore Bonnet Plain.—Frank L. Stanton.—Poem... 30
Where Easter Eggs Grow.—Harriet B. Sterling.—Poem..... 24
Why Bunnies Bring Easter Eggs.—Poem 27
Why He Stopped Strong Drink.—Itta Allen Fellner.—Prose..... 57
Willow Buds and Blossoms [Faith]..... 98
With the New Day.—Poem 120
Wooden Shoe (Sabot) Race.—Game 156
Wore Her Last Year's Hat.—Lawrence K. Russell.—Poem..... 23

CLASSIFIED CONTENTS

DANCES, COTILLON, COTILLON FIGURES

PAGE
Arbor of Lilies.....169
Bonnet Dance 163
Bonnet Secrets 163
Bouquets of Easter Flowers..169
Bunny Ribbon Dance..May-pole dance style.....149
Capturing Clown 176
Easter Flowers 169
Easter Tree Party..Entertainment and dance 152
Fickle Lady and Her Cushion.176
Flower Basket Dance.....169
Flower Bonnet One-Step.....163
Flower Fan 157
Forming a Knot.....175
Grand March 148
Hedge of Lilies.....157
Humpty-Dumpty Cotillon 175
Humpty-Dumpty Dance 175
Joyous Daffodils 97
Lily Garland 157
One-Step 175
Peppermint-Sticks 176
Toss and Catch 176

DIALOGUES, EXERCISES, ENTERTAINMENTS, PLAYS

PAGE
"Be Glad and Full of Joy Today"..poem used as entertainm't with several childr'n 25
Bells of Easter..any number.137
Birth, Death and Resurrection of the Flowers..any numb.109
Blessed Easter—Children's Day 10 children 117
Christ, the Risen King..any no. poem used as entertainm't. 42
Easter Chimes..any number.. 94
Easter Convention..any no...127
Easter Flowers..4 girls.....108
Easter Lilies..9 girls.....121
Emblems of Easter....5 or groups of 5.....101
Fairies' Easter..2 boys.....132
Greeting to Easter..any no... 87
In Search of the Lily..any no.102
Rainbow Easter Eggs..7 or groups of 7.....134
Seeking the Fountain of Youth ..any number 140
Snowdrops, Lilies, and Buttercups..several child'n..poem used as entertainment..... 46
We Are Rainbow Easter Eggs ..any number 136

DIALECTS

PAGE
Chloe Ann's Easter Egg (negro) 68
Delinquent Rabbit (child) 80
Fairies' Easter (street gamin) 132
Seemed Like a Fancy Show (Yankee Countryman) 24
When Jenny Wore Bonnet Plain (Yankee Countryman) 30

CHILD SELECTIONS

Babette's Easter Lesson 65
Binny and Bunny 72
Delinquent Rabbit 80
Easter Dream of Mun Chee ... 39
Easter Offerings 67
Hans and Gretchen Hunting Easter Eggs 63
How to Find Easter 83
How to Remember Easter Date 86
Naming the Chickens 47
Tommy Day's Easter Eggs ... 29
Where Easter Eggs Grow 24
Why Bunnies Bring Easter Eggs 27

DRILLS AND MARCHES

Easter Flower Pageant..March illustration 93
Grand March 148
Joyous Daffodils 97
Lily March 99
March of the Easter Flowers. 100
Trinity Drill, or Drill of the Cross 104

GAMES

Ball and Package Game 183
Bonnet Archery 163
Bonnet Auction 162
Bonnet Nest 163
Bunny Impersonations 181
Bunny Quoits 150
Bunny Shadow Pictures 150
Conundrum Game 159
Deviled Eggs Entertainment.. 161
Drawing an Easter Egg 183
Easter Bonnet Contest 156
Easter Fishing Pond 182
Easter Garden 157
Easter Monday Lawn Egg Hunt. 178
Easter Nest Game 170

GAMES—(Con.)

PAGE
Easter Story Contest 156
Ecclesiastical Ball 182
Egg-Blowing Contest 168
Egg Dance 183
Egg Decorating 160, 168, 179
Egg Deliverer 168
Egg Description 161
Egg Eater 152
Egg Hunt 168
Egg Race 160, 179, 182
Egg Throwing 182
Feathers 183
Fortune Eggs for Easter 158
Funny Eggs 169
Funny-Face Contest 174
Game of Flowers 181
Games for Easter (group) 182
Golden Egg 160
Headless Chickens 183
Hidden Proverbs 160
Humpty-Dumpty Search 174
Hunt the Bunny 150
Hunting Bunny Nests 181
Identical Eggs 182
Matching Eggs 183
Pass the Bunnies 180
Progressive Games ... 159, 160, 161
Shadow Pictures 150
Sketching Contest 156
Wooden Shoe [Sabot] Race .. 156

POEMS

Almond Blossoms [Love] 98
Anemones 100
Awake! Awake! 20
Be Glad 52
Be Glad and Full of Joy Today 25
Bells of Easter 137
Binny and Bunny 72
Bonnets Indispensable to Easter 72
Boy and Angel 44
Christ, the Risen King 42
Come Whisper in My Ear 80
Daffodils [Joy] 96
Dead Birds and Easter 35
Death Means Freedom 53
Delinquent Rabbit 80
Easter Altar-Cloth 34
Easter Bells [Prologue] 94

POEMS—(Con.)

PAGE
Easter Bridal Song 56
Easter Flowers 108
Easter Girl 23
Easter Lilies..verse quotatn's.121
Easter Lilies 118
Easter Offerings 67
Easter Parable 120
Emblems of Easter 101
Fairer Day 119
Flowers Akin to Humanity...136
Flowers Beloved of Christ.... 81
Glorious Child of the Sun [Summer] 112
God Looketh on the Heart.... 78
God Was Otherwheres 82
He Is Risen 36
How the Flowers Grew..... 60
How to Find Easter..... 83
How to Remember Easter Date 86
"I Will Arise"..... 76
Joy of Easter Morning..... 19
Keeping an Ancient Custom.. 54
Lay of Eggs 49
Lesson that Easter Teaches... 71
Life Through Death 74
Lilies' Litany 118
Lily [Immortality] 99
Lost Bonnet—Lost Heart..... 62
Myrrh Bearers 123
Naming the Chickens..... 47
Never More Tears, Sorrow, nor Sighing 77
Night-Blooming Cereus 70
Our God Is Marching On..... 73
Our Resurrection 64
Pealing, Pealing, Pealing! 26
Pilate's Monologue 61
Primroses [Hope] 95
Quotations 190, 191, 192
Rainbow Easter Eggs.....134
Resurrection Day's Power.... 54
Resurrection Morn 50
Ring, Easter Bells 38
Ring Loud, O Easter Bells.... 19
Robin Redbreast's Reward.... 36
Roses First to Hear—Lilies First to See 43
Saviour Rose Today..... 30
Seemed Like a Fancy Show... 24
Shad Punctual at Easter Time. 73
She's the Easter Girl for Me.. 53

POEMS—(Con.)

PAGE
Shine On, Most Glorious Light 45
Siberia if with Her..... 47
Snowdrops, Lilies, Butterflies. 46
Thoughts During Easter Service 37
Tommy Day's Easter Eggs... 29
Vainglorious Mrs. Gray..... 41
Victory Is Won 31
Violets [Comfort] 96
Voice of Spring 109
We Are Rainbow Easter Eggs.136
When Jennie Wore Bonnet Plain 30
Where Easter Eggs Grow.... 24
Why Bunnies Bring EasterEggs27
Willow Buds and Blossoms.. 98
With the New Day.....120
Wore Her Last Year's Hat... 23

PROSE SELECTIONS

And the Procession Moved On 59
Babbette's Easter Lesson..... 65
Chloe Ann's Easter Egg..Negro dialect 68
Choir Loft Proposal..... 48
Christ Arose in His Heart.... 66
Christ Touched His Eyes..... 51
Easter a Day of Spiritual Joy. 58
Easter Dream of Mun Chee.. 39
Easter, the "Sunday of Joy".. 83
Egg Rolling on Easter Monday on the White House Lawn..essay 165
Father's Easter Sermon..... 17
Feast of Deliverance 32
First Easter..Bible 15
Germany Is the Land of the Easter Egg..brief essay ...176
Gifts for Easter..suggestions..146
Hans and Gretchen Hunting Easter Eggs 63
How Nancy Did Her Part.... 28
In Jesus's Grave Lie Man's Sins 21
Language of the Heart..essay. 86
Legend of the Lilies..... 55
Lily, Queen of Flowers..essay 84
Old Bell-Ringer 25
Parepa Rosa's Special Easter Hymn 75
Pasch, Pace or Pass Egg,essay139

PROSE SELECTIONS—(Con.)

PAGE

Pictures for Easter Gifts..suggestions 135
Significance of Easter..essay..151
Why He Stopped Strong Drink 57

QUOTATIONS
(without headings)

Bangs, Egbert L. 192
Bradt, Edith V. 122
Cook, Eliza 122
De Armond, Lizzie 190
Dietrick, Emma G. 192
Dorr, T. C. R. 190
Going, Charles Buxton.....191
Gray, Kate L. 190
Hamm, Margherita Arlina....190
Hayne, William H. 191
Hemans, Felicia 121
Hunt, Leigh 190
Irving, Minna 191, 192
Jesus 190
Larcom, Lucy 191
Longfellow, H W. 190
Matthews, Louise Lewin.....191
Moir 190
Pollard, Myra E. 192
Quarles 190
Rexford, Eben E. 192
Rice, Lillian D. 191
Scrimgeour, Adela V.....191
Rossetti, Christina G.....122
Sickler, Lila W. 192
Smith, Horace 190
Smith, Marion C.....191
Suckling, Sir F. 190
Taylor, Faye 190
Thaxter, Celia 192
Thomson 121
Tighe, Mary 121
Tubbs, Arthur Lewis.....121
Urmy, Clarence 122
Whittier, John Greenleaf.....191
Wordsworth 190

SELECTIONS WITH ACTION, BUSINESS, VARIOUS EFFECTS

Almond Blossoms [Love]..electric lighting effects & danc'g 98
Be Glad and Full of Joy Today..bell-ringing, posing... 25

SELECTIONS—(Con.)

PAGE

Bells of Easter..bell effects..137
Choir Loft Proposal..musical effects 48
Christ, the Risen King..bird notes, posing, etc..... 42
Consider the Lilies .. Action Song 89
Dead Birds and Easter..bell effects 35
Easter Bells [Prologue]..bell effects 94
Easter Bridal Song...action poem 56
Easter Chimes..bell effects, tableaux, dancing 94
Games of Flowers..singing game 181
Greeting to Easter.action song 87
How the Flowers Grow..action poem 60
Myrrh Bearers..pantomime...123
Pealing, Pealing, Pealing..bell effects 26
Ring, Easter Bells..bell effects 38
Ring Loud, O Easter Bells.. bell effects 19
Ring the Chimes..bell effects.147
Snowdrops, Lilies, and Butterflies..bell effects 46
Sweet Fairy Bells..bell effects.142
We Are Rainbow Eggs..song, dance 136

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS, PARTIES, MONEY-MAKING SCHEMES

Auction Sale 173
Bunny Picnic 180
Bunny Party 148
Deviled Eggs Entertainment..161
Easter Bonnet Party.....162
Easter Hat Sale.....173
Easter Nest Game.....170
Easter Tree Party.....152
Egg Eater 152
Egg Plant 179
Egg-Tree 172
Floating Eggs or Floating Toys 155
Frolic and Fun with Egg-Shells 153

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS, ETC.—(Con.)

PAGE
Humpty-Dumpty Festivity....159
Humpty-Dumpty Social.....174
Informal Easter Party.....168
Mad March Hare Party.....167
To Color Easter Eggs.....177

SOUVENIRS

Cameo Eggs 178
Daffodils 178
Easter Hats 177
Egg-Shell Dippers 178
Egg Vases with Flowers.....177
Fuzzy-Wuzzy Chicken Cup...178

SONGS

PAGE
Bells of Easter.....137
Consider the Lilies..... 89
Dost Thou Know 'Tis Easter Day 145
Fragrant Lilies 131
Greeting to Easter..... 87
Last Rose of Summer.....114
Our God Is Marching on..... 73
Ring the Chimes.....147
Summer 111
Sweet Fairy Bells 142
That Sacred Fountain.....144
We Are Rainbow Easter Eggs.136

PART OF THE LAST SUPPER.—From Leonardo da Vinci's painting.

Werner's Readings No. 57—page 14

Werner's Readings and Recitations No. 57

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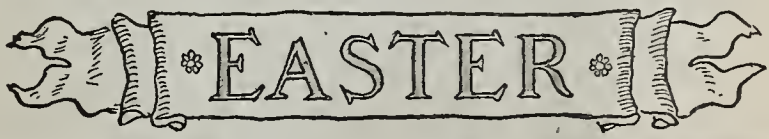


FIRST EASTER.

St. Luke.

IT was the day of the Preparation, and the Sabbath drew on. And the women, who had come with him out of Galilee, followed after, and beheld the tomb, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments.

On the Sabbath they rested according to the commandment. But on the first day of the week, at early dawn, they came unto the tomb, bringing the spices which they had prepared. And they found the stone rolled away from the tomb; and they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus. And it came to pass, while they were perplexed thereabout, behold, two men stood by them in dazzling apparel: and as they were affrighted and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee, saying that the Son of Man must be delivered up into the hands of sinful men, and be crucified, and the third day rise again."

They remembered his words, and returned from the tomb, and told all these things to the eleven, and to all the rest. Now they were

Mary Magdalene, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James; and the other women with them told these things unto the apostles. And these words appeared in their sight as idle talk; and they disbelieved them. But Peter arose and ran unto the tomb; and stooping and looking in, he seeth the linen cloths by themselves; and he departed to his home, wondering at that which was come to pass.

And behold, two of them were going that very day to a village named Emmaus, which was threescore furlongs from Jerusalem. And they communed with each other of all these things which had happened.

And it came to pass, while they communed and questioned together, that Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know him. And he said unto them: "What communications are these that ye have one with another, as ye walk?"

And they stood still, looking sad. And one of them named Cleopas, answering said unto him: "Dost thou alone sojourn in Jerusalem and not know the things which are come to pass there in these days?" And he said unto them: "What things?" And they said unto him: "The things concerning Jesus the Nazarene, who was a prophet mighty in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him up to be condemned to death, and crucified him. But we hoped that it was he who should redeem Israel. Yea, and besides all this, it is now the third day since these things came to pass. Moreover certain women of our company amazed us, having been early at the tomb; and when they found not his body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, who said that he was alive. And certain of them that were with us went to the tomb, and found it even so as the women had said: but him they saw not."

And he said unto them: "O foolish men, and slow of heart to believe in all that the prophets have spoken! Behooved it not the Christ to suffer these things, and to enter into his glory?" And beginning from Moses and from all the prophets, he interpreted to them in all the scriptures the things concerning himself.

They drew nigh unto the village, whither they were going: and he made as though he would go further. And they constrained him, saying: "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is now far spent." And he went in to abide with them. And it came to pass, when he had sat down with them to meat, he took the bread and blessed; and breaking it he gave to them. And their eyes were opened, and they knew him; and he vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another: "Was not our heart burning within us, while he spake to us in the way, while he opened to us the scriptures?"

They rose up that very hour, and returned to Jerusalem, and found the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them, saying: "The Lord is risen, indeed, and hath appeared to Simon." And they rehearsed the things that happened in the way, and how he was known of them in the breaking of the bread.

As they spake these things, he himself stood in the midst of them and saith unto them: "Peace be unto you." But they were terrified and affrighted, and supposed that they beheld a spirit. And he said unto them: "Why are ye troubled? and wherefore do questionings

TOMB OF JESUS THE CHRIST.

EASTER MORN.

arise in your heart? See my hands and my feet, that it is I myself: handle me, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as ye behold me having." And when he had said this, he showed them his hands and his feet. And while they still disbelieved for joy, and wondered, he said unto them: "Have ye here anything to eat?" And they gave him a piece of a broiled fish. And he took it and ate before them.

He said unto them: "These are my words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must needs be fulfilled, which are written in the law of Moses, and the prophets, and the psalms, concerning me."

Then opened he their mind, that they might understand the scriptures; and he said unto them: "Thus it is written, that the Christ should suffer and rise again from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all the nations, beginning from Jerusalem. Ye are witnesses of these things. Behold I send forth the promise of my Father upon you: but tarry ye in the city, until ye be clothed with power from on high."

He led them out until they were over against Bethany: and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he parted from them, and was carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy: and were continually in the temple, blessing God.

FATHER'S EASTER SERMON.

Annie Hamilton Donnell.

"TO-DAY, father?"

"Yes, Plumy, why not? If you don't feel able to go, I can go alone. Only I should miss my congregation sorely—it's hard preaching to an empty church!"

The pale little woman smiled bravely. She got to her feet and crossed the room to the stooping old figure at the desk.

"You shall have your 'congregation,' father," she said. "Is it almost done—the sermon?"

"Yes, almost done, Plumy; I have tried to make it clear and strong."

She got his cane and hat and her own things. Then the old couple went out into the street. It was a beautiful day, with joyous thrill of waking life.

"You ain't getting tired, are you, Plumy?"

"Tired, father? Why, you talk as if I was old!" smiled Plumy. She had her hand on his faded broadcloth sleeve and tried to lighten its weight. They had walked to church arm in arm for forty years.

In Mrs. Ronald Smythe's bay window an animated discussion was in progress. Mrs. Ronald Smythe "ran" the little Elmwood church.

"We must have any amount of flowers—mountains and seas of them!" she was saying. "I want this to be a red-letter Easter at our church. It will encourage our new minister. See, there go old Parson Sledd and his little shadow of a wife. What a queer couple they make! Where do you suppose they go together every week?"

"To church," Mrs. Elsie said. "I've seen them going in. The door is always open, you know."

"Yes, that's where they go, all right," chimed in big Mrs. Pingree, "they usually stay an hour or more."

"These broken-down ministers who've lived out their day!" sighed Mrs. Elsie.

"Yes, it's a problem what's to be done with them, isn't it? Somebody—who is it?—asks if they shall be shot!"

The three ladies broke into laughter. Then the talk went back to the Easter preparations and the flowers.

Ten years ago Lemuel Sledd had been quietly dropped from his pulpit, to make place for a younger man.

Mrs. Ronald Smythe handled the reins of church government. The following week was a busy one for her. On Friday afternoon she went down to the church with Mrs. Elsie and Mrs. Pingree to plan for the floral display. At the church door they suddenly paused.

"It's the old parson; sh! he's preaching," she whispered. "Don't either of you make a sound. It will be as good as a play to hear him!"

They stood in the shadow of the gallery and listened.

"It's an Easter sermon!" tittered Mrs. Elsie. Out in the great dim church sat "father's" little "congregation," listening breathlessly. A single lily reared its slender stalk from an old-fashioned vase on the pulpit.

The quivery old voice steadied and grew strong. It filled the empty church. The bent figure straightened, and "father's" face was beautiful in the afternoon light.

It was a wonderful sermon preached in the empty church that spring afternoon. The three women in the shadow of the gallery heard it with sobered, wondering faces. The earnestness in it appealed to them where the thoughtfulness penetrated beyond their shallower depths. They sank into seats and sat with folded hands, listening. After the sermon "father" prayed.

"Gracious Lord, Thou risen One, have mercy on Thy servant. Give him of the patience that kept Thee patient. Let him be willing to stand aside while Thy younger servants serve Thee. It is hard, gracious Lord, it is hard to grow old! Thy servant would have liked to die in the harness, his soul longs for one more chance to preach Thee to Thy people in this Thy house. Give him Thy patience, Lord!"

Then the two old voices quivered into song together.

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

Then, in a hush broken only by the distant call of a robin to her mate, "father" pronounced the benediction.

"Be and abide with you all. Amen."

The three women under the gallery shrank back out of sight as the two old people went out.

Mrs. Ronald Smythe suddenly said, "I want to see the new minister about something."

"Oh, well, tell him to do his best!" cried Mrs. Elsie. "No common sermon will do—now."

"No," Mrs. Pingree murmured, "not now."

The young minister rose from his desk as Mrs. Smythe was ushered in.

"Sit down and write it for me, Mrs. Smythe," he laughed boyishly.

"We won't either of us write it," she smiled; "it was that I came for. There is a minister—our old minister—I want you to invite him

to preach our Easter sermon to us. I have heard it; it will be a beautiful sermon."

The old minister preached the Easter sermon in the Elmwood church. There were Easter flowers all about him. His white head seemed uplifted above a sea of them. There was Easter song in his ears as he sat in the pulpit with folded hands.

Among the listening faces that filled the great room, row on row, was one that shone like a face transfigured. It was the face of "father's congregation."

"Dear Lord, dear Lord, I thank Thee for this day!" prayed Plumy, silently. "It's the best day of all! Dear Lord, it's most as if father and I had risen from the dead to-day with Thy dear Son."

RING LOUD, O EASTER BELLS.

Beatrice Harlowe.

(To make effective: Have chime bells rung outside stage each time "Ring loud" or "Ring clear," etc., is spoken.)

RING loud, O bells of Easter, your peals through spaces ring;
With joy the fair earth greets you through all the notes of spring.
Ring in all peace and gladness, ring out all strife and tears,
As downward through the ages you've rung the passing years.

Ring clear, O bells, your message throughout all nature thrills;
It all things living touches, as when from Judah's hills
There rose the light triumphant o'er death and mortal fears,
And dawned that first great Easter—the Easter of the years.

Ring sweet, O bells, your lesson unto each heart to-day;
That all before the Master may but life's lilies lay;
Ring soft—ring low; your chiming may bridge some past—its tears,
For those, perchance, who mourneth some Easter in the years.

Again, O bells of Easter, ring out in thrilling peal,
That we, through all our pulses the newborn glory feel;
God's living, loving presence, as each new spring appears
In all that breathes around us, throughout the march of years.

JOY OF EASTER MORNING.

THE mists of Easter morning roll slowly o'er the hills,
The joy of Easter morning the heart of nature thrills.
The songs of birds are calling good people from repose,
To sing of that first Easter, when Christ the Lord arose.

Upon a thousand altars are flowers of richest bloom,
Proclaiming with sweet voices how Jesus left the tomb.
Nor shall our lips be silent by Joseph's empty grave;
Wake, heart, and sing his praises who came the world to save.

He lives! No grave could hold him, he broke death's cruel bands,
And now he reigns triumphant, the glory of all lands.
And north and south in anthems, and east and west in song,
Through all this happy Eastertide his praises shall prolong.

AWAKE! AWAKE!

AWAKE, glad soul! awake, awake!
Thy Lord hath risen long;
Go to his grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song;
Where life is waking all around,
Where love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright blossom may be found
Of an eternal Spring.

The shade and gloom of life are fled
This resurrection day;
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey;
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise;
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

And every bird and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim his glorious victory,
His resurrection power;
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice
With vernal verdure spread,
The little hills lift up their voice
And shout that death is dead.

Then wake, glad heart! awake, awake!
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in his resurrection take
And comfort in his word:
And let thy life through all its ways
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
"Christ died and rose for me."

IN JESUS'S GRAVE LIE MAN'S SINS.

Ralph Connor.

THE story of Peter is not the most beautiful of the tales that gather about the Man of Galilee, but it is the most precious, for it is a story of a man who fell, but rose again.

Those three nights and two days glared in Peter's mind through his after years as one hideous dream; that calm Figure, majestic, in spite of the bonds; the rabble crew about the fire; and then that girl's face, flashing out the challenge that struck him with terror, so that ere he knew, he had stammered out his denial. But clearer than all remained that look of pain and love that pierced him to the heart and drove him forth into the night.

But neither shame nor fear could hold him in his hiding while his Lord was being done to death; so through the day he followed the crowd, safe hidden, and watched for that display of power that would set him free; watched in vain.

He followed to Calvary. From behind the rocks he watched the horrid scene. In his own hands he felt the drive of the nails, upon his own brow the tearing thorns, and in his own side the spear thrust to the heart,—felt, but dared not utter his cry.

Then, what place in all the world was left for the man who has dishonored his name, broken his faith, denied his Lord? The city? It is overflowing with the jubilant slayers of his Master. The upper room? There is no place for a traitor in that band. Outside the city wall where they cast their refuse, out to Gehenna, on that rugged ridge, illumined by the baleful fires that never sleep, Peter spends his weary night. Suddenly through the grey light he sees a figure flying as if pursued by demons. The hunted man flings a rope round over the bough of a tree, trembling hands adjust it about his neck, then hurls himself headlong, down upon the rocks below. "Poor Judas! You waited for no look of piercing love when you went forth into the night." A new terror shakes Peter's soul, and drives him to the upper room. With relentless self-abasement, he told them his sin and shame, ending, "And on me cursing he cast a look as if he loved me still." With humble compassion they took him to their hearts, too conscious of the coward in themselves to be hard with the man who had denied and suffered. And then through the morning light sounded the sacred trumpets from the temple announcing that the Great Feast Day was upon them, while their Lord, the Son of God, lay dead in Joseph's tomb.

Night falls. The last glad trumpet note has ceased, the sounds of the street die down. The men doze off into horrid dreams, but the women do not sleep, they steal down the stairs. It is for them to anoint and garb that precious body for its final rest. Peter waits behind, and over the sad hours of the past days and nights his heart makes weary pilgrimage.

But hark! There is a sound of running feet! The door bursts open, and the women fling forth their news, their glorious, unbelievable news. The tomb is empty! He is alive!

"God of Abraham! God of the living, can it be?"

Peter is down the stairs and up the street, running hard, after him, John.

But they may save their breath. The tomb is empty, rifled of its dead. Greatly wondering, they return to their company. It is after all only a silly woman's tale.

But upon them, the door opens again. It is the Magdalene, calm and controlled, but with eyes and face aglow with exultant glory. "He is alive! I have seen him with these eyes! I have held him by the feet! He knew me! He called me by my name! And he gave me a message to you, Peter."

"No, no, not to me. Not to me."

"Yes, he said distinctly, 'Tell Peter'," and she gives her message.

But Peter is gone to find his Lord. With one swift leap, his heart has passed from despair to faith.

Out of the city gate, but not to Calvary, not to the tomb. Out to the old trysting spot on Olivet, up to the garden where they were wont to meet.

"Oh, to see him once again, to tell him of my love." His sobs grow quiet, and he becomes aware of a Presence.

Was it a moment, or was it an hour? Peter never knew; but when he came to himself he was on his way back to the city. They who met him wondered at his face. "I have seen him," he said, "and HE IS JUST THE SAME!"

Tell the world that Jesus is the same.

Tell the sick of the world he is the same; his sympathy as quick, his help as ready as of old.

Tell the outcast he is the same; his fine chivalry making him their champion as before.

Tell those who mourn their dead he is just the same; his word as mighty to revive.

Tell the whole world, burdened with sin and sorrow, that Jesus, through the glorious risen Lord, is the same; as much a man as ever, as strong and tender as when he walked with the joyous crowds by the sunny waters of Galilee. JESUS IS THE SAME.

"He is the same," mused Peter to his friend, "and yet, he is not the same."

"Said he nought to you of your——?"

"Of my sin? Nay, one word only, as I poured it forth, 'Speak no longer of your sin; it lies buried in my tomb.' Then it was he spake most like a King, as if he had won the right to bestow his pardon where he would."

Came a day when they led Peter forth to meet his doom. And when they would have laid him on his Cross, he spoke, "Suffer my head to lie where lay his feet." And so they crucified him, unafraid, for he knew that THROUGH JESUS'S GRAVE LAY THE PATH TO LIFE and that IN JESUS'S GRAVE LIE MAN'S SINS.

Easter Girl.

OUR budding Easter girl stands pat
With egg and bunnies three.
Also, she has a dreamy hat,
Which maybe soon we'll see.

MEANWHILE, what's in that
egg's smooth shell,
One eagerly surmises.
And Girlie's head, inside as well
As out, holds sweet surprises

WORE HER LAST YEAR'S HAT.

Lawrence K. Russell.

IN church to-day she wore her last year's hat,
And wore it as a queen might wear a crown.
Methinks such bravery deserves renown
Greater than Saragossa's maids or that
Rash Molly Pitcher, Joan of Arc, or strong
Determined Semiramis, scorning wrong.

Talk of Boadicea—talk of girls
And matrons whose heroic mold is made
The theme of song and story—all will fade
To nothingness compared with her brave hurls
At Fashion's stern decrees. Brave little lass
Did she gain courage from her looking-glass?

WHERE EASTER EGGS GROW.

Harriet B. Sterling.

I'VE hunted all around about among the garden rows;
I've looked in every corner but what do you suppose?
Though I've asked everybody, not anybody knows
In what part of the garden the Easter egg-plant grows.
Little hen, speckled hen, Eastertide has come again;
Do me a favor, now I beg, lay me a pretty Easter egg.
The little white rabbits, so they say, lay bright-colored eggs on Easter day;
Green and purple and red and blue, I've seen the eggs, so I know 'tis true!

SEEMED LIKE A FANCY SHOW.

Arthur Lewis Tubbs.

I PUT my black alpacy on 'n' started out for church,
Well knowin', as f'r style 'n' sech, that I was in th' lurch.
I've had this bunnit several years, 'n' worn it all th' while,
But I guess th' angel up above ain't takin' notes of style.

I s'pose I've got a streak of pride, I ain't denyin' that,
But I hope 'n' pray it runs t' more 'n a hifalutin' hat.
I like t' look respectable, but here's an honest prayer:
"Oh, Lord, give me a mind above th' clothes I have t' wear."

Wal, when I got there to th' church, 'n' set down in a pew,
I felt as if a fancy show was breakin' int' view.
Th' women kep' a-comin' in, all rigged up gay an' fine,
Till I jest wondered if th' Lord could see sech clothes 's mine.

I got pushed 'way back in th' seat, 'n' no one seemed t' see
That I was even there at all, 'r give a thought t' me.
'N' then th' man c'mmenced t' play upon that organ grand,
'N' th' choir b'gun a-singin' loud—but I couldn't understand.

'Twas high-toned music, I suppose, 'n' some may call it nice.
I hear th' singers make it pay, they get a splendid price.
But, oh! away down in my heart, a-singin' sweet 'n' clear,
A good old hymn was soundin', that I knew th' Lord would hear.

Th' sermon, it was pretty short, th' folks wa'n't there t' hear
Th' gospel message, but f'r show—t' me 'twas plain 'n' clear,
And as I started home ag'in, in my old hat 'n' gown,
I prayed, "Oh, change 'em sometime, Lord, f'r a white robe and a crown!"

"BE GLAD AND FULL OF JOY TO-DAY."

(One or several children may recite lines off stage while curtain rises and discloses garden scene with many children garbed to resemble flowers. At first they seem asleep, but on "They raise their heads," they raise heads, look around and rise higher and higher until full height is reached; then they ring bells they have kept hidden until line "Be glad," etc., is recited. At end of first stanza they sway gently in various directions. Reciter or reciters begin second stanza. From all parts of stage among flowers Butterflies appear with wings pressed close to side. On "Go, spread," etc., they dance merrily forward, spreading wings wider and wider as they come, rising and dipping as they move. They flutter about giving a sense of gladness. At end of stanza they dance in and out among flowers who whirl about them in turn and, whirling, all exit together—a Butterfly and a Flower each time.)

THE little flowers come from the ground,
At Easter time, at Easter time.
They raise their heads and look around
At happy Easter time.
And every little flower doth say
"Be glad and full of joy to-day,
For all that sleep shall wake again,
And spend a long, glad Easter day."

Then waken, sleeping butterflies,
At Easter time, at Easter time;
Go, spread your downy wings, and rise
At happy Easter time.
And these bright creatures seem to say,
"Be glad and full of joy to-day,
For all that sleep shall wake again,
And spend a long, glad Easter day."

OLD BELL-RINGER.

IT was night before Easter. The Russian village slumbered. All at once the windows of the quaint little church that stood on a hillock in the middle of the green glowed dimly among the shadows. Then the rickety belfry stairs began to creak. Old Micheich, the bell-ringer, was clambering aloft. As he climbed, he pondered. He had seen his children buried. He had stood by the graves of his grandchildren. He had followed the old to their last resting-place. He had followed the young there, too. But still he lived and lived. He was ready to die—but God had brought him into the belfry once more to welcome Easter morning.

"To the glory of God!"

"Micheich! O Micheich!"

The voice came from below. It was the sexton.

"What do you want?" answered old Micheich, bending over the railing. "I am here."

"Is it not time to ring?"

"No, not yet. Wait awhile. I know when."

He needed no clock. God's stars would tell him when the time had come. He understood their language. He felt tired. He sat down and thought. Scenes from the past swarmed in his mind. There was the stern visage of his father. There stood his elder brother at

the old man's side. There he himself stood,—young, healthy, strong, joyful, full of expectation of a life's happiness. The old man's thoughts flickered up like a dying flame. He saw endless, ceaseless, merciless labor—labor far beyond his strength! Sorrow, too,—much sorrow—and suffering unutterable. He saw his sweetheart. May the peace of God be with her soul! Oh, the pain that she had suffered! Want and work and woman's woes had withered her glowing womanhood. Her eyes had grown dim with years and with weeping.

The picture broadened. He saw standing in his pew the rich enemy of the family, bowing his head to the very ground, glossing over in his prayers the wrongs of the widows and the orphans whose lives he had blighted. Micheich felt his heart grow hot within him. But all this was long, long passed. And now all the wide world for him was this dark tower, where the wind sighed gently among the swinging bell-ropes. Tears ran down his cheeks.

"Micheich! Ah, Micheich! What is the matter with you? Are you asleep?"

The voice came from the churchyard.

"Great heavens!" cried the old man, "did I really fall asleep?"

He seized the bell-ropes.

Far below the people swarmed from the village. Forming a cross, the procession moved around the church, amid joyful cries of "Christ has risen from the dead!"

The words went to the old bell-ringer's heart. What a hymn of joy it was. The great bass deafened the sky with the grand cry of "Christ has risen!" And the tenors, struck to their hearts, shouted sonorously, "Christ has risen!" while the clanging sopranos chanted the glad tidings—"Christ has risen!"

And that sad old heart forgot its cares, its sorrows and its insults. It seemed to him that he was surrounded by his children and his grandchildren, and that these were their happy voices—the voices of old and young together—pouring out in one grand chorus a hymn of joy and rapture, while below the people said that old Micheich had never rung so wonderfully before.

Suddenly the great bell was still. The old bell-ringer had fallen on the bench beside the ropes, but on his face was a smile of ineffable peace.

On this Easter morning old Micheich had rung himself to heaven!

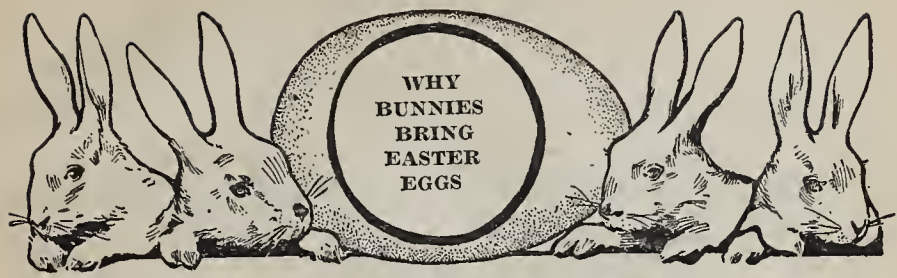
PEALING, PEALING, PEALING!

Louise Boranger Niver.

(To make effective: Have chimes rung off stage.)

PEALING, pealing, pealing! Hear the Easter bells.
Wonderful the story their throbbing, throbbing tells.
Glory, glory, glory! death of power shorn.
Christ wins the victory this glad Easter morn.

Chiming, chiming, chiming! in such sweet accord,
Of the rise to glory of our sovereign Lord.
Louder, louder, louder! how the joy-bells ring,
Shouting their hosanna, hosanna to our King.



THERE was once a naughty bunny
Who was always being funny
And kept the land about him in a constant state of awe.
His father and his mother
These pranks would try to cover
To keep him out of prison and the clutches of the law.

On one morning bright and early,
When the cops were getting surly,
He started to discover what sad mischief he could do.
Soon he saw a blackbird's nest,
And he could not eat or rest
Until he'd dyed the eggs therein a lovely dark sea blue.

He was so pleased at his joking
That he said, "I'll round go poking
And ask my little bunny friends to help me gather more."
So they stole birds' eggs galore
And put them by, in store,
Till all the nests were empty and the birds were threatening gore.

Then a burly bunny "copper"
Said he'd quickly put a stopper
To such dire depredations as were never heard before.
So, much rather than get caught,
These bold robbers straightway sought
A man who took the eggs to town and sold them in a store.

Now, this raised an awful clatter,
All their kin began to chatter
And said to steal such pretty eggs a great and mighty sin,
But the bandits made it seem
There was money in the scheme,
So for wealth and sordid profit all rabbits now join in.

So all this explains the habit
Why eggs are brought by a rabbit
And given little boys and girls on Easter every year,
And the lesson seems to show
It was all a case of "dough,"
Yet eggs and little bunnies white have found their proper sphere.

HOW NANCY DID HER PART.

ANOTHER turn had come for the entertainment of the club. "Nancy Fish, if you don't have us I shall vote that you be turned out of the club," and Nellie hurried off as the bell rang for school.

Poor Nancy! When, one year ago, the senior class in Miss Blank's school decided to form a Social Club, to meet at each others' houses once a month, it was considered a grand thing. And as there were just twelve in the class, it would take one year to meet around. Jolly fun! Eleven months had passed, eleven meetings had been held, and now was to come the twelfth and Nancy's turn.

She could not study; the thought haunted her. Mabel Smith had started the meetings, and the remembrance of Mabel's beautiful mansion, servants in livery and all else in style, made Nancy turn to her arithmetic, resolved to banish all thoughts of the party. For a time things went smoothly, and then, as Ellen Jones stood to recite, her gentle voice so forcibly reminded Nancy of the merry games at her pleasant home that again her thoughts went wandering, and almost the tears came as she saw before her the little tumble-down farmhouse where she dwelt.

At recess the girls crowded around as usual and, "You know, Nan, April is the last!" "You remember, Nancy, we've all let you wait!" "Twelve meetings, and you are the last one, Nancy Fish!" were comments little calculated to reassure her. "Don't back out, Nancy, dear!" was heard in Ellen's sweet tones. "We all know we shall have a good time."

"Back out! I'm not going to back out!" and Nancy gave her head a defiant toss.

The girls wended their way homeward. Nancy walked alone, and a sorrowful face looked in as she opened the door of the little brown house under the hill.

The noonday meal was spread, and all were seated at the table, waiting for sister—Mr. Fish, a good, whole-souled country farmer; his wife seated opposite, whose pleasant smile shed joy on all, blue-eyed Carrie, black-eyed Sue and baby Nell.

"Mother! mother! I've got an idea, if you are willing. Please please, mother, say yes, if father doesn't care, and I know he will not!" and springing from the table, Nancy ran to her mother's side.

"Take your arms from my neck, Nancy, and tell me what I am to please. What is this all about?"

"Why, mother, you know I belong to the Social Club, and it is my turn to have the Club in April. May I have it Easter Monday, mother, and may I have an egg supper? I know it will not cost much, and it will be so different that it will not seem as if I did not have all the nice things the other girls have."

Mrs. Fish agreed.

Invitations were sent to the members of Blankville Social Club to meet at the residence of Miss Nancy Fish on Easter Monday—the queerest invitations, made of white pasteboard and cut in the shape of an egg. The girls were wild with excitement.

At last the day arrived. Promptly at six came the faithful eleven, and supper was served at once. Beside each plate was an egg, on the

shell of which (the contents having been removed) was printed the menu; and through the center a little blue ribbon had been passed, so that it could be kept as a souvenir.

Two of the queerest little maids appeared in response to a sound precisely like the crowing of a rooster, two little chickens' heads peeped round the corner, and it was quite a time before the merry jest and laughter were suppressed and Carrie and Sue could serve the guests.

First egg-sandwiches, then omelette, eggs poached, boiled, stuffed, and egg-balls followed in turn, while the merry peep, peep, of the young chicks who passed them kept all in the best of humor. A cream in egg shape for each, followed by a cup of coffee served in delicate egg-shaped cups finished a feast of which Nancy was not ashamed.

Seldom had the old farmhouse resounded with laughter as on that Easter Monday evening, and when, as the old family clock struck eleven, the guests parted with a "Good night, Nan! I think this has been the best meeting of them all," Nancy resolved never again to think because she was not as rich as her schoolmates she could not be as happy.

TOMMY DAY'S EASTER EGGS.

Julia M. Dana.

DAME Dorking sits in the last year's hay,
On a dozen eggs white as snow,
And where they are hidden safe away
None but I and old Dorking know.
If they should come to mamma's eyes
She would take them all for custard pies.

The hen is mine, and her eggs are, too,
And I want them all for Easter day;
Some I shall color a lovely blue,
Some shall be purple and some be gray,
Then mamma, surprised, will say: "Why, here,
Where did you get those eggs, my dear?"

Now, somebody else had heard the news
Of Tommy's hen and her stolen nest,
And mamma was never known to lose
The chance for a joke or a harmless jest;
Besides she knew, ere Easter morn,
The twelve little chicks would all be born.

So mamma a secret had as well,
For she kept her paints and brushes there,
And as they broke from the dainty shell
She touched their down with sofest care,
Till soon they mingled their motley hues,
Chickens in purples, grays and blues.

Do you wonder whose was the great surprise,
When the brood ran off from the hay?
Well, a funny gleam was in mamma's eyes,
And the hen looked puzzled; but Tommy Day—
Oh, dear! When he found his mother out,
He just rolled over and gave a shout.

WHEN JENNY WORE BONNET PLAIN.

Frank L. Stanton.

I WISH the Easter days were now like those that once I knew,
When Jenny wore the bonnet plain, with ribbon bows of blue;
When we walked to Sunday meetin' o'er the meadows green an' sweet,
Where lilies waved in welcome, with violets at our feet.

It ain't the fancy fixin's I mind so much—the bills
For birds an' fluffy feathers—all the fine new-fangled frills;
Fer I know that fashion changes, that it rules the world complete;
But the old-time Easter bonnet was so simple an' so sweet!

Its ribbons matched the color of the blue sky overhead,
An' the lips that smiled beneath it seemed to mean the words they said!
The lips that smiled so sweetly—never knowin' any art—
An' the eyes whose sunny glances made a light around your heart!

I've nothin' 'gainst the fashions—they've got to have their day;
But I love the simple bonnets of the far an' far away:
An' thinkin' how she looked in 'em—there, in the long ago,
I sigh an' praise the Lord from whom all blessin's used to flow!

SAVIOUR ROSE TO-DAY.

Margherita Arlina Hamm.

THE lilies whisper to the bees;
The palm-leaves murmur to the breeze;
And birds in roundelay
Repeat the message high in air,
Until it echoes everywhere,
"The Saviour rose to-day."

Full well the swaying blossom knows
How loving spring dispels the snows;
And songsters half behold
A truer life within the breast,
When newer life invades the nest
And mingles with the old;

It may be that a hidden sense
Reveals to their intelligence
The presence and the sway
Of Him who notes the sparrow's fall,
So that in gratitude they call,
"The Saviour rose to-day."

Who, looking over time's long scroll
Cannot but see a master soul,
Behind the dross and clay
And realize that in the good
Which brought the world beatitude
"The Saviour rose to-day."

The earth brings forth both bud and flower
By some unfailing subtle power
Which baffles all decay;
When into being sprang the world,
The flowering of mankind occurred,
"The Saviour rose that day."

From ugliness new beauty springs;
From death life soars aloft on wings;
And evil dies away.
A splendor dissipates the gloom
And fear lies dead within the tomb,
"The Saviour rose to-day."

VICTORY IS WON.

Anna D. Walker.

GRAND is the song of the Easter morn,
Victory is won! victory is won!
Far o'er the hills with the light 'tis borne,
Victory is won through Christ!
Chasing the shades of night away,
Bringing the light of glorious day,
Taking from death his strength and sway,
Victory is won through Christ!

Grand was the scene when the stone was rolled,
Victory is won! victory is won!
Way from the sepulcher dark and cold,
Victory is won through Christ!
Angels alone could view that sight,
Man could not bear that vision bright;
Forth came the Conqueror armed with might,
Victory is won through Christ!

Grand was the word that the women brought,
Victory is won! victory is won!
Mingled with wonders, with glories fraught,
Victory is won through Christ!
Ye seek the living, the angels said,
Why seek the living among the dead?
Sorrow is past and night is fled,
Victory is won through Christ!

Grand is this truth, O saints, for you,
Victory is won! victory is won!
Yours is the joy and the blessing, too,
Victory is won through Christ!
Since Jesus snatched from death his key,
He from the tomb will set us free,
And through all time and eternity
Victory is won through Christ!

FEAST OF DELIVERANCE.

Anatole France.

ONCE upon a time a man who went by the name of little Brother John was wont to speak in the public squares. His discourses consisted only of words from the Gospel, but, as he did not add to them the commentaries of the doctors, these words seemed new and dangerous, and several times a distinguished theologian, named Brutto, had spoken of this daring proceeding to the Lord Bishop Raban de Lingelbach.

That is why the Lord Bishop Raban ordered that little Brother John be brought to his court. The Lord Bishop said to him:

"Little Brother John, you have been denounced to me on account of your imprudent words. I order you to answer my questions. What do you say in the city and throughout the country to these men and to these women whose liege lord I am?"

"Raban, I say to them:—'Love one another. And do not despise either Raban or Mantella, for you should follow the example of him who saved Mary Magdalen and who gave a welcome to the thief on the cross.' "

Now the Lord Bishop knew that Mantella was well known throughout the entire city for her bad conduct and her poverty, and therefore he concluded that the little Brother was mad.

"Well, it's all right for you this time," he said. "Go in peace. But if you begin again I will have you hanged."

When Brother Brutto heard this decision he went to the Lord Bishop and said:

"Do you not know that this man goes over all the roads announcing that there is safety in purity of heart and simplicity of life, that every one can understand the Gospel himself, and that the bishops should be deprived of their worldly goods and should remain poor and humble in spirit as in the time when Simon Peter had only his boat and ring?"

"Well," replied the Lord Bishop, "let them put little Brother John into prison and don't speak to me any more about it."

Straightway the guards of the Lord Bishop went to arrest little Brother John. They found him talking to Mantella. He said to her:

"If you remain very humble and your heart becomes very pure, you will be saved."

Little Brother John spent Holy Week in prison.

"Now, on that great Sabbath night which unites the sorrowful Easter to the glorious Easter, the guardianship of the prisoner was entrusted to a young clerk named Calixtus.

Calixtus sat down at night on a stone in a corner of the porch and read aloud the story of the glorious Easter:

"On the day after Friday Mary Magdalen, Mary the mother of James and Mary Salome went at dawn from Jerusalem with perfumes and spices and betook themselves to the place in the rock where Jesus had been buried. And, as they approached the sepulchre they said one to the other:

" 'Who will remove the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre?'

"But they found the stone removed and the sepulchre empty.

"Mary Magdalen stood outside weeping. And, as she looked into

JESUS THE CHRIST APPEARS TO MARY MAGDALEN.

YE SEEK JESUS: HE IS RISEN; HE IS NOT HERE.

the sepulchre, she saw two angels, one at the head and the other at the foot of the sepulchre.

"They asked her why she wept.

"She said, 'Because they have taken away my Lord and I do not know where they have laid him.' Then she turned and saw Jesus standing in the garden."

Calixtus turned his head and saw a woman kneeling in the stream which flowed in front of the porch.

"Mantella, go home and remain there alone and in seclusion. And perhaps the Lord will visit you on this day of his glory, the day when he desired that Mary Magdalen should be the first to see him."

"Calixtus, is not this feast the feast of feasts?"

"Indeed it is."

"If what you say is the truth, by what name should this feast, that has no equal, be called?"

"It is called the Feast of Deliverance because this is the day that we were delivered from sin."

"Calixtus, since this is the Feast of Deliverance, you ought to deliver little Brother John."

"But my duty is to keep this man a prisoner."

"You are anxious to obey God?"

"I believe that this man is innocent. But if I set him free I shall be kept a prisoner in his place."

The woman pointed at the key.

"Take it and open the door of the cell."

"I dare not!"

"Make the sign of the cross above it."

Calixtus arose, took the key, made the sign of the cross and opened the door of the cell.. A light shone there in the darkness and in this light Calixtus saw Jesus Christ.

Jesus said: "It is I. Be not afraid. I was a prisoner and you have delivered me. Alone among all these men you have truly celebrated Easter, which means deliverance. I am a prisoner with all prisoners, and my chains will last as long as the world, in order that I may always be delivered by the just and by the innocent."

And Jesus, as he left the prison, approached the kneeling woman and said:

"Woman, do not fear. Look on me and recognize me. I am He whom Mary Magdalen saw the first."

EASTER ALTAR-CLOTH.

Julia H. Thayer.

SOLEMN days of Lent are closing, and in soft ethereal light
Earth and sky delay, transfigured, at the sepulchre of night,
While reluctant steal the shadows o'er the smoothly-burnished sea,
Loth to gloom the shining pageant with their purple mystery.

Yonder, where the misty sunlight on that distant city falls,
Stands a convent, dark and stately, rearing high its ancient walls.
Long ago—so runs the story—at this very day and hour,
Wan and pale, a nun was sitting in that topmost gloomy tower.

On her lap were folds of beauty, broidered with the finest art,
Gleaming with the sacred symbols she had wrought so long apart;
And the fabric's dazzling whiteness, marvelous in leaf and line,
Seemed a snowdrift frosted over with each emblematic sign.

Ah, how many years in secret she had labored, day by day,
That some happy Easter morning she might on the altar lay
There at last her precious treasure, as an offering to her Lord,
With each thread a prayer inwoven answering to His holy word.

Now her task is almost ended; all but finished there it lies!
In and out the needle glances—fast, and faster still it flies—
While the last rich beams of sunset o'er the dusky gloaming come,
Flinging bars of golden glory in the narrow, sombre room.

In those wondrous lights and shadows Rembrandt loved to paint so well
Like a patron-saint of labor there she sits—but list! a bell
Strikes upon the breathless silence, and she starts up cold and white.
"Yet again, and must I leave thee! Oh, I can not go to-night!

"I must stay my dream to finish; someone else can do, I know,
Just as well my every duty if for once I do not go.
Peace! Begone, temptations evil! Longer here I must not stay."
And she crossed herself and sadly laid the glistening cloth away.

Clad in mournful sable habit, through the doorway see her glide,
Through the corridors, as silent, through the arching portals wide;
Out across the court deserted, till at length she gains the street,
Mingles with the throng, nor pauses till her tired, aching feet

Reach the hospital that rises just outside the city's wall,
Where its dark, funereal shadow on the landscape throws a pall.
Safe at last within its shelter from the tempter's dreaded claim,
Dying eyes are watching for her, dying murmurs speak her name.

Here she sits beside a pallet, reading words of cheer, and there
Kneels and wafts a soul to heaven on the faithful wings of prayer.
Thus employed with ceaseless mission, night anon has worn away,
And the starry hosts have vanished through the glowing arch of day.

Like another fleeting shadow, does the gentle sister seem,
As she steals back to the convent in the morning's early gleam.
And a thousand silver voices ring out on the Easter air
As she enters through the doorway, climbs again the winding stair.

She has reached the cell so dreary, where she sees with saddest heart
Snowy cloth outspread before her—but what means that sudden start?
Lo! in perfect beauty, finished there each vine, each symbol lies—
Who has guessed her guarded secret? Who prepared this strange surprise?

While she stands perplexed with wonder, see, a brightness floods the room,
Greater than the noontide's splendor, rarer than the dawning's bloom.
Prostrate low before the vision, thrilled with love, she knows full well
Only pitying hands of angels could have wrought that miracle.

DEAD BIRDS AND EASTER.

May Riley Smith.

IT was an Easter Sunday, bright and calm,
And life, not death, was the glad theme that day.
The air was full of spring's delicious balm,
The maple buds were dropping on the way,
And one sweet leaf, with flush of crimson on it,
Fell on the dead birds of a woman's bonnet.

What say the bells at these good Easter times?
They tell of vanquished death and risen life.
Hush, then, O bells, your inconsistent chimes,
You and the dull old world are hard at strife,
For, surely, when the crimson leaf fell on it,
I saw dead birds upon a woman's bonnet.

Ah, who would stop the sweet pulse of a lark
That flutters in such ecstacy of bliss,
Or lay a robin's bright breast cold and stark
For such a paltry recompense as this?
Oh! you who love your babies, think upon it!
Mothers are slaughtered just to trim your bonnet.

And must God's choirs, that through His forests rove,
Granting sweet matinees to high and low,
Must His own orchestra of field and grove,
Himself their leader, be disbanded so?
Nay, nay, O God! proclaim Thy ban upon it,
Guard Thy dear birds from sport and greed and bonnet.

Dead birds; and dead for gentle woman's sake,
To feed awhile her vanity's poor breath!
And yet the foolish bells sweet clamor make,
And tell of One whose power has vanquished death!
Ah! Easter-time has a reproach upon it
While birds are slain to trim a woman's bonnet!

Charles Wesley.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye heavens; and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won.
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.

Soar ye now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

ROBIN REDBREAST'S REWARD.

James Ryder Randall.

THE Saviour, bowed beneath his cross, climbed up the dreary hill
And from the agonizing wreath ran many a crimson rill;
The cruel Roman thrust him on with unrelenting hand,
Till staggering slowly 'mid the crowd, he fell upon the sand.

A little bird, that warbled near that memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench one single thorn away;
The cruel spike impaled his breast,—and thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The robin has his silver vest incarnadined with red.

THOUGHTS DURING EASTER SERVICE.

George M. Baker.

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TOO early, of course! How provoking!
I told ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there isn't a soul here to see.

There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than hers did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.

I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put someone else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;
Now what am I going to do?

The psalter, an' Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late for service,
Just to make a great show coming in.

Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be, after her fussing!
I declare, it would serve her just right!

Oh! you've got here at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet, if Worth did make it,
It's horrid, fast-looking and loud.

What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last summer—
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.

Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!—
A pretty example of life!

The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font?—
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.

Just look at her now, little humbug!—
So devout—I suppose she doesn't know
That she's bending her head too far over,
And the ends of her switches all show.

What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
That woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimsons;
Why will these old things dress so gay?

And there's Jennie Welles with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!

How can this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and stares,
And then makes remarks about people!
She'd better be saying her prayers.

O dear! what a dreadful long sermon!
He must love to hear himself talk!
And it's after twelve now—how provoking!
I wanted to have a nice walk.

Through at last. Well, it isn't so dreadful,
After all, for we don't dine till one;
How can people say church is poky!—
So wicked!—I think it's real fun.

RING, EASTER BELLS.

Helen A. Holton.

(To make effective: Have chime bells rung each time on words "Ring, Easter bells," etc.)

RING, Easter bells, ring merrily, a welcome to the spring,
And let your joyful cadence a peaceful halo bring.
Fill the wild woods with music, let the bluebird gaily trill,
And the robin with his silver notes, vie with the thrush at will.

Ring, Easter bells, ring cheerily, a welcome to the flowers,
That peep their heads so shyly beneath the woodland bowers.
Call forth the sleeping petals, where winter's snows have lain,
Ring, Easter bells, ring cheerily, for spring has come again.

Ring, Easter bells, ring joyfully the message soft and clear.
Tell that the earth is born anew and filled with hope and cheer;
That faith bids all the world take up, her song of victory.
Ring, Easter bells, from far and near, ring out exultingly.

EASTER DREAM OF MUN CHEE.

Jessie Juliet Knox.

MUN CHEE had a wonderful dream. Being a little Chinese aristocrat, she had never played as other children play, but in her heart she sometimes longed to get out, and to be as free as the winds. So the night before Easter she dreamed a dream as beautiful as the child of a coolie might dream, for dreams are free to all, rich and poor. She had gone to sleep wondering if her house would be visited by the Easter rabbit, of which an American friend had told her. Suddenly she felt some soft little taps on her eyelid, and, opening her eyes, she beheld the dearest, cunningest little rabbit, a white one with bright pink eyes.

"If it please Your Highness," it said, "I am queen of the Easter rabbits. I thought you might like to go with me for a little visit to my realm, the beautiful Easterland."

"Oh, I likee go," said Mun Chee. "It must be all lite to visit a queen; yes, yes, I will go, but how?"

"I will carry you on my back."

"You? Why you too small, you no can cally me."

"Wait and see," said Queen Bunny; and with that she began to grow, and grow, and soon she was as big as a horse.

"Oh, how could you do it?"

"Because I am in league with the fairies and have the power. Jump on my back."

"I never knew that labbits could fly."

"Well, all rabbits cannot fly, only those of royal blood."

So they came to the land of the birds. Some of the trees were bright blue, and these were filled with all kinds of blue birds; then a yellow tree was filled with canaries and other yellow birds; every tree was filled with birds the same color as the tree, and between songs they would talk to each other, and insisted upon Mun Chee and Queen Bunny staying to make them a visit, but the rabbit queen replied: "No, we hasten to the Easterland, where the sceptre is the Easter lily." So they floated on, till the songs of the birds were but an echo.

Then came Candy Land. My! how good it smelled, all pepperminty and nice, and what a variety of trees there were, some big, big trees, just full of Chinese preserved ginger. Then there were trees so soft and white that they looked as if they were covered with snow, but it was only white marshmallows. Some funny-looking trees were covered with candy walking-sticks, and then there were tiny Chinese fairies pulling bon-bons apart, and squealing with delight when they popped.

Then came Monkey Land. Monkeys, monkeys, everywhere. Some of them were playing a game of baseball with cocoanuts, and Mun Chee was all the time afraid one of them would get hit.

Next came the land of cats. Every land had its queen, and here it was Queen Malta, an immense Maltese cat with large yellow eyes. Queen Malta approached them, walking on her hind legs, and having her long, silky tail held by a page, a tiny white kitten, all dressed in gauze and spangles.

"In what way shall it please Your Gracious Majesties to be entertained?" said Queen Malta. Mun Chee being very fond of music, replied: "I likee some music." At that the queen tapped a silver bell, and there sprang lightly into view a perfect chorus of the most beautiful cats. After curtseying to the royal guests they began the music. Some of them played little baby violins and other musical instruments, and, oh, they sang the funniest songs. Mun Chee would have liked to linger, but Queen Bunny told her it was approaching the hour when they were expected at the Easter castle, so, after a few more swift turns through the air, they began to descend softly, softly, until faint strains of music fell on their ears.

Soon Mun Chee felt her feet touch the soft grass, and unclasping her hands from about the rabbit's neck she gazed about her in rapture. Through an avenue of tall Easter lilies she was conducted by two tiny white rabbits, and as they walked a glorious anthem sounded from all the bells. Some of the lilies bent down and kissed the little Chinese maiden, and their breath was sweeter than any perfume.

The little girl was conducted into the queen's garden where a feast was spread under the soft shade of some tall ferns. And then Queen Bunny presented Mun Chee with a large basket of pearl and silver, lined with blue and yellow, the colors of the Imperial Court of China, and announced that they would now start out in search of Easter eggs. They came to a dense forest of fern, and Mun Chee heard a high, squeaky voice say:

"Search for the one with long, long legs,
And you may find some Easter eggs."

"How queer!" thought Mun Chee, "well, if it has velly long legs I betteh quit looking on the ground, and look up." She did so, and away back among the ferns she saw some funny bright eyes peeping at her. "Why, it is a stohk," she exclaimed. With that the stork came forward, and extended a long claw in greeting, and pointing to a large nest among the ferns, said: "Your Little Majesty may take what she sees, and welcome." "Oh, thank you," she said, and taking several of the very large eggs, placed them carefully into her basket. "Oh, they won't break," said Queen Bunny. "The eggs in Easterland are warranted not to break."

Now the soft trill of a canary rippled from a tree—

"Come and see—come and see
What canary has for thee."

There in the little nest were a lot of the tiniest eggs, and all bright yellow.

"Oh, you dear little thing! You are so good to give me your cunning little eggs."

"Don't mention it," said canary. Then a white dove cooed from its house near by:

"Coo, coo, you are true,
Come and take my gift for you."

Her gift was six eggs, pure white, with just the tiniest little pink polka dots on them. Looking down she saw a pair of pink eyes and a soft white paw, as this Easter rabbit purred:

"Put your hand into the ground,
And find what no one else has found."

"Well, I likee find what no one else has found," she said; and, putting her hand into the moss-lined nest, she drew out six of the tiniest baby rabbits, no bigger than her thumb. Mun Chee passed on to the home of a bluebird, and heard her singing:

"Roses red—my eggs are blue;
Come! and I will give you two."

What a beautiful blue they were, to be sure!—just like the sky—then a loud cackling fell upon her ear:

"If you will bring me a piece of bread
I'll bring you some eggs, all bright and red."

She saw that the queer voice came from a bright red little hen, who gave her some beautiful eggs when she had given her the bread.

Following the sound of a sharp voice, she walked along the path until she came to the most gorgeous peacock that she had ever seen. The peacock's offering was a large bunch of most gorgeous feathers, while it said:

"It matters not, my little one,
How stormy is the weather,
The Joss will always care for those
Who have a peacock feather."

"Now for the last place," said Queen Bunny; and, following the sound of a terrible, screeching noise, they climbed a ladder into a big tree, and there was a beautiful big American eagle, pleasant as could be, while it sang:

"The gift I have, little girl, for you
Is three big eggs—Red, White and Blue."

So, after bidding good-by to all the royal company of white rabbits, she jumped on the queen's back once more, and sped away, away, far from the Easter Palace—the Palace of a dream.

VAINGLORIOUS MRS. GRAY.

"I'M glad that Easter Sunday's here," said Mrs. Henry Gray;
"My bonnet new and other gear I'll wear to church to-day.
A vein of glory will pervade my hymn of praise and prayer,
For when my toilet is displayed, how Mrs. Bliss will stare!

"I hate that horrid Mrs. Brown, with all her quirks and smiles;
Of all the women in the town, she apes the coarsest styles.
She bought her bonnet 'way last spring, and wears it now for new—
And as for that old Thompson thing, I vow, I hate her, too.

"I hear Miss Jones, the cross-eyed cat, has bought a new pekay
And terra-cotta Paris hat to wear to church to-day;
And Helen White has got a dress they say is just divine—
Come, Mr. Gray, and do you guess it's half so sweet as mine?

"There go those awkward Billings girls—they paint, and powder, too;
They pad, and wear cheap bangs and curls; they do—I know they do.
You needn't laugh—I boldly say, and stake my honor on it.
I'll paralyze them all to-day with my new dress and bonnet."

CHRIST THE RISEN KING.

Ellen Kingsbury Vincent.

(This poem may be recited only, or it may be given as follows: Garden scene. Children are garbed as Lilies, Violets, Birds, Saints, Sun and Angel. Angel stands at back center with spread wings. Lilies enter from sides of stage and pass in front of and salute Angel who recites first stanza. Lilies smile, move to place right and left of Angel, spread their petals wide. Grouped about stage amidst the snow are Violets sleeping. Angel recites lines about them. They awaken as soon as their names are called, arise, smile and bow to Angel, then pose to right and left of Angel and in front of Lilies and gaze off front. Angel begins to recite about birds. From all parts of stage come various kinds of bird-notes. Birds trip in and hop about joyously. Angel recites next stanza. On "Ye saints," etc., persons garbed in white and black robes enter from right and left sides of stage and in effective grouping sing, "The Lord Is Risen To-day." They stand and gaze exultingly off front. Angel recites last stanza, "O Sun." A figure that has been standing garbed from head to foot (right corner) in black suddenly drops robe and stands revealed in dazzling yellow sun costume. All on stage gaze on him joyously, then off front with out-reaching hands. Curtain.)

O EASTER lilies, pure and sweet!
Your perfume is an incense meet
For Christ, the risen king!
Unfold your petals, that their breath
May praise him who has vanquished death
And robbed him of his sting.

Ye violets, that 'neath the snow
Have slept the dreary winter through,
Awake in this glad hour!
Open your azure eyes and see
The glory of His Majesty,
The triumph of his power!

Ye little birds, whose mellow throats
Send out a flood of silver notes,
Join in your sweetest lay!
He made, he governs everything,
Then, tiny ones, your praises sing,
For he is risen to-day!

While all on earth his praises sing,
While blossoms sweet their incense bring,
Ye saints, your homage pay!
With hearts and voices swell the strain,
Till heaven re-echoes the refrain,—
"The Lord is risen to-day!"

O sun, who veiled your face when he
Was nailed upon the cruel tree,
Shine forth with brightest ray!
He is the Sun of Righteousness,
Whose glory ever shall increase,—
And he is risen to-day!

ROSES FIRST TO HEAR—LILIES FIRST TO SEE.

Clarence Urmy.

THE roses were the first to hear—
The roses trellised to the tomb;
Bring roses—hide the marks of spear,
And cruel nails that sealed his doom.
The lilies were the first to see—
The lilies on that Easter morn;
Bring lilies—crowned with blossoms be
The head so lately crowned with thorn.

The roses were the first to hear;
Ere yet the dark had dreamed of dawn,
The faintest rustle reached their ear;
They heard the napkin downward drawn;
They listened to the breathing low;
His feet upon the threshold fall.
Bring roses—sweetest buds that blow—
His love the perfume of them all.

The lilies were the first to see;
They, watching in the morning gray,
Saw angels come so silently
And roll the mighty stone away;
They saw him pass the portal's gloom;
He brushed their leaves—oh, happy dower!
Bring lilies—purest buds that bloom,
His face reflected in each flower.

The roses were the first to hear,
The lilies were the first to see;
Bring fragrant flowers from far and near
To match the Easter melody!
"Rabboni!" be on every tongue,
And every heart the rapture share
Of Mary, as she kneels among
The roses and the lilies fair!

Mr. Egglestone. Flora Egglestone, as long as I have known you, I never saw you use paint before.

Mrs. Egglestone. Yes, but you must remember, that I am attending my first Easter breakfast this year.

BOY AND ANGEL.

Robert Browning.

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite.
Then to his poor trade he turned,
Whereby the daily meal was earned.
Hard he labored, long and well;
O'er his work the boy's curls fell.
But ever, at each period,
He stopped and sang, "Praise God!"
Then back again his curls he threw,
And cheerful turned to work anew.
Said Blaise, the listening monk, "Well done;
I doubt not thou art heard, my son;
As well as if thy voice to-day
Were praising God, the Pope's great way.
This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome
Praises God from Peter's dome."
Said Theocrite: "Would God that I
Might praise him that great way, and die!"
Night passed, day shone,
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,
A thousand years are but a day.
God said in heaven, "Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of my delight."
Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,
Spread his wings and sank to earth;
Entered, in flesh, the empty cell,
Lived there, and played the craftsman well;
And morning, evening, noon and night,
Praised God in place of Theocrite.
And from a boy to youth he grew:
The man put off the stripling's hue:
The man matured and fell away
Into the season of decay:
And ever o'er the trade he bent,
And ever lived on earth content.
(He did God's will; to him, all one
If on the earth or in the sun.)
God said, "A praise is in mine ear;
There is no doubt in it, no fear:
So sing old worlds, and so
New worlds that from my footstool go.
Clearer loves sound other ways:
I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.
'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by
The greater outer gallery,
With his holy vestments, dight,
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:
And all his past career
Came back upon him clear,
Since when, a boy, he plied his trade,
Till on his life the sickness weighed;
And in his cell, when death drew near,
An angel in a dream brought cheer:
And rising from the sickness drear,
He grew a priest, and now stood here.
To the East with praise he turned,
And on his sight the angel burned.
"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,
I set thee here; I did not well.
Vainly I left my angel-sphere,
Vain was thy dream of many a year.
Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped—
Creation's chorus stopped!
Go back and praise again
The early way while I remain.
With that weak voice of our disdain,
Take up creation's pausing strain.
Back to the cell and poor employ:
Resume the craftsman and the boy!"
Theocrite grew old at home;
Gabriel dwelt in Peter's dome.
One vanished as the other died:
They sought God side by side.

SHINE ON, MOST GLORIOUS LIGHT.

Kenyon West.

SHINE on! Shine ever on, most glorious Light!
Reveal Thy majesty and splendor bright.
This Easter morning as of old arise!
Make glad the earth as with a glad surprise.
By magic power, as of old, change night
Into the benediction of the dawn,—
With promise to us of the darkness gone!
Shine on! Shine ever on, most glorious Light!
This Easter morn arise! arise!
Give saner vision to our sin-dimmed eyes;
To hearts that wait and watch for Thee, come near!
Thy miracle of wondrous love make clear.
Make cold hearts glow; make weak hearts strong.
Dispel our grim despairs, our sense of wrong.
From doubt's stern thraldom grant us Lord, release!
Give freedom, faith and Thy surpassing peace!
Thus only can we hope to live:—
Health, healing, blessing,—give! oh give!

SNOWDROPS, LILIES, AND BUTTERFLIES.

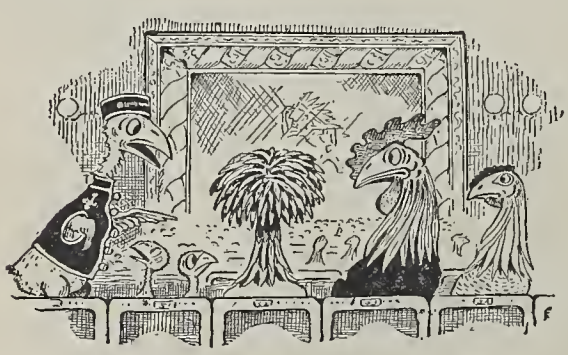
Mary A. Lathbury.

(May be recited by one person or performed by several. If done by a number, following is suggestive: Three groups of children, each flower child with ting-a-ling bells in hand, one group costumed as Snowdrops, one as Lilies, and another as Butterflies covered in cocoon colored muslin. These groups lie in effective grouping about stage. Enter child dressed as Fairy carrying wand. She poses at stage center, and, after gazing about a moment, recites. As she calls each kind of flower, flowers sleepily awaken, rub eyes and slowly rise. On "Ring your bells" flowers ring bells gayly and watch cocoons who slowly and waveringly throw off covering and stand revealed as beautiful Butterflies. They spread their wings and joyously float about stage in and around watching flowers who welcome them with ringing bells. Butterflies exit followed by Flowers and Fairy lightly tripping after.)

SNOWDROPS! lift your timid heads,—
All the earth is waking;
Field and forest, brown and dead,
Into life are breaking.
Snowdrops, rise and tell the story,
How he rose, the Lord of glory.

Lilies! lilies! Easter calls:
Rise to meet the dawning
Of the blessed light that falls
Through the Easter morning.
Ring your bells and tell the story,
How he rose, the Lord of glory.

Waken, sleeping butterflies!
Burst your narrow prison;
Spread your golden wings and rise,
For the Lord is risen.
Spread your wings and tell the story,
How he rose, the Lord of glory.



Mrs. Top-Knot at the "Movies."

Usher. Will the lady please remove her hat?

NAMING THE CHICKENS.

Mrs. L. B. Bacon.

THERE were two little chickens hatched
out by one hen,
And the owner of both was our little boy Ben;
So he set him to work as soon as they came,
To make them a house and find them a name.

As for building a house, Benny knew very well
That he couldn't do that; but his big brother Phil
Must be handy at tools, for he'd been to college,
Where boys are supposed to learn all sorts of knowledge.

Phil was very good-natured, and soon his small brother
Had a nice cozy home for his chicks and their mother;
And a happier boy in the country just then
Could not have been found than our dear little Ben.

But a name for his pets it was harder to find;
At least, just as suited exactly his mind;
No mother of twins was ever more haunted
With trouble to find just the ones that she wanted.

There were plenty of names, no doubt about that;
But a name that would do for a dog or a cat
Would not answer for chickens so pretty as these;
Or else our dear boy was not easy to please.

These two tiny chickens looked just like each other;
To name them so young would be only a bother;
But with one in each hand, said queer little Ben;
"I want this one a rooster and that one a hen."

Benny knew them apart by a little brown spot
On the head of the one that the other had not.
They grew up like magic, each fat, feathered chick,
One at length was named Peggy and the other named Dick.

But a funny thing happened concerning their names;
Rushing into the house one day, Benny exclaims:
"O mother! O Phil! such a blunder there's been,
For Peggy's the rooster and Dick is the hen!"

SIBERIA IF WITH HER.

ON Easter morn, when Christians meet in Russia far away,
They greet each other with a kiss, in honor of the day.
And when I see sweet Annabel and think of what might be—
I would not mind Siberia if she were there with me.

CHOIR LOFT PROPOSAL.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

PERKINS sat beside Miss Lewis in the choir. Perkins sang baritone, and she sang alto. They had sung in the choir for two years, and naturally it was a polite act at the first for him to offer to escort her home after choir practice. This got to be a habit with him, until one evening he experienced a peculiar shock. Another man appeared at the choir rehearsal and listened with evident enjoyment to the singing, and then calmly walked away with Miss Lewis.

Shocks of this sort are salutary to a young man in love. Without them he takes the affair in too much of a matter of course way. He simply drifts. The drifting lover is not a satisfactory one to a girl. The tide of his affection may be smooth enough, but it does not get anywhere. Women like the ambitious, aggressive man. And certainly, from the feminine standpoint, aggressiveness and ambition are never more aptly exercised than in the effort to win her hand. Winning a hand is different from holding it as though it were inherited property.

The other man was Hollicker. Hollicker was a man who formulated a campaign as soon as he decided upon its object. Consequently he had maneuvred so that Perkins had had mighty few moments with Miss Lewis. And she enjoyed it. No matter how much a girl thinks of a man, she must enjoy his desperation and despair when he sees another man apparently winning her away from him. It is this elusiveness in woman nature that constitutes a large part of her human nature.

Perkins wanted to propose now, badly enough. But he needed the chance. This Easter morning when the choir arose to sing the anthem he looked over the congregation and he gritted his teeth when he saw Hollicker sitting right in the Lewis pew. Mechanically he took up his part of the anthem, and as he sang an inspiration came to him. He and Miss Lewis had sort of a recitative second part to the solo during most of the anthem. The soprano carried the air and held all the attention of the audience, and the deep tones of the organ effectually hid the words the baritone and Miss Lewis sang. Instead of the words on the page before him he touched her elbow with his and softly sang:

> "Am I never to have a chance—
> Never to have a chance—
> A chance to speak to you alone?"

She glanced at him almost with alarm. She could not believe she had heard him aright. He returned her glance and again sang:

> "I mean what I say.
> Listen to me,
> For I am deeply—
> Am deeply in earnest this morning."

With another glance, of understanding this time, she sang:

> "What in the world—
> What in the world—
> What in the world do you mean?"

Perkins waited until it was his time to sing again and then he leaned a bit toward her and sang:

"You know very well—
You know very well"—

She took up her part of the anthem in her mellow alto tones at once with:

"I can't imagine—
Can't imagine—
What do you mean?"

It was the moment for the choir to swing into the finale. The organ was booming and the singers were beginning to fortissimo passages. Perkins slipped his hand under the book and caught her fingers in his. He sang:

"This is my only chance—
Say that you will wed me.
Oh, say that you will wed me.
Will wed me."

There was an answering pressure on his fingers, and with a demure smile on her lips she answered:

"I will—
I will.
But do not kiss me here—
Not here."

As the congregation was leaving Hollicker came to Miss Lewis and said:

"I must congratulate you on the expression you gave to your part of the music this morning."

"So must I," Perkins declared. "And while you are about it, you might as well congratulate us both."

LAY OF EGGS.

WORLDLY-WISE egg-bearer laid a nest chock full of eggs,
Then raising from her eggery, stood erect upon her pegs,
Eggs-ultantly egg-claiming as to what she'd been about,
While chanticleer in echo said, "an eggs-cellent lay out."

"A good eggs-ample," Biddy said, "for others' imitation."
"Eggs-actly," chorused all the breed, in one grand cackl--action.
Then chanticleer broke in again, with shrill "eggs-cel-si-or,"
In cock-a-doodle lingo, heard anear and known afar.

And then again with flapping wings and air of eggs-ultation,
He eggs-ceeded all authority in a sweeping eggs-clamation,
Which these eggs-centric lines, in rhyme, but feebly eggs-press,
Said that his egg eggschequer was full to an eggs-cess.

Eggs-citedly eggs-plaining his eggs-traordinary eggs-hibition,
Eggs-plicitly, eggs-ulting and assuring eggs-pedition,
In eggs-tracting from this one eggs-ert an eggs-citing chicken match,
For Biddy, in eggs-pectancy, would eggs-plicate and hatch.

Then they went to counting chickens, thus, one and two and three.
One egg, one chick, two eggs, two chicks, as many as may be.
But Farmer Brown in eggs-tacy came across that eggs-tra nest,
And eggs-tradited all the eggs—you all know the rest.

RESURRECTION MORN.

Eva Malsbary.

IN the dawning
Of the morning,
Came the women to the tomb;
All else leaving,
Sorely grieving,
Bringing with them sweet perfume.

Came they nearer,
Saw they clearer,
Saw the stone was rolled away;
And they entered;
Eyes were centered
On the men in bright array.

Hope forsook them,
Fear o'ertook them;
Then in accents soft and clear
Spake an angel;
This evangel,
"Christ is risen; he is not here."

Christ is risen
From his prison,
Sing it out with heart and voice.
Words prophetic,
Words magnetic,
Christ is ris'n. Let earth rejoice.

Now may mortals
Pass the portals
Leading unto victory.
We've no merit,
We inherit
Life and immortality.

Come with singing,
Glory bringing,
Unto him the conqueror.
Resurrected,
And reflected,
We shall reign with him in power.

CHRIST TOUCHED HIS EYES.

Florence Morse Kingsley.

A GILDED chariot swept into the square of the Herods. Tor, with a horde of other gamins, had been running in the wake of the chariot since it entered the Damascus gate. They hoped that the Roman who guided the foaming horses might toss them a coin. This had happened more than once, and the boy who grappled with his mates and arose with the coin, was a conqueror of renown. On this occasion the charioteer permitted the mob of half-naked boys to gain his wheel, then with a skillful curl of his long whip scattered them in ignominious rout.

The lash was strongly plied, and its cruel tip fringed with sparkling bits of steel struck Tor full across the eyes. The boy screamed once, then fell back like a wounded rat to hide himself in the sewer's mouth. Here one of his mates found him—Zach, the water-carrier, who had once been a gamin. He muttered a great curse on all Romans, alive or dead. "Thou may'st set up for a blind beggar," he said; "'tis a good business, though somewhat overdone in Jerusalem."

"I will not be a blind beggar!" shrieked Tor, and beat his head against the stones.

That terrible day passed and another, and many others like it. The cruel pain ceased by degrees, but the once bright eyes were hopelessly darkened. Tor crouched all day silent in an angle of the wall where the shadows were cool and dark, and here an occasional passer-by tossed him a coin. One lonely day he ventured out a little from his lair, and listened to a confused babel of voices. "Well met, lad!" cried Zach. "I was running with all my might to fetch thee. Dost hear the shouting?—'Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!' 'Tis a good word—that Hosanna, though the rabbis like it not. The King was riding on his beast, and the women cast off their mantles in his path; then the men flung down their abbas. I had neither mantle nor abba, so I plucked me a great leaf from the nearest tree and threw it down before his beast. In a trice everybody was pulling palm leaves and branches. The rabbis—may their evil shadow vanish!—swarmed out of the gates and would have stopped our mouths, but they could do nothing with the crowd. On he swept to the temple. He is there now. Hark you, he stands in the court of the Gentiles, and blind men and cripples and sick folk on litters are crowding in at the gates. He cures every one that comes. Thou shalt have thine eyes once more, lad; I have come to fetch thee to him!"

* * * * * * *

Tor stumbled on, his heart beating so loud in his ears that he could scarce hear what the Voice said to him. But the thrilling touch on his sightless eyes sank to the depths of his starved soul. He saw—Jesus. And the vision filled his life. Tor merged himself into every crowd that surrounded the Nazarene. He drank in every word that fell from the lips of the Man. Zach came upon his comrade on the sixth night as he lay curled up on the stones before a silent house in the poorer quarter of the city. "What art doing here?" he demanded. "Waiting for him to come out," responded Tor. "He is in there, and the twelve men are with him. I am afraid of the fellow with the

twisted neck. It is twisted because he looks always behind him like a scared beast. Hist! There he goes now—alone."

The stooped figure of a man had run violently out of the silent house, flinging the door to behind him. He then plunged into the black shadows of the street and disappeared. Tor could not think clearly from this point in the story. It was too terrible. But he had followed the Man and seen all: the betrayal in the garden; the shameful trial; the vast crowds that surged about the Roman judgment seat shouting, "Away with him! Crucify him!" even as they had shouted "Hosanna!" only six days before. Then—The Cross. Tor beat upon his childish breast as he remembered that terrible sight. No one saw the lad as he stole through the blossoming trees of the garden where they had laid him. He crept as near as he dared and threw himself down on the warm earth.

When the child awoke the aromatic breath of serried lilies swept his cheek like a caress. The Roman guard had disappeared; the door of the tomb gaped wide; beside it stood a young man clad in white garments.

Tor approached this radiant figure unafraid. "Where is the Man who opens eyes?" he asked. "He is not here," the young man made answer. "He is risen, as he said."

There was a woman yonder. She was weeping. Tor laughed softly in his joy. "He is alive!" he repeated under his breath. Then he saw with wonder that the woman was no longer alone. She was speaking to the Risen One: "Sir, if thou hast borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." The child's Christ-touched eyes knew him though the woman did not. He sank to his knees, his face shining with the dazzling light of the new day.

BE GLAD.

Edith Virginia Bradt.

OH wondrous miracle!
But yesterday the fields lay brown and bare,
With not a trace of verdue anywhere.
But lo! the Easter spell has touched the earth,
The clouds are swept away,
The earth grows strangely gay;
The trees that lifted up their empty arms
Are clothed with beauty rare.
The springing grass, by tender sunbeams wooed,
A fairy mantle weaves;
The hills are everywhere with beauty clad,
And all the earth grows radiant and glad.
Be glad, O heart of mine!
That thine might be the joy of Eastertide;
That living flowers should spring eternally
Within thy heart's fair garden, there to be
The harbingers of sweeter joys for thee.

SHE'S THE EASTER GIRL FOR ME.

Mrs. Macdonald.

SHE
Whom I see
On the street
Proud and sweet
Brightly talking
Slowly walking
Is the Easter
Girl for me.

Gaze
On the blaze
Of her smiles
Full of wiles.
She is stunning,
Arch and cunning,
As her escort
She beguiles.

Flat
Is her hat,
And her air
Debonnaire;
She's magnetic,
Energetic,
With a beauty
Young and fair.

Lace
Near her face
Gives that note
Of remote
Ancient splendor,
Soft and tender,
As it nestles
Round her throat.

Silk
White as milk
Forms her gown
Of renown;
Now she blushes,
Sweetly flushes,
And her eyelids
Are cast down.

Hear!
Rich and clear,
Waltzes rare
Fill the air!
I am dying
To be trying,
All the latest,
With you, dear.

Found!
With a bound
Up they go
From below;
Now they hurry
And they scurry
For the school is
Good they know.

Dance,
And advance,
In the art,
From the start;
At the cheery,
Never weary
Fox-Trotting,
Is your chance.

Go!
Terms are low,
Mirth and grace
Fill the place,
And the dancing
Is entrancing,
As the happy
Moments flow.

DEATH MEANS FREEDOM.

Bishop William Croswell Doane.

WE are so stupid about death. We will not learn
How it is wages paid to those who earn,
How it is gift for which on earth we yearn,
To be set free from bondage to the flesh;
How it is turning seed-corn into grain,
How it is winning heaven's eternal gain,
How it means freedom evermore from pain.
And we forget that it means only life,
Life with all joy, peace, rest, and glory rife,
The victory won, and ended all the strife.

RESURRECTION DAY'S POWER.

Mary E. Allbright.

IT was dark to Mary of Magdala
As she stole from her lonely room,
And sped away ere the break of day
To the place of the rich man's tomb.
It was dark as night in her mournful soul;
The hope of her life had fled;
For sin had won, and the deed was done,
And the Son of God was dead.

This was the end, then, after all!
The power of the Christ to save,
And sins forgiven, and hopes of heaven,
All buried in Jesus' grave!
With the old sad shame in her lovely eyes,
In her heart the old dull pain:
"Can help arise from a man who dies?
I shall never see him again."

But a glow crept up from the purple hills;
Dawn came to the morning air,
And a sudden grace to the tear-stained face
Of the woman waiting there.
For lo! in the sunlit garden path
Stood the Master! Kingly still,
He was just the same, for he spoke her name,
And quietly told his will.

"Rabboni!" Only one word she said,
But her heart was in the cry.
There he stood, her Christ! and the sight sufficed,
Although she had seen him die.
And for Mary of Magdala, through the power
Of that resurrection day,
All the dark and the night, all sin and blight,
Had forever passed away!

KEEPING AN ANCIENT CUSTOM.

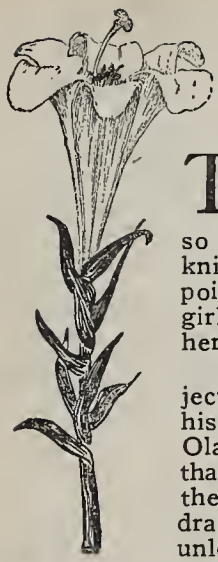
Callie L. Bonney.

I MET her Easter morning in the old cathedral aisle,
And, early at the service, she gave me bow and smile.
The sexton old had vanished, the organist asleep:
I asked if ancient customs it were not well to keep.
"Oh, yes!" she gravely answered; "to which do you refer?"

"'T one the Greeks now practice: 'tis pleasing, I aver."
"Oh! something quaint and olden! And could we do it here?"
Slyly I glanced about us, and saw no one was near.
"I think we might," I answered; for how could I resist?
I wonder if the preacher knew some one had been kissed!

LEGEND OF THE LILIES.

Carmen Sylva.
(Queen of Rumania.)



THERE was once upon a time a holy maiden, who had the power of healing sick people by laying her hand upon them while she prayed. Olaga, so was she called, was so beautiful that many a gallant knight sought her for wife. Great was their disappointment when it became known that the fair young girl would not hear of marriage, but intended to devote herself to good works.

Now before many years had passed, one of her rejected suitors, who had never forgiven her for refusing his hand, brought an accusation of witchcraft against Olaga. He contrived to word his wicked tale so artfully that many believed him, and Olaga was sought out, in the little hut in which she dwelt in the forest, and dragged before her judges, and their sentence ran that unless she cleared herself by ordeal of the crime she was accused of she should be burned to death at the stake as a witch.

In vain the poor girl protested her innocence and reminded the witnesses who came forward to testify against her that she had never done them aught but good. Just those on whom she had wrought her most marvelous cures were now loudest in their denunciations. They swore that they would a thousand times have preferred to remain blind or lame to the end of their days rather than be restored to health by a witch's spells. This ingratitude distressed Olaga more even than the prospect of a cruel death.

So disheartened was she that it seemed to her it mattered little what would now befall. And when she reached the spot where preparations were made for the fiery ordeal, and saw the jeering multitude assembled to witness her torture, then, scarce so much for her own cruel fate as in pity for the folly and ignorance of her enemies, her gentle heart was wrung. Tears, which no suffering of her own could draw from her, gathered in her beautiful eyes. Slowly and silently those tears began to fall, as Olaga laid aside her sandals and placed her feet upon the red-hot plowshares. Her thoughts were so far away that it did not at first even surprise her when the soles of her tender feet felt no pain as they touched the burning iron. But the onlookers were amazed to behold their victim pass unharmed and unmoved along the fiery path; and those who stood nearest could distinctly see how her tears as they fell quenched the hot iron.

The crowd continued to watch her in wonder and amazement, and soon Olaga herself became aware that in some miraculous manner she was being protected. Not only did the burning plowshares cease to glow just as her feet were about to touch them, but she was also suddenly surrounded by a cloud of fragrance sweeter than the sweetest incense, and chimes, as of little silver bells, rang out as she passed along, and delicate bell-like blossoms of a kind never seen before sprang up beside the iron all the way.

Suddenly, the scaffold piled with fagots for her martyrdom was transformed into a perfect bower, every dry stick changing into a tiny bell-like flower. A feeling of awe and shame came upon all who had witnessed the miracle, while the silvery chimes continued to peal out upon the balmy air, redolent with the perfume of the lily-bells, and Olaga once more folded her hands in prayer, thankful that her enemies had been held back from burdening their souls with yet greater guilt. And her tears still flowed, the whole way she passed along, escorted by the jubilating crowd, back to her little hut, hidden among the thickest trees in the valley. And wherever a tear-drop fell, there one of the sweet new flowers at once sprang forth, till the whole way was lined with pure white blossoms. Around the hut itself they grew thickest, and, as her foot touched the threshold, Olaga turned and blessed them. "Since you have come forth, sweet flowers," she said, "on this fair spring morning to bear witness to my innocence, henceforth you shall be always known as messengers of joy and gladness, the heralds of the spring!"

This is the legend of the lilies of the valley.

EASTER BRIDAL SONG.

Alice Cary.

(To make effective: Charming young lady seated busily sewing on dainty bridal dress. During reciting of poem by another she acts out the thoughts expressed by the poem.)

HASTE, little fingers, haste, haste!
Haste, little fingers pearly;
And all along the slender waist,
And up and down the silken sleeves,
Knot the darling and dainty leaves,
And wind o' the south, blow light and fast,
And bring the flowers so early!

Low, droop low, my tender eyes,
Low and all demurely,
And make the shining seams to run
Like little streaks o' th' morning sun
Through silver clouds so purely;
And fall, sweet rain, fall out o' the skies,
And bring the flowers so early!

Push, little hands, from the bended face,
The tresses crumpled curly,
And stitch the hem in the frill of snow
And give to the veil its misty flow,
And melt, ye frosts, so surly;
And shine out, spring, with your days of grace,
And bring the flowers so early.

WHY HE STOPPED STRONG DRINK.

Itta Allen Fellner.

"JIM," as James Green was generally called, was an industrious and honest young man. But "Jim" had one fault, he was fond of a glass of strong drink taken with jolly companions.

Jim had a dear wife and a darling baby boy. Jim knew that he needed all the money he earned to pay for their home, and that he could ill afford to treat the boys night after night.

"Oh, Jimmie!" his wife would say to him, "why must you stop in that saloon?"

Jim would feel ashamed in the presence of wife and child, and promise to be home on time. But the promise was hard to keep, and the drink habit was gaining.

One night when he had tarried at the saloon he came home to find a determined expression on his wife's face. She said: "What would you do, Jimmie, if I should come over to the saloon, and have a drink with you?" He answered quickly: "What! You! Well I guess not!"

Easter was approaching. For several weeks Jim had not been to the saloon, and things began to look bright. The wife was saving a little each week for an Easter dress, which was to be a surprise to her husband. She was beginning to be happy, for she believed Jim would drink no more. But the Saturday night before Easter the weather turned cold and chilly. Jim, going home from the factory, was obliged to pass the saloon. He could not resist joining his jolly companions. The boys did not greet him with a "Hello, Jim!" as usual, but whispered to each other. He wondered what had changed them, and was not prepared for the words of a man who had already taken too much drink.

"Say, Green!" he cried, "your—your—your wife has been in here!"

"My wife been here! It's impossible!"

"Yes, she has," said the men in chorus; "she came in here for a glass of whisky; an', what's more, she drank it!"

"Yes, sirree!" cried the man who had spoken first.

"She is no milk-and-water baby. She knows good stuff, she does."

Jim put the glass down. He had no desire to drink. His wife—his pure, sweet wife—in a saloon with vulgar men, drinking whisky! His head swam, and he had a strange dull ache around his heart. The saloon filled him with disgust.

In the doorway he met a man who said:

"Green, your wife is sitting in the gutter over by the cemetery, and she seems to be rather dr—rather intoxicated. I tried to get her home, but she wanted more whisky; and, knowing you usually stopped here, I came to find you, for you had better attend to her. I should not have known her only for her blue dress and blue coat."

"I will look after her," Jim answered; and, burning with shame, he hurried away.

On the way to the cemetery he had to pass his own house. There was a light in the sitting-room, but the shades were down and he could not see in. He thought of the baby—their baby. Suppose the baby should upset the lamp! He could not leave the baby to uncertain fate, he would look after him.

What a vision of peace and happiness met his eyes! The baby was joyously bouncing himself in his carriage, while his smiling mamma was laying the cloth for supper. She looked to Jim as beautiful as an angel as she came up and kissed him, saying, "Home again, papa, dear, are we not glad to see him, baby?"

Jim sank into a chair and sobbed.

"Oh, my wife, my dear, dear wife, they told me you had been to the saloon, drinking."

"What! I in a saloon, drinking? Never! How could you have believed it, Jim?"

"They said they knew it was you by your blue dress and blue coat."

A smile came into the wife's face, as she said:

"It must have been the poor beggar who came asking for clothes this morning, and I gave her that old blue dress, coat and all. It is Eastertime, and I like to feel that I can help some poor soul, for I myself have so much to be thankful for when you come home early."

It was the happiest moment of Jim's life, and he fell on his knees and vowed that he would never touch liquor again. And he kept his word.

EASTER A DAY OF SPIRITUAL JOY.

Cardinal Gibbons.

EASTER should be a day of spiritual joy, a day for celebration of the resurrection of spirit, a day in which spiritual considerations should be more prominent. Any secular or civil activities that interfere with pure spiritual observance of the day should be discouraged. There is a tendency to overemphasize fashions. It should be seriously discouraged. Jesus Christ announced the important truth that the glory of his resurrection was the fruit of his Passion—I mean the accidental glory incident to his humanity, not the essential glory inherent in his divinity. While two of his disciples were going from Jerusalem to Emmaus, discoursing on the crucifixion, Jesus, in the guise of a stranger, joined them, and they said to him: "We had hoped that Christ would redeem Israel from gentile bondage and would reestablish the kingdom on a grander scale and rule as a conqueror. But our hopes are shaken, for he died a shameful death on the cross." And Jesus said to them: "Foolish and slow of heart to believe in all things which the prophets have spoken. Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and so to enter into his glory?" If he had not trod the path of suffering and humiliation he would not be the Messiah foretold by the prophets.

AND THE PROCESSION MOVED ON.

Izola Forrester.

HERBERT left her on one of the red velvet settees in the ladies' writing-room in the hotel. "No one will see us there that we know," Vera had declared. "Cousin Muriel says anyone can go into that hotel and look around. They'll think we're sightseers. And Muriel says there are public telephone booths, and everything. I'll sit down at one of the writing-tables and send word to mother while you go and telephone to—what did you say the clergyman's name is?"

"Illingsworth," said Herbert promptly, referring to his black leather notebook. "Here it is. I put it down on purpose."

"You bad boy," Vera laughed. "I believe you planned this all along."

"I did. For months! Just as soon as I knew I had the California appointment. Do you suppose I was going way out there alone for two years? The secretary of the company wrote that the preference would be given to a married man, and I sent back word that I would be married by the time I reached San Francisco."

Vera seated herself and drew off her gloves nervously. Herbert had vanished. A page gave her paper and envelopes, and she stared at the blank sheet. All about her were people, people, people! A faint, intangible perfume filled the air like the very quintessence of the varied flowers of Eastertide.

Vera raised her head and breathed deeply, her eyes half shut from the perfect joy of it all. Her wedding day! In five minutes Herbert would be back at her side, perhaps in one short hour they would be married. She would go to California with Herbert and share his fight as a wife should, not hang back, and wait until he had gone through the thick of the battle and won or lost. She started to write on the smooth cream paper with the imposing crest at the top.

"My Dear Aunt Jane:—By the time you receive this, Herbert and I shall have been married."

Vera stopped and smiled dreamily down at the words. The Easter parade went past her unseen. But all at once somebody caught her by the shoulders, and a girlish voice gasped:

"Vera Warden, what on earth—oh, you dear! Uncle John, this is Cousin Vera, Little Vera, you know, from up State."

"Well, God bless my heart, child, you're just in time."

Uncle John Mumford, two hundred and fifty odd pounds, took Vera by her arm and beamed on her. "You are the seventh."

"Seventh what?" asked Vera faintly.

"We're all going up Fifth Avenue, you know, to see the Easter parade. Uncle John's got a taxi. Come along, Vera."

Vera detached herself in a daze from her cousin's clinging arm. It would never do to tell them the truth. Herbert might be back any instant. Even while she hesitated, a page came towards her, bearing a huge bouquet of violets, another bridal extravagance of Herbert's. A sudden inspiration came to her, and she caught the page by his sleeve.

"Wait, oh, please wait a minute," she whispered, and tearing off

the card from the flowers, she wrote on it: "Uncle John here. Must go with him up Fifth Avenue in taxicab. Meet me in Central Park."

When the page handed that card to an earnest, happy-looking young man just issuing from the telephone booths, he stared at it in utter amazement. He crushed the card in his hand, and made for the carriage entrance. Taxis were at a premium. He found an auto bus, bound uptown. Every taxicab he passed he scanned.

"This is a Riverside 'bus, isn't it?" he heard somebody say behind him, and a chill ran over him. Vera had told him to meet her at Central Park. There were how many square miles to Central Park?

All about him the sweet Easter bells were pealing. The warm spring sunshine flooded all the world, it seemed. Vera had on a drooping pearl gray hat, he remembered, with one sweeping white plume on it, and a mass of white crushy stuff tacked here and there over the rest of it. Her dress was gray also. He got off at Columbus Circle, and stood on the corner where the policeman would not notice his haggard face and hungry eyes.

"Vera, you don't seem to be enjoying yourself a bit," said Muriel, as they were stopped by the traffic policeman at Fifty-eighth street. "You didn't even look at the Vanderbilt houses. What's the matter, dearie?"

Vera looked up and smiled wanly. What if that page had failed to find Herbert? What if he were searching for her throughout New York? Suddenly she caught sight of a brand new pearl gray Fedora hat among the throng of hats of the corner curb. Then happened for once in the history of the famous Fifth Avenue Easter parade, a sight rarely witnessed. With a quick cry, Vera half rose from her seat in Uncle John's taxicab, and threw her bridal bouquet of violets straight at the pearl Fedora.

"Herbert, Herbert, here I am!" she called, and Herbert responded.

"Don't do anything, Uncle John," Vera gasped, as she leaned back laughing and crying on the cushions. "It's only Herbert. We're eloping, and he lost me."

Uncle John had a sense of humor, and much philosophy. Herbert was at the step of the taxi, his face pale, his hands holding the violets.

"Climb right in," said Uncle John, cordially. "Don't hold up the New York Easter parade for an elopement. Climb in, and God bless you both. I think I'll give away the bride for this, myself."

And the Easter procession moved on.

HOW THE FLOWERS GROW.

1 FIRST a seed so tiny, hidden from the sight;
2 Then two pretty leaflets struggling toward the light.
3 Soon a bud appearing turns into a flower,
4 Kissed by golden sunshine, washed in silver shower;
5 Growing sweeter, sweeter, every happy hour;
6 Kissed by golden sunshine, washed in silver shower!

1. Shield closed left hand with open right.. 2. Both hands closed with raised forefingers. 3. Form bud with closed left hand; open a little to form flower. 4. High horizontal gesture, with right hand coming down toward flower formed by left hand. 5. Look at flower and smile. 6. Same as 4.

PILATE'S MONOLOGUE.

J. W. D. Francis.

(To make effective: Pilate may be ancient Roman, costumed and seated on throne chair placed on platform draped in purple. Background and side wall in purple hangings.)

THE Galilaean dead!
'Tis well. And yet I would it were not so,
For he hath Pontius Pilate grieved more
Than all that stood before my tribunal.
'Tis done. 'Tis strange that he should die so soon;
And yet he suffered much! Ere he went forth
Beyond the gate to die he bare a load
Of sorrows; how could he long survive?
Three hours he hung on Calvary, thou say'st,
And died? Art sure of this? Didst break his legs,
As custom is when death must needs be haste?
Nay? Then what proof hast thou the Galilaean died?
His side was pierced, and blood and water flowed
As seen by all his foes around?—Aye, then,
The Nazarene is dead!

Two suppliants wait!
What for? I would not be disturbed this day;
Enough my spirit bears. Yet bring them in.
—What! Joseph, Nicodemus, here?
What want ye, Jews? Art not yet satisfied?
The Nazarene is dead, what more? Your king
Ye have exalted high! His crown, the thorns;
His throne, the cross. His subjects loud acclaim:
"O crucify!" My Roman heart would spare,
But tender mercy of ye Jews would not.
What now? Doth not thy conscience now as mine accuse
Of compassing the death of Innocence?
To beg the body of your king! It's this
Ye ask? Hath royal sepulchre prepared?
Thine, Arimathaea, thine? The new one built
Upon the mountain-side; wouldst lay this Christ,
This malefactor, there? Well, bear him hence.
Beneath that hill and by that stone enclosed
His book of life is sealed.

Now let me rest.
Guard well the door; I would
That none should enter here. The outcome of
This day—? Ah! well, the day is done. This man
Did but disturb the land. What now, Caiaphas here?
Go hence and bear him word. "The man is dead;
He'll trouble thee no more." A guard to stand
Around the tomb? Wherefore. what fear they now?
"Three days from death he said he would arise;
What is already done doth cause them fear."

How mad these Jews. He can do nothing more;
The man is dead!
Disciples might his body take
And say he rose? That would be bad, but then
Like coward-knaves all fled away in fear.
'Tis needless, but ye must be pleased. So, ho!
The Roman legions guard the tomb of Jewish
Malefactor!
Once more those Jews!
Ye gods! Will this day never end? What now,
Ye sons of hate, what would ye now? I would
That I could crucify you all—then peace!
Speak out, ye priests that cried: "His blood on us."
What fear ye now, O conscience-stricken knaves!
This man is bound in death; ye saw him die;
By stone sepulchral he is fast entombed.
And more: Encompassing the tomb a guard
Of Roman soldiers, tried in many wars.—
Yet fear ye still the fleeing fisher-folk?
Great Caesar's seal ye ask that I should place
Upon this tomb? The Emperor's name? Three seals
Already, yet ye ask a fourth—that pledge
Of Rome the greatest earth can give? Ye gods!
To keep a man entombed 'tis this ye ask.
Ye must be pleased; here, seal the tomb.
'Tis done. The Nazarene is dead. Held fast
As Jewish hate and Roman law can bind.

* * * * * * *

But lo! God spake and every seal is riven!
An empty grave; a shout,
THE LORD IS RISEN!

LOST BONNET—LOST HEART.

Minna Irving.

WHERE lilies hid the Latin text, and smilax wreathed the altar,
And every head was gravely bent o'er sacred psalm and psalter,
And all the front was pink and white with roses strewn upon it,
He saw a little maid in gray, who wore an Easter bonnet.

He walked behind her from the church, and viewed her girlish graces;
And breathed the vague, delicious scent of dainty bows and laces.
A prayerbook was in her hand—she kept her glances on it,
Till came a gust of frolic wind and whisked away her bonnet.

Her eyes were full of April tears, her scarlet lips were smiling;
The sunny curls about her brow were made for man's beguiling.
Her face was like a dewy rose, he paused to gaze upon it,
And found that he had lost his heart as she had lost her bonnet.

But now a spray of orange flowers is wreathed about the Latin;
The little maid is all in white—a dream of lace and satin.
And, as he takes her slender hand, and slips the ring upon it,
He murmurs softly in her ear—a blessing on the bonnet.

HANS AND GRETCHEN HUNTING EASTER EGGS.

Bertha B. White.

LITTLE GRETCHEN with her round, chubby face, and her cunning cap, and funny wooden shoes, would tell you that the happy Easter day has come at last, that day that every little German child loves so dearly.

Mamma has told them that if they are good, and if they are kind and help all they can, perhaps, when they go to sleep on Easter Eve, the pretty white hare will come and have beautiful eggs all hidden away for good little children to find on Easter morning.

"Will she surely come in the night, mamma?"

"Oh, yes; in the night, because, you know, the pretty hare never leaves her home in the daytime. She is like the good moon, only comes out at night, when all is still, and good little folk are fast asleep."

"And will she really bring us beautiful eggs if we are very good?"

"We shall see," answers the good mother.

So for many, many days they try to be good, and now Easter Eve has come at last. They watch the great, round moon come out in the sky, and then they say, "Now, the little white hare will come out, too, from her snug home, and, perhaps, she will visit us." And with happy hearts they go to sleep.

Just as soon as the sun is awake on Easter morning, Gretchen and Hans and all the other little children are awake, too. "Has any one seen the white hare?" they ask..

"Why, it seems to me I heard a noise in the night," the good mother will say. "But come, perhaps we can find the eggs she has left. Let us look."

So the good father and mother lead the children all over the house, and they hunt in every possible corner to find the pretty eggs.

At last, Hans spied a red one, and, "Here is a blue egg!" cried Gretchen.

Before long they are running about with their hands full of bright-colored eggs, which they have found hidden in dark little corners all through the house.

Now they are sure the good white hare did not forget to come in the night.

Had the wee little German folk been awake with the big round moon that Easter Eve, they would have seen the good mother and father take a huge basket and slip down to the market while little children were fast asleep. They would have seen them fill the baskets with fresh white eggs.

Then they would have seen them creep softly back into the house, set a great kettle of water over the fire to boil, and then throw bits of bright calico into the boiling water. Very soon they would drop the eggs into the kettle, one by one. By and by, they would be taken out, no longer white, but colored in beautiful hues, pink, green, blue, and red.

Then, on tiptoe, they would see the happy father and mother

hide the pretty eggs under chairs, in dark corners, on cupboard shelves —smiling to think what a wonderful hare it would be that could make such beautiful eggs.

So, on Easter day, the children play with their pretty eggs, while mamma makes them little cakes, shaped like rabbits, for their Easter dinner.

And what does it matter if little Gretchen and Hans never knew how the wonderful eggs really came on Easter Eve? Who would be unkind enough to tell them? Surely, not you or I.

OUR RESURRECTION.

OUT of the sordid, the base, the untrue,
Into the noble, the pure, and the new;
Out of darkness, and sadness and sin,
Spiritual harmonies to win—
This is our resurrection.

Out of all discord, and toil and strife,
Into a calm and perfect life;
Out of all hatred and jealous fear,
Into love's cloudless atmosphere—
This is our resurrection.

Out of the narrow cramping creeds,
Into a service of loving deeds,
Out of separate limited plan,
Into the Brotherhood of Man—
This is our resurrection.

Out of weakness to conscious power,
Wisdom and strength for every hour;
Out of our doubt and sore dismay,
Into the faith for which we pray,—
This is our resurrection.

Out of the bondage of sickness and pain,
Out of poverty's galling chain;
Into the freedom of perfect health,
Into the blessings of fadeless wealth,—
This is our resurrection.

Out of this fleeting mortal breath,
Out of the valley and shadow of death;
Into the light of perfect way,
Into the freedom of endless day—
This is our resurrection.

Out of the finite sense of things,
Into the joy the Infinite brings;
Out of the limits of time and space,
Into the boundless life of the race—
This is our resurrection.

PETER AND JOHN HASTENING TO THE TOMB OF JESUS ON EASTER MORN.

HIS VISION OF THE RISEN CHRIST.

BABBETTE'S EASTER LESSON.

Belle V. Chisholm.

BABBETTE and Nannette Brent, twin sisters, were seldom apart; all their dolls and playthings, as well as joys and sorrows, were held in common. Where Babbette went Nannette was sure to be seen, and when Nannette remained at home it was always with Babbette by her side. But there came a day when Nannette lay, tossing to and fro, on bed of pain, and Babbette sat by her side in sore distress. And then the two hearts were torn asunder, and the clods that rattled on Nannette's coffin lid fell with a far deeper knell on the heart of poor little Babbette.

With unfailing tenderness and patience her father tried to help her grasp the spiritual meaning of an earthly fact; but the child groped in the dark, her heart refusing to subscribe to the belief to which her lips tremblingly gave assent.

One day Babbette found a great ugly worm lying in the path. It was a light green color, with queer shining bumps all over it, and about the size of a man's finger. Babbette gave a scream, and called her father. "It is only a poor sleepy worm," he assured her, and with the hope of teaching her a lesson, he put it into a little pasteboard box with a glass lid over it, and placed the box in a warm, quiet nook, saying, "The worm is sleepy, so I have put it to bed to rest. By and by it will weave a blanket for itself."

Babbette was much interested in the worm, and went every day to watch how it was getting along. One day she spied some fine threads stretching from the worm to the glass top. Day after day the threads increased in number until the worm was completely covered up. Easter Sabbath, her father called her.

"Look," he said, pointing to a beautiful velvet winged butterfly that was resting on the edge of the mantel.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Babbette. "How did it get in with the windows all down?" Her father placed the empty worm box in her hand.

"Oh, papa, did the worm really awake out of its long sleep?"

Then he showed her the cocoon, which in the weaving days he had named "blanket." There was a hole in one end, and out of it the ugly worm, changed into a fairy-like butterfly, had crept.

"Babbette, dear," said her father, "as there is an Easter in commemoration of our Risen Christ, so there will be a glorious Easter to all who sleep in him. Nannette is not dead; the thinking, living part is already in heaven in presence of the Saviour she loved, and he watches over the dust while it sleeps, and on the resurrection morn he will bring it forth purified, glorified, made meet for the dwelling place of a spirit of light."

"Yes," returned Babbette, "I understand now: 'she is not dead but sleepeth.'"

"And them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him," replied her father. "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

CHRIST AROSE IN HIS HEART.

Izora Chandlers.

WINTHROP and his invalid mother were on the veranda. The house stood on the Palisades of the Hudson River. A lawn, dotted with shrubs, stretched in front of it. At one side was a forest with vines trailing all about and sweet, sensitive wild-flowers growing as they willed.

A young man—writer of books—was seated on another veranda above. He was leaning back in his chair thinking about a book.

Voices drifted up to him. He recognized the voices of the gentle lady and the jolly, rosy-cheeked boy.

"So this is the day, mummer?"

"Yes, dear."

"And by this time they have come to take Jesus down from the cross?"

"By this time they are taking him down, dear."

"And—and Mary stands there and sees it all? Jesus was her boy, just as—as I am your boy, mummer?"

"Just the same. Mary loved him, as I love you, dear. And he loved his mother so well that, while he was upon the cross—suffering that frightful torture—he—do you remember that part of the story, dear?"

"Oh, yes. He told John to take care of her. And he told Mary to expect just the same things from John as if he had lived to do them for her."

"That's what we are told. You know that he came to show us all how to live. His life was spent in serving others. This thought troubles me, Winthrop; for I am giving my life so to myself now—trying to get well from this illness."

"But you are making me know and think all sorts of beautiful things, mummer, dear."

The young man from his balcony knew that the boy had come close to his mother. The voices grew softer. He forgot them in a time, long past, when loving arms were about him and a voice, long silent, had told to him the same sweet, sad story of the Christ. It was lonely upon his balcony. He put his hand up to wipe something away from his eyes. He wondered if his own mother would be pleased, could she see into his careless, prayerless life.

Late next day, while tramping through the forest, he caught sight of a boy stretched flat on the ground, reaching far down from a rock that hung over a ravine. It was the rosy-cheeked, sunny boy of the invalid lady. His heart stood still for an instant, then aroused him to speed swiftly to the spot.

Winthrop had succeeded in clutching the plant. Then he tried to work himself backward; but, to his dismay, he found that he could not get back. Forward meant death. To add to his terror, people below were screaming at the top of their voices. He became dizzy, everything turned black; bright flashes shot across the blackness, like falling stars. He felt himself going down—down—and became unconscious.

At that moment strong hands seized his ankles. He was dragged

back. When he opened his eyes a stern face was bending above him, and a stern voice exclaimed:

"What do you mean, youngster, by giving me such a shock? I've a mind to cane you! Do you know you came near losing your life?"

"I—didn't mean to shock you. You see, to-morrow is Easter, and my mamma so loves Easter. She—she says it's the beautifullest morning in all the world—'long with that morning when Christ was born. And she's ill and can't go to church, nor have any Easter. So, you see, I have to make Easter beautiful for her. And I've gathered such loads of lovely wild flowers. And—and I wanted just this very jack-in-the-pulpit to stand in the middle, 'cause it's the tallest one there is."

The young man turned away. This bright, lovable little boy was in love with Easter. He could not speak. All that night he did not sleep. With the first streak of morning he was dressed and walking in and out among the shrubs on the lawn. When the sky brightened and the glorious Easter sun arose he looked toward the house to see the gentle lady and her boy looking over the Easter flowers. He knew that they were saying:

"Christ is risen!"

And Christ arose in the heart of the young man that very morning.

EASTER OFFERINGS.

Emily Henderson.

SAID Mother Nature, "Children dear,
Glad Easter day is drawing near.
Now, what fair offering will you bring
To greet the birthday of the spring?"

The blossoms answered: "We'll adorn
The brown earth for the Easter morn,
And breathe upon the fresh spring air,
Like incense, fragrance rich and rare."

The breezes said: "On soft wings fleet
We'll carry sounds and odors sweet,
And happy news with joy will bring,
For we're the messengers of spring."

The little birds sang loud: "And we
Her joyous orchestra will be;
Our clearest notes, in accents sweet,
Shall rise, spring's natal day to greet."

And on the happy Easter day
Each one, in his own joyous way,
Blithe bird and breeze and blossom, told
The Easter story, sweet and old.

CHLOE ANN'S EASTER EGG.

Frank H. Sweet.

AUNT DEB sat near the front window of her little house darning a great hole in the heel of Chloe Ann's stocking and wondering "w'at fer dat chile so late."

A moment later Chloe Ann rushed into the room.

"Aunt Deb, dem gals up ter de schoolhouse——"

"Look yer! I wants ter know w'at you mean bustin' inter de house dis way. You'se lackin' in repose o' manners, you is, Chloe Ann! Reckon I done hear old mis' tellin' Miss Rosa dat a t'ousan' times, an' you'se des like her. Shet dat door!"

Chloe Ann rolled up her eyes despairingly and tumbled into a chair.

"Co'se I'd oughter knowed you'd 'spise fer ter year 'bout dem Easter doin's."

"W'at dey gwine ter do up dar?"

"Dem gals, dey gwine ter git up a show in de schoolhouse, an' dey gwine ter have aigs, an' mo'n dat, dey ain't gwine ter have nothin' cep' aigs. Dey kin make 'em as small as sparrers' aigs, or dey kin make 'em des as big as dey kin tote. Dey kin stuff 'em or dey kin leave 'em holler, but ev'ry gal's 'bleeged ter invent de aig by her own alone self, an' Mis' Dodd she done tole us dat de gal w'at make de 'riginal aig sho' ter git a prize o' ten dollars.

"Dat gal wid de long yaller curls she says ter me, 'Nobody ain't 'spectin' you'll make nothin', Chloe Ann.' An' I say, 'Den I 'bleeged ter 'sprise 'em.' Atter dat she axed me ef I reckon I kin make dat prize aig. An' I 'lowed I boun' ter try, an' dat I ain't nebber lef' behine! Den she laugh mighty scornful an' toss up her head. I ain't say nothin' mo', but I des stain' roun' dem gals an' watches out an' years der talk. I knows fer sho' now des how I gwine ter wuk."

"Ain't I allers done tole de folks you was clar grit, honey? But I dunno zeckly w'at you mean w'en you talk 'bout de 'riginal aig."

"Ho! 'Riginal's de mos' diffuntest from all de res' an' I'se boun' ter make dat aig. I gwine make de bigges' aig in all creation!"

"Chloe Ann! You oncomtpunctious chil'! Don't you lemme year no mo' dat kind o' talk! You gwine be took at your wud some day an' struck dead wid a clap o' t'under, like Anerias and S'fira was done struck w'en dey wasn't mindin' w'at dey say. Go 'long an' fetch in a armful o' light 'ood an' shet de chick'n house do' an' look ter Black Jane. I done set dat dar hen dis mornin'. Atter tea we'll set roun' de stove an' projec' 'bout dat 'riginal aig."

It was after ten o'clock when Aunt Deb and her niece rose from their seats before the fire.

"An' atter all dis 'spectin' an' contendin'," said Aunt Deb, "we ain't make out ter kiver dat aig! I kin ax Miss Cole fer de ole boxes —you'll git you' pas'boa'd outen dem—an' like 'nough she'll gimme de strong w'ite muslin. But I dunno w'at yo' gwine ter do fer de outside."

"Don't you be troubled in you' min' 'bout dat, Aunt Deb. Law, I'se boun' ter fin' kiverin' fer dat aig. 'Tain't gwine out in de world naked, cert'n sho'. I ain't nebber got lef' behine yit, Aunt Deb!"

When Chloe Ann was eleven years old her mother became a helpless invalid, and upon Chloe Ann were laid burdens too heavy for one so young. When the mother died two years later and the father declined to support her, Chloe Ann begged and worked her way from Georgia to a small town in Pennsylvania where Aunt Deb lived. The child could neither read nor write when she entered the village; but being "clar grit," she ignored the ridicule of the children with whom she was obliged to recite and worked with all her might to make up for lost time.

Mrs. Dodd, a benevolent woman, greatly interested in raising funds for the orphan asylum, conceived the idea that the schoolgirls should have an exhibition of Easter eggs. She would give a prize of ten dollars for the most unusual production.

Chloe Ann talked about eggs; she dreamed eggs. Her hope and courage never failed.

"Law, Aunt Deb, ain't I brung up 'long o' triberlations? Ain't I allers made out to fetch up at de head? I'se gwine out dis minute ter 'vestergate de store winders. 'Spec I'll skiver sump'n 'fo' I comes home."

In half an hour she was back. There was a package in her arms and a look of solemn joy on her face.

The eventful day dawned at last. Chloe Ann dressed for the evening long before the time, and ran to the schoolhouse. The Easter eggs were displayed on tables. There were emerys almost "as small as sparrers' aigs," with a rosette and loop of very narrow ribbon at each end; eggs of dainty satin filled with tempting candies; eggs covered with swansdown containing bottles of perfumery or waiting to receive a lady's jewel, and eggs resplendent in blue and red velvet or plush large enough to hold comfortably the large dolls that lay within.

Chloe Ann smiled cheerfully upon the rival eggs and went her way. She met "dat gal wid de long yaller curls."

"Where's your egg?"

"Reckon it's at home."

"Reckon you're ashamed to show it."

"Like 'nough."

"Why, Chloe Ann, isn't your egg here yet?" exclaimed Mrs. Dodd. "All the eggs were to be here at five o'clock."

"Dat's a fack," said Chloe Ann, "but Aunt Deb's mighty special wid dat aig. She's gwine to fetch it herse'f."

Just as the committee who were to award the prize were about to withdraw, Aunt Deb came panting into the room. "Yo' kin praise yo' sta's dat I'se come. I ain't nebber on'ertuck no sech skittish job as dis afo'. An' you ain't never year no such racket as come fum de inside o' dish yer aig! I 'clar' ter goodness, 'twas wuss'n totin' a clock!"

"Here, Judge Carlton," said Mrs. Dodd, taking the huge bundle from Aunt Debb's arms, "it is so late that you will have to exhibit this egg from the platform."

"Hello!" shouted a small boy. "A popcorn egg!"

A popcorn egg, sure enough, and shining and sparkling as if Jack Frost had breathed upon it!

Judge Carlton raised the upper half of the great egg. Black Jane was disclosed sitting on a nest of white cotton batting; then a dozen

fluffy little black heads thrust themselves out from under the wings of the old hen. The applause became deafening. At this all the little black heads disappeared, and everybody laughed.

Of course, Chloe Ann's egg took the prize. Everyone wanted to buy it. At last "dat 'riginal aig" was knocked off at fifteen dollars.

"Chloe Ann, how did you ever happen to think of putting that brood of chickens into your egg?" inquired old Mr. Clapham, who had been very much opposed to the asylum.

"Law!" said Chloe. "I allers 'served dat chick'ns was a natchul t'ing ter be inside o' aigs!"

NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

Jessie F. O'Donnell.

THE indolent four-o'clock ladies
Had waked from their long dreamy rest,
But the sunflowers' golden-lashed blossoms
Had turned their brown eyes to the west,
And the lilies, grown suddenly weary,
Lay hushed on the river's cold breast.

The bluebells began a soft tinkle,
The primroses opened their eyes;
And the grasses waved low where the fairies
Had stolen the violet's disguise;
And above, through the angels' vast gardens,
The stars blossomed out in the skies.

A voice from the lily-bells calling,
Rang out on the even air clear:
"O ye blossoms! awake, in the gardens!
The Lord of the flowers cometh near!
O awake! in the field and the woodland;
The Maker of blossoms is here!"

The poppy just murmured: "I'm sleepy!"
And nodded her round, drowsy head;
And the tulips had closed their bright shutters
"Against the night dewdrops," they said;
And the little green balls of the daisies
Never stirred in their soft, grassy bed.

But sweetly the tall, fragrant lily
Uplifted her chalice of light,
And the roses threw open their bosoms
And gladdened the fair summer night,
And the stars of the jasmine blossoms
Leaned down from the trellises' height.

The Lord, walking slow through the garden,
Smiled back at the rose's perfume,
Caressing the lily's pale petals,
Or shaking the hyacinth's plume,
Till he came where the Cereus slumbered,
Close-hiding her beautiful bloom.

She thrilled at the heavenly presence,
  And slowly uncovered her face,
And swinging the pearl of her censer,
  With reverent, ineffable grace,
Stood revealed in her magical beauty,
  The soul of that wonderful place.

Spellbound at the white, growing vision,
  The Lord watched the flower unfold,
Till away from the quivering stamens
  The last snowy petal had rolled,
Then He bent o'er the weird, witching blossom,
  Left a kiss on its bosom of gold.

All tremulous with the keen rapture,
  And rich with the Master's breath,
"Not one lesser touch shall defile me!"
  The night-blooming Cereus saith,
And gathering her garments about her,
  She yielded her sweetness to death.

Whenever a Cereus blossoms,
  'Tis said that the Master is nigh,
That He watches the glorious flower
  Uncurl the gold stamens that lie
In the petals that tremble with rapture,
  And shut round his kiss when they die.

LESSON THAT EASTER TEACHES.

Adelle E. Burch.

WHAT does Easter mean to me? Thus I question, o'er and o'er,
And my soul begins to see sweeter beauties than of yore.
And the cry—"the Lord has risen," wakes a deeper echo still,
When we know to each is given power divine to rise at will.
Power to rise above the error, power to banish sin and wrong;
Life need hold for us no terror, if the soul be brave and strong.

Strong to rise in all its glory as the Saviour did of old;
Brave to tell its precious story of the sweetness life doth hold.
And the flowers from earth up-springing wheresoe'er my feet doth roam,
To my heart are ever singing, "Take the Easter lesson home.
Take it home and con it over, see, the lesson is for thee;
We are rising from the darkness, to the light where we are free."

And their steady, still persisting, speaks this word with gentle might;
"Up, brave heart, all wrong resisting, journey onward to the light."
Banished now are thoughts of sadness, all regrets and moods forlorn;
And my heart is filled with gladness, and the sunshine of the morn.
For I've learned my Easter lesson, learned that love will still atone,
Love brings life and true expression, love gives life, and love alone.

BINNY AND BUNNY.

BINNY and Bunny were two little dears
With velvety jackets and stand-up ears;
They went to sleep in the afternoon
And woke to play by the light of the moon.

"Binny," said Bunny, "I hear something pop;
Couch down and keep quiet, perhaps it will stop."
"Oh, yes," said Bunny, "I will, I will;
Perhaps it's a fox coming over the hill."

"Binny," said Bunny, "I'm older than you
And mother has taught me a thing or two.
It's a dangerous animal, worse than a fox,
Who suddenly bangs like a Jack-in-a-box.

"She told me the name of the creature was—Gun.
I hear it again! hurry home! Let us run."
They said as they sat in their hole peeping out:
"There's no place like home when guns are about."

BONNETS INDISPENSABLE TO EASTER.

William B. Chishold.

JUST the jauntiest of bonnets crowns her fluffy wealth of hair,
As she sits all still, demurely, in the pew just over there.
Ah! I fear the high Te Deum and the splendor of the feast
Are a shade or two discounted in that maiden's brain at least.

Never was there better churchman than this little Easter beam,
As with pious heart she welcomes in the east the festal gleam—
But the bonnet!—ah! temptation which she's shunned for forty days,
Comes along accelerated, mingling with her song of praise!

For the finesse and the wheedling which that symphony o'erhead,
With its brilliancy of colors, orange, green, and blue, and red,
Of this little maid demanded was a famous business stroke,
Till papa capitulated, bowed his head beneath the yoke,

Signed the check for twenty dollars, groaning as he asked himself
Why she was not born a laddie,—this bewitching little elf!
But a son-in-law may soothe him in return for all some day,
Though he bears his heart's best treasure, to a stranger home away.

Ah! the jaunty Easter bonnet will be faded by and by,
And in other distant Easters she may hear as plaintive cry;
And the bonnet of the future may be worth its weight in gold;
And the son-in-law in question may as vainly squirm and scold;

But the daughter and the bonnet links in life's mysterious chain,
A fixed circumstance remain.
For as Yule without confections or engagements without rings,
So an Easter minus bonnets were the dreariest of things.

SHAD PUNCTUAL AT EASTER TIME.

Joseph Barber.

AS we tire of the dainties that all winter through
Have tickled our palates and want something new,
The shad, taught by instinct that this is his season,
Makes shoreward express, as if gifted with reason:
Aware seine and gill-net in harbor await him,
That cooks will soon dish him and epicures plate him.
Devoted to man, with rare self-abnegation
He hies into port to be served as a ration,
When keeping off shore would insure his salvation.
Exactness in time is the grand moral feature
That marks his migrations—the punctual creature!
Spring snowdrops from heaven come whirling and sweeping
What time from the flower-beds they ought to be peeping;
The bluebirds delay, in a season of rigor,
Their advent till Jack Frost abandons his leaguer;
Men break their engagements; firms quoted substantial
Oft ask for extensions in matters financial;
But shad, come what may, still put in an appearance,
And where they are now will again be a year hence.
Benevolent fishes! they scorn to deceive us—
When unctuous they feast us, when juiceless they leave us;
And mark, dearest friend, for this point is essential,
Their habits gregarious are most providential,
Heaven gave them a nature convivial and social
That we might be filled with their substance ambrosial.
They charge up our bays and our rivers in masses,
On purpose to banquet all parties and classes;
And all that they ask—or would ask, were they able
To talk, like the four fishes in Araby's fable—
Is not to be robbed of their exquisite savor
By frying in unguents of horrible flavor;
Nay, fry not, but broil, and anoint with fresh butter.

OUR GOD IS MARCHING ON.

Benjamin Copeland.

(Tune: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

AWAKE! and sing the glory of the coming of the Lord;
Near, now, the blest fulfilment of His everlasting word:
The world His boundless love enfolds, redeemed renewed, restored;
Our God is marching on.

There is light for lands in darkness—there is cheer for souls in gloom—
For the stranger and the homeless, in the love of heaven there's room;
And for broken hearts, despairing, waits the Angel at the tomb!
Our God is marching on.

Go, tell it to the helpless, the forsaken and forlorn;
Let it strengthen all the weary—let it comfort all who mourn—
The glad and wondrous tidings, on the wings of morning borne;
Our God is marching on.

With faith and hope undaunted, every foe of man assail—
The wrong shall be supplanted, and the right shall yet prevail—
The Lord of hosts is with us, and His promise cannot fail:
Our God is marching on.

Awake! awake! Columbia lift up, lift up thine eyes!
And give heroic answer to the herald of the skies;
The nations wait thy clarion's call; America, arise!
Our God is marching on.

Behold, behold the glory of the coming of the Lord!
The mighty God, the Prince of Peace, fulfils His faithful word;
The world His boundless love enfolds, redeemed, renewed, restored!
Our God is marching on.

LIFE THROUGH DEATH.

Archbishop Richard Chenevix Trench.

A PAGAN king tormented fiercely all
Who would not on his senseless idols call,
Nor worship them; and him were brought before
A mother and her child, with many more.
The child, fast bound, was flung into the flame,
Her faith the mother did in fear disclaim:
But when she cried, "O Sweetest, live as I,"
He answered, "mother dear, I do not die;
Come, mother, bliss of heaven is here my gain,
Although I seem to you in fiery pain.
This fire serves only for your eyes to cheat,
Like Jesus' breath of balm 'tis cool and sweet.
Come, learn what riches with our God are stored,
And how he feeds me at the angelic board.
Come, prove this fire; like water-floods it cools,
While your world's water burns like sulphur pools.
Come, Abraham's secret, when he found alone
Sweet roses in the furnace, here is known.
Into a world of death thou barest me;
O mother, death, not life, I owed to thee.
Fair world I deemed it once of glorious pride,
Till in this furnace I was deified;
But now I know it for a dungeon-tomb,
Since God has brought me into larger room.
Oh, now at length I live; from my pure heaven
Each cloud, that stained it once, away is driven:
Come, mother, come, and with thee many bring;
Cry, 'Here is spread the banquet of the King';
Come, all ye faithful, come, and dare to prove
The bitter-sweet, the pain and bliss of love."

PAREPA ROSA'S SPECIAL EASTER HYMN.

WHEN Parepa Rosa was here she was the people's idol. The great opera houses were thronged. Her young, rich voice was beyond compare. Her company played in New York during the Easter holidays; we had been friends in Italy, and Easter day was to be spent with me.

In the morning she sang at one of the large churches.. Down came the snow! The icy wind swept up from the water whirling around us the sleet and storm. We had hurried home, drawn close the curtains, piled coal on the grate, and sat close to the cheery fire for a whole afternoon's blessed enjoyment.

Parepa said: "Mary, this is perfect rest! We shall be quite alone for four hours."

"Yes," I replied, "no rehearsals, no engagement. Nobody knows where you are. Dinner shall be served in this room, and I won't allow even a servant to look at you."

A rap sounded on my door. A servant thrust in a blotted little note.

"My Dear Friend: Annie has gone. She said you would be sure to come to her funeral. She spoke of you to the last. She will be buried to-day at four."

How it stormed! I said: "Dear, I must go, but you sit by the fire and rest. I'll be at home in two hours."

"Tell me about it, Mary, for I am going with you," answered Parepa.

Annie's mother was my dressmaker. Her husband was drowned off the Jersey coast, when Annie was five years old, and out of the blinding pain had grown a sort of idolatry for the beautiful child, whose brown eyes looked like the young husband's.

For fifteen years this mother had worked for Annie. I had grown fond of them, and in small ways had made myself dear to them.

I took the Easter lilies from my window, wrapped them in thick papers, and hid them out of the storm under my cloak. At last we reached the east side tenement where they lived. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the upper room. In the middle of the floor stood a stained coffin. Plain, hard-working people sat stiffly against the walls. The mother shed no tears, but as I held her hand I felt a shudder go over her.

The minister came in, a blunt, hard-looking man, self-sufficient and formal. A woman said the undertaker brought him. Icier than the pitiless storm outside were his words. He read a few verses from the Bible and warned "the bereaved mother against rebellion at the divine decrees." He made a prayer and was gone.

A dreadful hush fell over the small room. I whispered to the mother. "Why did you wait so long to send for me?"

"I can't remember," she said. "I seemed to die, too, and forget, till they brought the coffin."

The undertaker bustled about. He looked at myself and Parepa as if to say: "It's time to go."

Without a word Parepa walked to the head of the coffin. She laid her white scarf on an empty chair, threw her cloak back from her shoulders, where it fell in soft, black lines from her noble figure. She

laid her hand on the cold forehead, looked down at the dead girl a moment, then lifted up her head, and sang the glorious melody:

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, oh, take her to thy care."

Her magnificent voice rose and fell in all its power and pity. She looked above the dingy room and the tired faces of men and women. She sang until the choirs of paradise must have paused to listen to the Easter music of that day.

The mother's face grew rapt. Suddenly she knelt at Parepa's feet, tears and sobs breaking forth. She prayed that God would bless the angel singing for Annie. A patient smile settled about her lips, the light came to her poor, dulled eyes, and she kissed her daughter's face with a love beyond human speech.

That same night thousands listened to Parepa's matchless voice. Applause rose to the skies. Above the glitter and shimmering of jewels and the heavy odors of Easter flowers, the sea of smiling faces and the murmur of voices, I could only behold by the dim light of a tenement window the singer's uplifted face, the wondering countenances of the poor onlookers, and the mother's wide, startled eyes; I could only hear above the sleet on the roof and the storm outside, Parepa's voice singing, "Take, oh, take her to thy care!"

"I WILL ARISE."

Richard Le Gallienne.

(Used by permission of the author.)

SPAKE the Lord Christ, "I will arise."
It seemed a saying void and vain,
How shall a dead man rise again?
Vain as our tears, vain as our cries;
Not one of all the little band
That loved him this might understand.

"I will arise," Lord Jesus said.
Hearken, amid the morning dew,
Mary, a voice that calleth you!
Then Mary turned her golden head,
And, lo! there shining at her side
Her Master they had crucified.

At dawn, to his dim sepulchre,
Mary, remembering that far day,
When at his feet the spikenard lay,
Came, bringing balm and spice and myrrh;
To her the grave had made reply:
"He is not here, he cannot die."

Praetor and priest in vain conspire;
Jerusalem and Rome in vain
Torture that God with mortal pain,
To quench that seed of living fire;
But light that had in heaven its birth
Can never be put out on earth.

"I will arise," across the years,
  Even as to Mary that grey morn,
  To us that gentle voice is borne.
"I will arise." He that hath ears
  O ponder well this mystic word;
  Let not the Master speak unheard.

No soul descended deep in hell,
  The child of sorrow, sin and death,
  The Immortal Spirit suffereth
To see corruption; though it fell
  From loftiest station in the skies,
  It still to heaven again must rise.

No dream of faith, no seed of love,
  No lonely action nobly done,
  But is as stable as the sun,
And fed and watered from above;
  From nether base to starry cope
  Nature's two laws are faith and hope.

Safe in the care of heavenly powers,
  The good we dreamed but might not do,
  Lost beauty, magically new,
Shall spring as surely as the flowers,
  When, 'mid the sobbing of the rain,
  The heart of April beats again.

Celestial spirit that doth roll
  The heart's sepulchral stone away,
  Be this our resurrection day,
The singing Easter of the soul—
  O gentle Master of the Wise,
  Teach us to say: "I will arise."

NEVER MORE TEARS, SORROW, NOR SIGHING.

Ida G. Rust.

THROUGH the streets of Jerusalem toiling,
  Urged on by the soldiers with weapon and jeer,
  Spit upon, bruised and bleeding and stripped of his garment
  Comes Bethlehem's King at the point of the spear!

He comes to be crucified. He and two others,
  Himself in the midst as the worst of the three.
Through his feet and his hands are the cruel nails driven;
  Thorn-crowned, pierced with spears, King of Heaven is he!

The heavens grow black with a terrible darkness;
  The veil of the temple is rent in twain;
The thunderbolt falls, fierce the wild lightning flashes,
  And shuddering nature seems groaning in pain.

Christ is dead. And his toiling and suffering over,
His body is tenderly laid in the tomb.
The few who are faithful are left without guidance,
Their hearts filled with sadness and covered with gloom.

But he said, "Though I go, I will come again to you.
In God ye believe; believe also in me.
I go that for you I a place may make ready,—
That where I am dwelling, you also may be."

"Christ is risen!" Their doubt and their sorrow have vanished,
They have seen in his fingers the print of the nail;
They have looked at the wound in his side; he has told them
His blood over sin and the grave shall avail.

* * * * * * *

Ten thousands and millions of angels adore him,
Unceasingly singing the praise of his name,
"Salvation and honor and glory and wisdom
And riches and power to the Lamb," they proclaim.

And John, as he looks on their robes white and shining,
The harps of pure gold, and the palms in their hands,
And the star-gleaming crowns, is with awe filled and wonder,
For countless they are as "the numberless sands."

"These are they that have come up through great tribulation,
Whose robes in the Blood of the Lamb are washed white;
Here are tears never more, never sorrow nor sighing,—
With Jesus the Christ all is glory and light."

GOD LOOKETH ON THE HEART.

(Pastor's Soliloquy.)

THE Easter day was ending,
The Easter flowers were gone;
The altar stood in emptiness
Of the beauty it had worn.
I stood within the chancel,
Bathed in the dying light
Of the sun, that slowly settled
Into the cloud-bank bright.

I had asked that an Easter blessing
Might come at the morning hour;
That my waiting people might be touched
With resurrection power.
They came to the altar railing,
They knelt about me there;
And faith and love forsook me—
I found no answered prayer.

I saw only flashing jewels,
  On the hands upheld to me
For the bread from the holy table,
  "Broken, dear soul, for thee."
Were these the simple disciples
  Of the Master, low and meek,
To whom he had left the message,
  "My wandering sheep go seek"?

To myself, I put this question,
  With head and heart bowed low—
Had the asked-for blessing passed them by,
  The blessing I longed for so?
Under the guise of the worldling
  Was there one who could truly say,
"I have found the Easter blessing;
  I have risen with Christ to-day"?

Now, they had all gone from me,
  I was standing quite alone,
Just as I had stood at sunrise
  In the early Easter dawn.
I turned as I left the chancel,
  And beside the altar bare
The Risen Christ was standing—
  Standing, and speaking there:

"Thou hast broken to souls a-hungered
  The Bread of Life to-day.
Thou hast given to thirsty spirits
  The wine that no price can pay.
'Let not your heart be troubled;'
  Thou seest but the outer part,
The inner life is hidden;
  God looketh on the heart.

"I saw each soul that before thee
  Knelt in the Easter dawn;
I know that many a spirit
  Was quickened, revived, new born.
And now, at this glad day's ending,
  I give thee a blessing unsought—
That which thou askedst for others
  Thou for thyself hast bought."

The vision then slowly faded,
  Again, I stood alone;
And yet, around about me
  A wondrous Presence shone.
The power of the resurrection—
  Christ's tender love divine—
Had entered into my spirit,
  Had made this Easter mine!

DELINQUENT RABBIT.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

THEY said last year when Easter was, an' me an' brother John
Got lots o' eggs with names an' lots o' little pictures on,
That rabbits laid the Easter eggs, an' pa he showed me where
Th' paper had a picture of th' rabbit nest, an' there
Was colored eggs all roundabout, an' rabbits hoppin' round
As if they's glad, their Easter eggs by little boys was found.

An' so I got a bunny now; I had it for a week,
An' it ain't cackled none at all, although I go an' peek
Inside its little house an' look if I can find some eggs—
But it just sits up when I come, an' begs an' begs an' begs
For lettuce leaf an' cabbage leaf, an' shivers with its nose—
I wonder if a rabbit flaps its wings some when it crows!

I'm tryin' to encur-ridge it; I've give it lots o' straw—
But it don't build a nest at all, it wants to sit an' gnaw
The cabbage leaves, an' hop around an' scare at dogs an' cats,
An' turn an' jump a foot or two when I look through th' slats.
An' when it's night th' rabbit won't get up there on th' roost,
An' doesn't like it when I try to help it with a boost.

I've showed it pictures like I want put on my Easter eggs—
I guess it understands me, 'cause it took them with its legs
In front, an' held them up, an' tried to eat them, too;
Then let them drop an' looked at me as if to say it knew
Just what I meant—but still it's mighty queer;
It hasn't laid an egg at all, an' Easter's nearly here.

It just sets 'round an' spends its time a wriggel-in' its ears
An' jumpin' sidewise, 'fraid-like, at each little sound it hears.
I got some corn an' stuff like chickens eat, an' throwed it in,
An' told my rabbit that it's time egg-layin' should begin;
I got a nice big nest egg an' I've put it in th' nest
An' told my rabbit to sail in an' do its level best.

COME, WHISPER IN MY EAR.

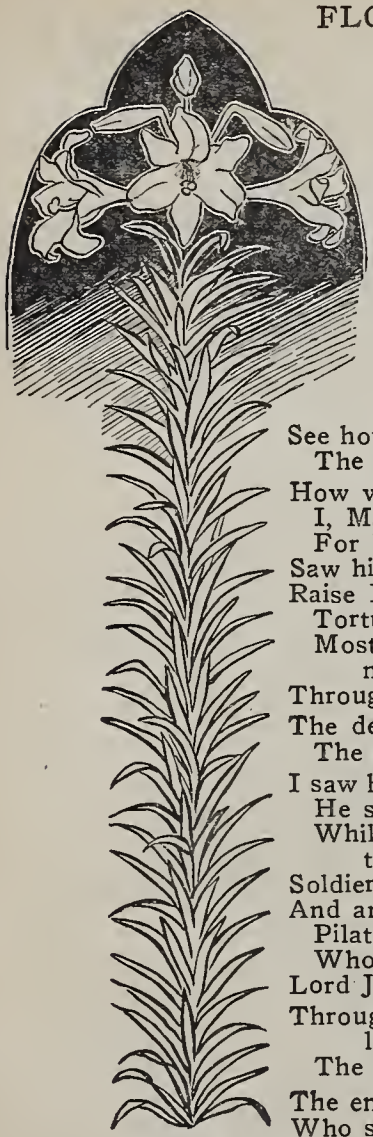
NOW Easter-time approaches, the day is almost here;
What do you wish, my lady fair? Come, whisper in my ear.
A dainty wrap or bonnet, a dress that's all the rage,
A waist with big sleeves on it, just come on fashion's stage?

Of course, you want a Sunday dress, a jacket and a hat,
A pretty waist and gloves and shoes, and this, and this, and that.
And silks, with hints of starlight, and sunshine's flashing gold,
And diamond dust and rainbow tints, wove deftly in each fold.

Perhaps you want some laces to trim your summer gown;
The newest styles are always here, the loveliest in town.
Now Easter-time approaches, the day is almost here;
What do you wish, my lady fair? Come, whisper in my ear.

FLOWERS BELOVED OF CHRIST.

(Martha speaks.)



GIVE me the blessed flowers, the lilies white,
The flowers beloved of Christ.
So. Let them be
The last of all the lilies I shall see,
Since my long day is darkening into night
And weary are my limbs and dim my sight.
Lay them beside me in their purity,
For I would fain recall the days when he,
Christ Jesus, brought us all eternal light.

See how the sunlight bathes the lilies white,
The flowers beloved of Christ!

How well he loved the lilies I can tell,
I, Martha, who am now grown old and gray,
For I saw him work his wonders day by day,
Saw him make many a sick man strong and well,
Raise Lazarus from the tomb, send back to hell
Torturing devils—aye! and I heard him say
Most blessed words that have cheered me on my way
Through life since this great miracle befell.

The deepening dusk enwraps the lilies white,
The flowers beloved of Christ.

I saw him, too, when, buffeted and betrayed,
He stood before King Pilate, meek and mild,
While the great mob clamored hoarsely and the wild
Soldiers and crafty priests seemed half afraid
And anxious that the tempest should be stayed.
Pilate himself looked sad, but, like a child
Whose innocent soul no sin has e'er defiled,
Lord Jesus faced his foemen, undismayed.

Through the gloom they gleam like stars, the lilies white,
The flowers beloved of Christ.

The end came soon, and, passing close by me,
Who stood with John and Mary that great day
Jesus, with bowed head, stumbled on his way,
The way that led to death—to Calvary.
And after death had claimed the Master, we
Saw Joseph of Arimathaea gently lay
The body in a tomb, moss-grown and gray,
And greatly we faithful sorrowed and bowed the knee.

I shall see you nevermore, ye lilies white,
Ye flowers beloved of Christ.

Beloved of Christ? Aye, verily, for behold,
When Christ shook off death's thraldom, and passed through
The tomb, he walked where clumps of lilies grew
With emerald waxen stems and crowns of gold,
Gaudy and haughty as the gods of old;
And, as his garment touched them, lo! a new
Flower was created, virgin white in hue
And stainless as an angel in God's fold.

Changed were the lilies of gold to lilies of white,
The flowers beloved of Christ.

So I, too, love you, lilies, for alone
Of all earth's flowers you teach me Christ's decree.
Through you Christ teaches peace and purity.
Then come what may I shall not weep nor moan
When death stalks in and claims me for his own,
Christ's words and flowers will be ever near to me
Until the last, and then my soul, set free,
Will find a haven by the great white throne.

GOD WAS OTHERWHERES.

IN purple and fine linen, in silk and satin, too,
In gayly-flashing raiment, they pass into the pew.
The gems and jewels glitter with stony flash and glare,
The while the organ's melody is throbbing through the air.
The silks and satins rustle—they kneel them down to pray,
The bonnets wave and flutter—and it is Easter day.
The Lord's best singers' plumage adds pomp unto the pride,
But it is Easter morning—and he is glorified.

"For Christ, our Lord, is risen," the anthem swells and rings;
The soloist, in rich array, with solemn unction sings,
The flowers rustle crisply, the jewels flash and die,
The regal lilies sway in pride; the fading chords still sigh.
The garb, and not the spirit; the face, but not the soul;
The song, and not its meaning; the way, but not the goal;
The day, and not its lesson; the voice, but not the prayers;
The name, and not the worship—for God is otherwheres.

Far, in a quiet cottage, a woman, old and wan,
Lies on an humble pallet, her spirit nearly gone,
A voice still glad with glory is trembling in a chant;
"The Lord, He is my Shepherd; I know I shall not want."
And through the broken window the morning-glories peep,
While full of splendid trustfulness the singer falls asleep;
The Book of books clasped feebly upon her silent breast,
"I come," she sighs, "aweary, but He will give me rest."

The silks and satins rustle, the colors softly play,
The singer great has ended—and Christ was far away.
The anthem that he heeded was by an untrained voice,
But it was from a heart that knew, and knowing, could rejoice.
The jewels glisten proudly, but all their glamor dies
Before the radiant glowing of one believer's eyes.
The lips, but not the spirit; the words, but not the prayers;
For it was Easter morning—and God was otherwheres.

HOW TO FIND EASTER.

"THIRTY days hath September,"
Every person can remember;
But to know when Easter's come
Puzzles even scholars, some.

When March the twenty-first is past
Just watch the silvery moon,
And when you see it full and round
Know Easter'll be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full
Then Easter will be here
The very Sunday after,
In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sunday
The moon should reach its height,
The Sunday following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

EASTER, THE "SUNDAY OF JOY."

EASTER typifies purity and a new birth. It is sometimes called the Day of Light. The Festival of Easter, among Christians the Festival of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, has been a time of rejoicing among pagans and Christians from the most ancient times, and both have kept the season in their own strange fashion.

At first, the celebration of Easter lasted eight days. After the 11th century, however, it was limited to three, and in later times, generally to two days. It was formerly the favorite time for performing the rite of baptism. The courts of justice were closed and alms were dispensed to the poor and needy, who were even feasted in the churches. Slaves, also, received their freedom at this season; and as the austerities of Lent were over, the people gave themselves up to enjoyment; hence the day was called the "Sunday of Joy."

The season chosen for this festival by the Persians was at the time of the solar new year, April 14. It was just when cold winter's rule was over and the sun began to kiss mother earth with greater warmth, and the trees began to put on coats of green and the buds and the grass began to peep forth out of the ground. It was the Persians' New Year.

The Jews also chose the returning of spring for their Easter festival, which they called the Passover. The Feast of the Passover occurs sometime between March 25 and April 26. It always lasts one week.

The pagan Saxons and Germans began their Easter festival, April 14. They rejoiced exceedingly over the return of their Goddess Ostara or Eastre, their personification of the opening of the year and the return of spring. They celebrated her coming by bonfires and by feasting. It was for them a festival of joy,—joy at the rising of the natural sun, and at the awaking of nature from the death of winter.

The Christians held their first Easter with the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The pagans' joy over the rising sun and the awaking of nature from the death of winter became the Christians' joy, at the rising of the Son of Righteousness,—at the resurrection of Christ from the grave. Christ having suffered death at the hands of the Jews, the Christians decided to make their Easter festival a movable one so that it would never fall on the same day as the Jewish Passover. In spite of all their efforts, Passover and Easter did occur together in 1805, in 1825, and in 1903, and will do so again in 1923, 1927, and 1981.

Many of the popular observances connected with Easter are clearly of pagan origin. The early Saxons feasted on buns and the later ones on cross-buns. The use of eggs artificially colored was a most widely diffused custom and the most characteristic rite. People presented eggs to one another; sometimes the eggs so received were eaten and sometimes they were kept as amulets. The use of eggs at this season was originally symbolical of the revivification of nature,—the springing forth of life in spring. The Christians, however, consider the "Feast of the Eggs" emblematic of the resurrection and of a future life.

LILY, QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

THE lily—the Madonna among flowers—is queen of flowers, and is always and everywhere the emblem of purity. We associate the lily with Easter, as pre-eminently the symbol of the Resurrection. As it lifts its stately head our thoughts go back to that old garden wherein Mary walked, grief-stricken, and met her Lord, and did not know him till he called her by her name. Lilies brushed against her garments as she went to look for her Master. Lilies saw him when he stepped forth, a victor, into the shimmer of the Easter dawn.

From the mystic Nile to the Switzerland-like lakes of New England. the pure lily bell, like a messenger of peace, makes the very atmosphere redolent, silver like, and sweet with its fragrance. In olden times the lily was supposed to possess magic qualities and the ancients ascribed many a healing virtue to it. Throughout the whole literature the lily seems to breathe the attributes of stateliness, peacefulness, contentment, humility, light, faith, trust, purity, grace, saintliness. No flower is so perfect a type of the resurrection of all life as the Easter lily. The earth, as it wakes from sleep, is full of just this song of the resurrection in the physical world as well as the spiritual. So symbolic of purity was the lily, that it has been associated almost invariably with religious subjects.

All nations have come to give the lily a certain coronation. The ancient Egyptians selected it as a pattern for the capitals of their dusky pillars. It became the first great ideal out of which they built their stupendous architecture, and afterward became an important factor in architectural decorations of Assyria and Greece, India and Japan. The first mention of the lily in the Bible shows its adoption in the architecture of Solomon's Temple, after the manner of the Egyptian. The description in the seventh chapter of I. Kings reads: "And upon the top of the pillars was lily work; so was the work of the pillars finished." In many an ancient church of Europe the "carved work of open lilies" may still be seen. It is frequently carved upon

tombs of virgin martyrs. The lily is the emblem of the city of Florence, hence she is called, "the Lily of the Arno." The lily of France was carried in the hands and entwined about the spears of the soldiers. King Louis VII. adopted it for royal escutcheon, while on every sturdy warrior's shield were emblazoned three golden lilies; and for years the kingdom made the fleur-de-lis its standard.

The legend connected with the lily is supposed to be more than 2000 years old. The first allusion ever made to a white lily is found in a Roman myth, as follows: Cupid, wishing to render the infant Hercules immortal, caused Somnus to prepare a sleeping potion to be given to the all-powerful goddess Juno. While the goddess slept, the infant Hercules was placed at her breast, that the child might find immortality in the nourishment he imbibed. A few drops of the milk fell to the ground and the white lily sprang from the earth.

Another legend is that Mary, on her way to the temple, plucked a lily, and upon pressing it to her breast it became white. "Lily of the Virgin," "Madonna flower," and several other mystical names were given to the lily, having reference to this legend. The flower has been, for centuries, regarded as an emblem of purity and innocence.

A German tradition points to the Hartz Mountains as the birthplace of the white lily. A beautiful girl, named Alice, was being carried off by a wicked lord. Just as he reached his castle the guardian spirit of the place appeared and wrested the girl from his arms. On the place touched by the feet of the innocent maid sprang the white Lily of Lauenburg. This story is devotedly believed by the simple peasants of the Hartz Mountains, and many perform the pilgrimage to the castle to behold the dazzling beauty of this flower.

Another German legend tells how the red lily became red, and whence came the drops of dew in the crimson cup. Once the Garden of Gethsemane was full of flowers of all kinds, and among them none so fair and lovely as the slender lily, with her clustering bells proudly upright. It was evening and the Lord came to walk in his garden. As he passed along each gentle flower bowed before him while he breathed the refreshment of the quiet hour upon them; but when he came to the lily her haughty head remained erect in the defiance of conscious beauty. The Lord paused and looked upon her. For a second she braved that bright, mild eye of reproof, then slowly bent her silvery bells, while blushes swept in painful brilliancy over them. Still the Lord's gaze rested on her; lower and lower sank her head, deeper burned her crimson; then tear after tear welled up in the lily cups. At this the Lord passed on. When morning came, all the flowers lifted their heads and smiled to see the light—all but the lily, that once white queen among them. Her head remained bowed in shame, while to this day she blushes over her sin of vanity, and clear crystal tears of repentance still sway in the delicate cups of the flower that refused to bend before the Lord.

The golden-skirted daffodil, one of the first of the spring flowers to venture forth, is often called the Lent lily, because it shows its sunshiny blooms during the Lenten season.

Books have been written about this dainty flower, with its airy grace and whiff of delicious fragrance, and it has inspired poets from time immemorial. We love it by instinct, for it was to one of the forms of this blossom that the Blessed Lord was compared in the words:

"I am the Rose of Sharon." The Mussulman reveres this flower "that comes before the swallow dares, and takes the winds of March with beauty." Mohammed taught: "He who has two loaves of bread, let him sell one, and buy some flowers of the narcissus, for bread is food for the body, but the narcissus is food for the soul." Daffodils and narcissus are specified in the florists' catalogues, and one may humor the whim for either name, but the same will be the effect when the bright, sunshiny flowers open their golden cups. To this family belongs the celebrated Chinese Sacred Lily. To the Chinese it is an emblem of happiness, and happy is the Celestian household when it bursts into bloom at the Chinese New Year anniversary which occurs between January 21 and February 19, at the first new moon after the sun enters Aquarius.

Dear to unnumbered hearts to-day is the lily—the Easter lily—not so much because of its distinguished pedigree, or its aristocratic associaton with great nations, as because Christianity has taken it for her coronation flower. The lily has risen above all the flowers of the field, and the Easter lily above all its varied and beautiful kindred, because it is the symbol of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ from the dead and of our immortality through him.

LANGUAGE OF THE HEART.

FLOWERS speak the language of the heart. They convey the most personal and individual sentiment, while appealing to common universal taste and imagination. This characteristic of flowers, fits them especially for uses of religion and of church service, since they both express private affections of giver and enrich symbolism of the altar. A basket or cross of flowers can say all the heart wishes to say, and say it without obtruding personal feeling. In medieval times flowers spoke a definite language, the interpretation of which has seemed almost lost. The palm—the ancient classical symbol of victory—was early assumed by the Christians as a symbol of martyrdom. It was placed into hands of those who suffered in the cause of truth, as expressing their final victory over powers of sin and death. It also figured on tombs of early martyrs.

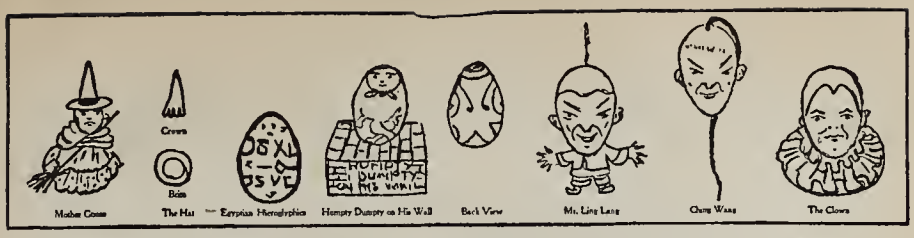
HOW TO REMEMBER EASTER DATE.

Fannie E. Newberry.

NOW, how can we know when Easter comes?
I will tell you very soon:
Just watch for the twenty-first of March,
And then for the full round moon.

Upon the first Sunday after this
While the moon sails high, full-orbed,
The morning of Easter yearly dawns,
And heralds our risen Lord.

But should it so chance the full moon falls
On a Sunday, then we wait
Till the week rolls round and brings the next—
Our Easter delayed and late.



PART II.

ENTERTAINMENTS

GREETING TO EASTER.

MUSICAL SKETCH FOR ANY NUMBER OF EASTER FLOWERS.

CHARACTERS:

ROSES	DAISIES	FORGET-ME-NOTS
LILIES-OF-THE-VALLEY	BUTTERCUPS	SNOWDROPS
SWEET PEAS	VIOLETS	FAIRY QUEEN
POPPIES	LILIES	

COSTUMES: Each character is costumed in crepe-paper made to represent flower. Headdress is large reproduction of flower impersonated. Each flower carries wand tipped with paper flower. FAIRY QUEEN gowned in pale pink tarlatan ballet costume; stockings and slippers to match; silver crown; holds silver star-tipped wand.

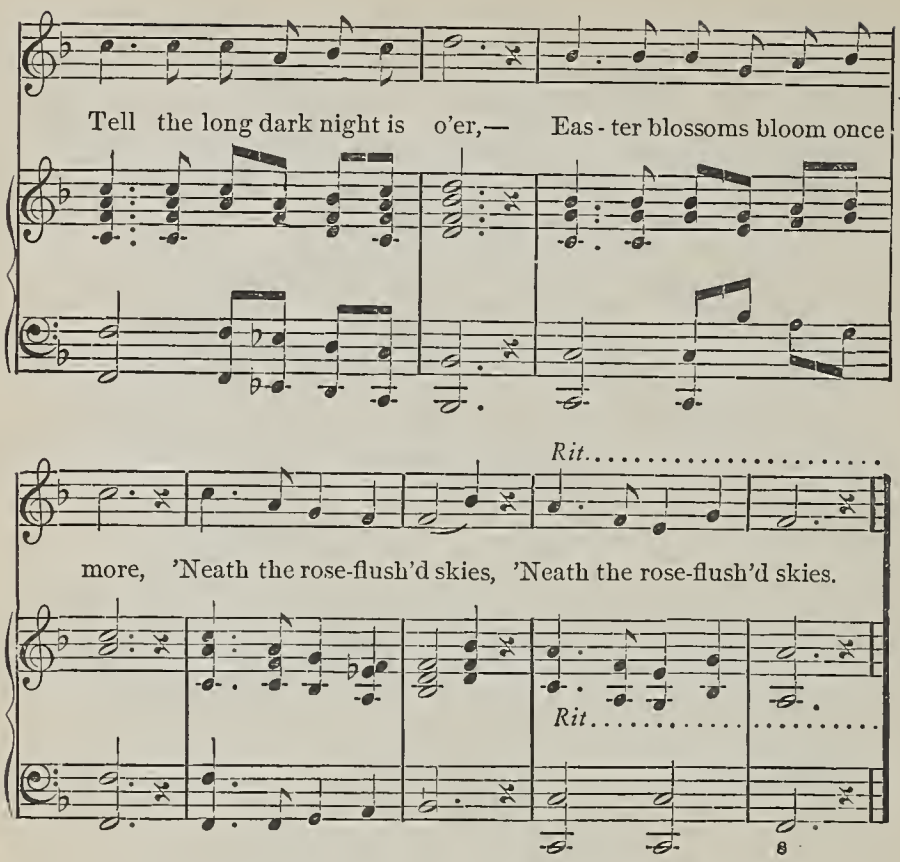
STAGE SETTING: Wood background, garden foreground. Different flowers are grouped, either kneeling or sitting, in different parts of foreground.

ENTERTAINMENT.

GREETING TO EASTER.

Andante Religioso.

Glad sunrise; glad sunrise, Lo, the eastern, rose-flush'd skies



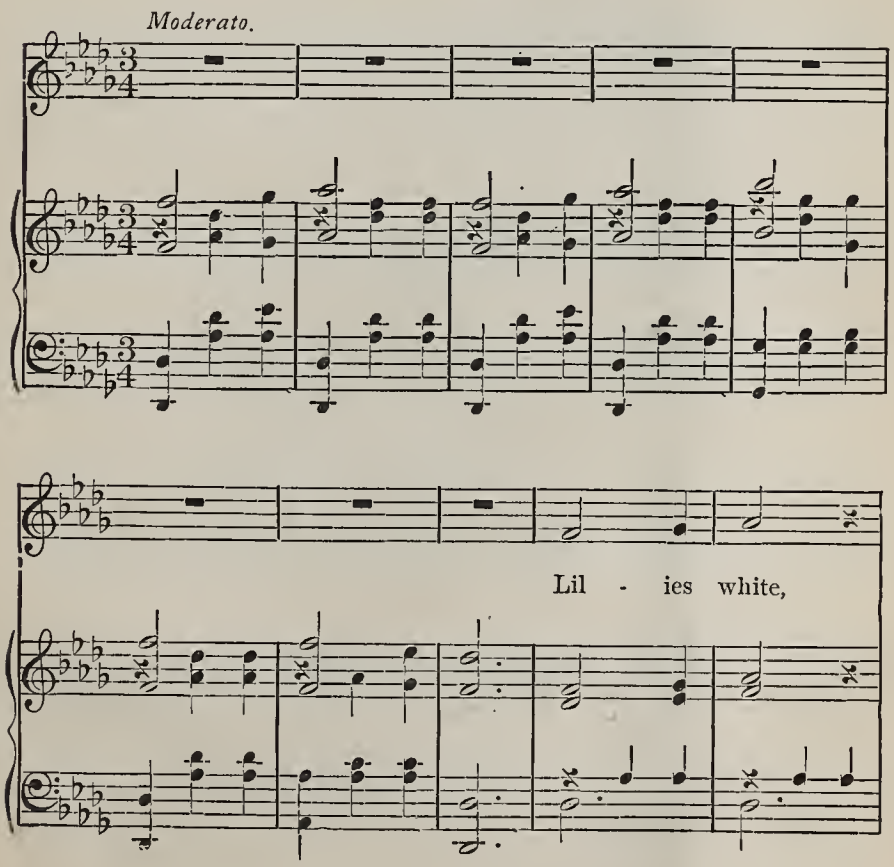
("Greeting to Easter" second stanza.)

Blest sunrise; blest sunrise,
In this dawn, a promise lies,—
O'er the world, from heaven above,
Falls new light and life and love,—
Blessed rose-flushed skies,
Blessed rose-flushed skies.

"Greeting to Easter" is played through once (without singing). Curtain rises slowly during music. At end of music curtain has reached middle of stage height. Music is begun again and FLOWERS sing "Glad Sunrise, etc.," becoming alert and looking joyously skyward. On "Easter blossoms bloom once more" they rise swayingly and apparently expand into full blown flowers. At beginning of second stanza "Blest sunrise, etc.," they trip lightly around stage, swaying right and left, extending hands joyously, reaching forward, then upward as if to catch "blest sunrise" and "blessed rose-flushed skies." At end

of second stanza FLOWERS move with swaying, trippy steps into separate groups about garden and then pose. Suddenly into center of garden appears FAIRY QUEEN, who stands poised on tip-toe and waves wand gently. Music is played. FAIRY QUEEN sways back and forward, and side to side; then with rising and dropping steps, moves in and out among FLOWERS, waving wand over them. Finally she moves back to stage center, whirls lightly on tip-toe a moment, then she and all FLOWERS sway right, left, back, forward, waving wands joyously; then all whirl and sway into semicircular position with opening of semicircle toward audience. Suddenly LILIES move forward lightly to center front of stage. Rest of FLOWERS and FAIRY QUEEN maintain semicircle behind them. FAIRY QUEEN, as soon as LILIES are in place at stage front center, raises wand, and, indicating LILIES, says to the other FLOWERS, "Consider the Lilies."

CONSIDER THE LILIES.



("Consider the Lilies"—Continued.)

lil - ies white; 'Neath His skies, blue and

bright, In God's gar - den here be - low,

We, His lit - tle lil - ies grow, Eas - ter

("Consider the Lilies"—Continued.)

lil - ies white,..... Eas - ter lil - ies

white....

(1) Lilies white, lilies white;
(2) 'Neath His skies, blue and bright,
(3) In God's garden here below,
We, His little lilies, grow,
(4) Easter lilies white,
Easter lilies white.
Lily bells, lily bells;
List' to what our music tells,—
Long ago, in happy hours,
(5) Christ our Saviour blessed the flowers,
Blessed lily bells,
Blessed lily bells.
(6) Lilies sweet, lilies sweet,
Hear His loving voice entreat,—
"Let the little ones come to Me!"
(7) Christ, we give ourselves to Thee,
Easter lilies sweet,
Easter lilies sweet.
(8) Lilies pure, lilies pure,
May Thy love, sweet and sure,
Keep us safe by day and night,
Till we bloom in heaven's light,
Blessed lilies pure,
Blessed lilies pure.
(9)

Introduction to music of "Consider the Lilies" is played and all FLOWERS except LILIES sing. LILIES pantomime the words during singing as follows:

1. Stand with hands folded lightly.
2. Look up.
3. Unfold hands; spread out, palm downward, on each side with graceful gesture; look down.
4. Repeat No. 1.
5. Fold hands on breast; drop head as if receiving blessing. Hold throughout stanza and interlude.
6. Repeat No. 1.
7. Lift both hands above head; look up; step forward slightly resting weight on right foot. Hold throughout stanza and interlude.
8. Kneel throughout stanza with bowed head and clasped hands.
9. Hold last position while curtain is lowered, pianist playing softly.

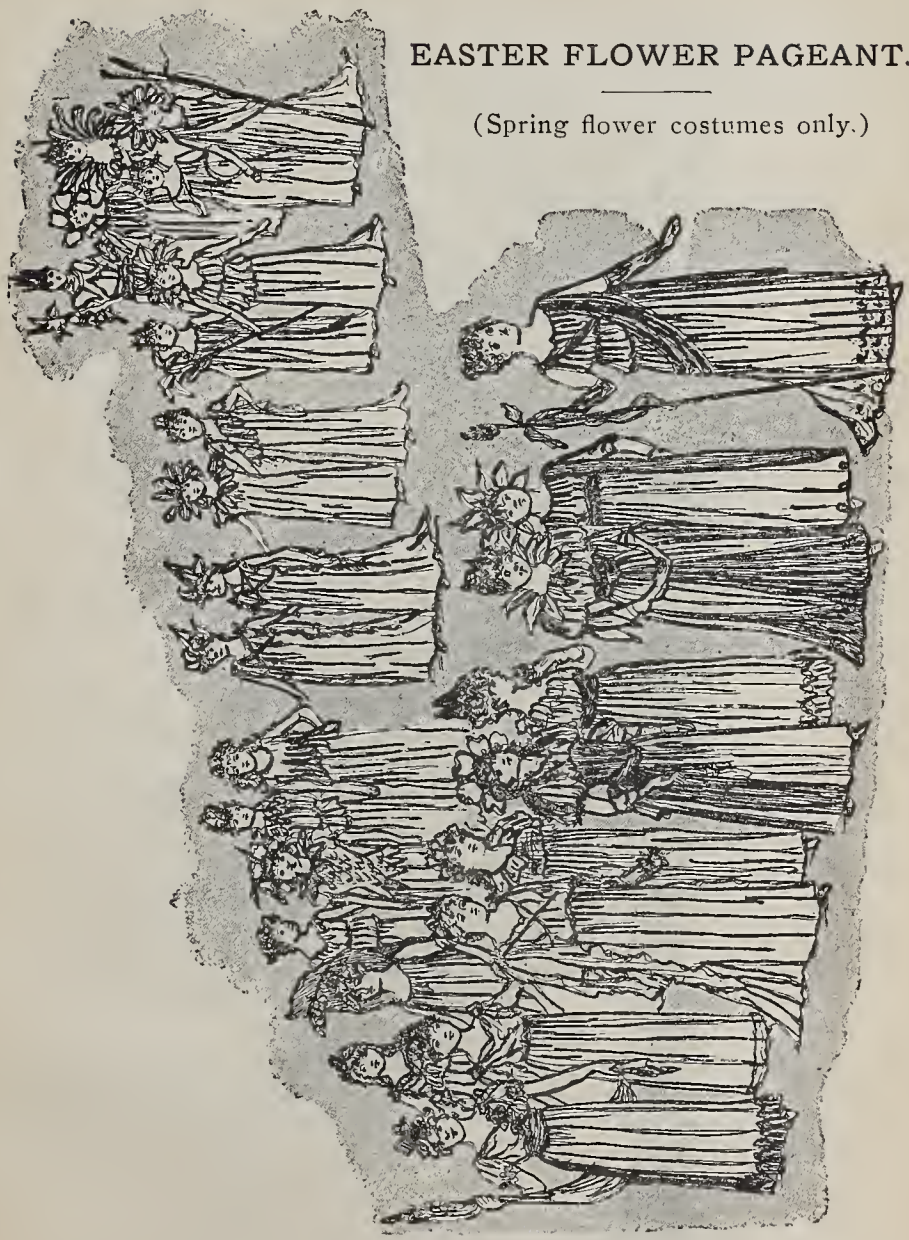
CURTAIN.

Curtain Call: Easter Bouquet Tableau—SWEET PEAS across back of stage. POPPIES in front of them. DAISIES grouped at left. ROSES grouped at right. BUTTERCUPS divided, one half grouped under flower umbrella at right, other half under flower umbrella at left. VIOLETS on left of stage. LILIES across center front of stage. SNOWDROPS at right of stage.

CURTAIN.

EASTER FLOWER PAGEANT.

(Spring flower costumes only.)



EASTER CHIMES.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ANY NUMBER OF YOUNG LADIES.

CHARACTERS.

PROLOGUE (Tall blonde).
Chime 1.—PRIMROSES (Hope).
Chime 2.—VIOLETS (Comfort).
Chime 3.—DAFFODILS (Joy).
Chime 4.—ALMOND BLOSSOMS (Love).
Chime 5.—WILLOW BUDS AND BLOSSOMS (Faith).
Chime 6.—LILY (Immortality).
Chime 7.—ANEMONES (Peace).
EPILOGUE (Tall brunette).

COSTUMES.

PROLOGUE wears hair waved and hanging about shoulders. Gown of white cheese-cloth or gauzy draperies reaching to floor; sleeves long, wide and flowing. Carries cluster of white lily bells fastened to staff (lily flowers with bells fastened inside so they tinkle as she moves about). Bells hidden inside lilies, four inches tall. White slippers and bracelets decorated with tiny bells.

PRIMROSES, VIOLETS, DAFFODILS, ALMOND BLOSSOMS, WILLOW BUDS AND BLOSSOMS, LILIES, ANEMONES wear white princess decorated with green crepe-paper, so whole of white princess is hidden. The effect is green waist and green skirt with each flower carried out as over skirt and over bodice for waist and skirt. Exact reproduction of petals of flower impersonated is made of tissue paper of same color as flower. Petals set around belt of costume; petals for waist turning upward and those for skirt turning downward. Where the two sets of petals meet at belt a coil of green tissue paper, imitating leaves and stems, is used as covering for ends of petals at belt, coil passing entirely around belt. Stockings and slippers either of color of flower impersonated or of color of green used for foundation of flower petals. Elbow sleeves of green crepe-paper decorated with petals of flower impersonated. Petals of flower hang down from shoulders. Hat made to represent flower impersonated. All petals cut many sizes larger than flower and according to purposes and places where petals are used in scheme of make-up of costume. Each girl carries 2½ yards of ribbon on which are stamped the word her flower signifies, such as, "Hope," "Faith," "Love," etc.

EPILOGUE wears hair waved and hanging about shoulders. Gown of pale green loosely flowing draperies of cheese-cloth or gauze. Carries bunch of Easter lilies. Hidden inside each lily is bell. Green slippers.

PROLOGUE [*standing before curtain*].

All through the dark before the dawn
A melody softly flows;
The curtains of shadow awhile are drawn,
No blossom shall yet unclose.

O, what is this mystical wave of sound?
From the heart of the world it wells,
It ripples and runs the whole earth around,
The voice of the Easter Bells!

[*Musical bell ringing from all parts of stage, then from various parts of auditorium. Repeat bell ringing after every stanza.*]

Hark, how the music clashes and peals,
Hark how the echoes roll!
They enter in where the mourner kneels,
They quicken the lifeless soul.
The people that sat in darkness long,
Awake as their splendor swells:
Their lips are filled with a new sweet song,
The song of the Easter Bells.

All through the golden and roseate east
That message of life shall ring:
The bells that bid to the Master's feast,
They welcome immortal spring:
The dead is living, the lost is found,
Their jubilant music tells,
The grave is naught but a garden-ground
That waits for his Easter Bells!

—*May Byron.*

[PROLOGUE *goes to right side of stage, waving staff of bells, and smiling at audience. She remains at right side of stage during whole entertainment, keeping staff of lilies against shoulder. As soon as* PROLOGUE *has reached position at stage right, curtain rises and discloses garden scene with* PRIMROSES *growing in various parts. As they recite they rise gently from the grass into more prominent view and sway gently as they recite.*]

CHIME 1.—PRIMROSES (HOPE)

At first so faint and few,
One by one, two by two,
The primroses, through woodland mosses peeping,
Wake from their sleeping.

But now on every side,
Countlessly multiplied,
They make, with innocent faces, pure and tender
An Easter splendor.

For where one Hope doth bloom
Out of its earthly tomb,
A million more shall spring from out their slumber—
Hopes without number!

[PRIMROSES *sway gently a moment, then slowly sink to ground. As they reach ground, they gradually raise into view their ribbons on which is stamped "Hope." Tableau lights may be thrown on tableau. Ribbons gradually disappear, and as they disappear* VIOLETS *coquettishly lift heads from grass, and, rising slowly and gracefully, smile at audience and at each other; then, turning faces toward audience and swaying and moving gracefully in positions, recite.*]

CHIME 2.—VIOLETS (COMFORT).

Sorrowful eyes, weep ye no more:
Happiness lies close at your door.
Dead years are dead, God makes all new;
Look where you tread, violets blue!
Delicate dreams, hints of delight,
Fugitive gleams, half out of sight,
Glint through the grass; odors and dew
Breathe where you pass—violets blue!
When least you think, e'en then your feet
Stand on the brink of days most sweet:
When most you mourn, comforters true
Round you are born—violets blue!

[VIOLETS *sway forward, backward, right, left, then forward, and as they bow forward, gently and slowly sink out of sight. As they sink, they raise into view their ribbons on which is stamped "Comfort." While these are held in view, tableau lights may be thrown on them. Curtain falls. As curtain rises, same garden scene is disclosed. Here and there in the grass spots of yellow are seen.* PROLOGUE *begins to recite; and, as she recites,* DAFFODILS *appear from various places in the grass, smile at audience, then gently sway in various directions. At "To flood the world"* DAFFODILS *flutter about stage, then go through following drill or dance.*]

CHIME 3.—DAFFODILS (JOY).

PROLOGUE [*speaking*].

O Daffodils, come out, I pray,
  Beneath the Easter moon!
Put on your green and gold array,
  Your yellow dancing-shoon!
For this shall be your sweet employ,
  To flicker down the hills,
To flood the world with light and joy,
  O dearest Daffodils!

DANCE OF THE FLOWERS ON EASTER MORN.

COLLECTING THE EGGS FROM THE BUNNY NEST.

JOYOUS DAFFODILS.

Drill or Dance for Young Ladies.

1. All make deep obeisance, holding skirts out wide at side; rising to toe-tips, wave skirts out at side; back and forward; all flutter in and out in waved line entirely around stage; flutter in and out among themselves, one half going in one direction and other half in other direction all around stage and back to original positions. Smile as you pass one another around stage.
2. When in place, whirl suddenly on toetips on place. Make one complete revolution.
3. Flutter to stage rear on toe-tips, swaying and dipping right and left.
4. Turn at rear, and, facing audience, move as follows: Flowers at right side of center flutter forward in oblique line to left side of stage; flowers at left side of stage do same to right side of stage. This makes two lines of flowers, one down right side facing audience and the other down left side facing audience.
5. All bend forward making deep obeisance, then side-step on toe-tips to opposite sides of stage, glancing backward or forward with coquettish eyes at neighbor when passing.
6. Trip lightly on toetips to stage front, then to stage front center; pass one another at stage front center and smile daintily when passing; continue in same fashion around stage to back center.
7. Rising on toe-tips, dropping lightly to heels several times, on place, raising and lowering sides of skirts at same time; one flower darts forward to place at stage front center and smiles coquettishly at audience. After she has darted forward, all of the other flowers follow suit, taking different positions on stage until they form a "V." They stand swaying gently in new positions, occasionally lifting skirts out at sides and smiling joyously.
8. Front part of "V" slowly sinks to ground with outspread skirts and rest follow suit in graduated heights. When head decorations are just seen, they raise into view their ribbons with "Joy" stamped on them. Tableau lights may be thrown over stage for a moment. Ribbons are slowly moved out of sight.

Prologue [*continuing poem*].

There is no heart, however cold,
  But quickens to your call,
But feels the ashen hopes of old,
  Rekindling, shy and small.
The spark that nothing can destroy
  Still through our deadness thrills,
And leaps to flame, to join your joy,
  O darling Daffodils!

[Daffodils *lift faces into view a moment and smile at audience as* Prologue *moves to position of statue again. Curtain slowly descends on smiling* Daffodils. *Curtain rises on same garden setting, but this time garden is aglow with* Almond Blossoms *standing about in graceful positions, who recite.*]

CHIME 4.—ALMOND BLOSSOMS (LOVE).

Rosy lights through all the garden glow,

[*Electric lights hidden inside paper costume may be flashed into light and then into darkness several times.*]

'Tis not summer yet, full well I know;
Yet smiling petals on the cool blue air
Celestial meanings bear.

Rosy lights throughout the hedges run,

[FLOWERS *dance in and out around stage, flashing lights again and again as they move joyously all around stage, then twine in and out among themselves, making pretty twists and turns and flashing lights at one another in passing.*]

Hardly is the spring-time yet begun;
Yet floating whispers tell with tender breath
Of love more strong than death.

Rosy lights through all the heart shall shine,
Glints and glimpses of that fire divine
That warms the lonely world with endless ove,
From the true home thereof.

[*With first words of above stanza,* ALMOND BLOSSOMS *trip in various directions about stage flashing lights over heart as they move about. They finally pose, facing audience from positions where they plan to drop to stage. As soon as they reach floor of stage, they raise into view ribbons displaying "Love." Tableau lights may be thrown over final picture. Curtain falls but rises after a moment and discloses same garden with new settings. Willow branches are seen everywhere. Leaning against these branches are* WILLOW BUDS AND BLOSSOMS *impersonated by girls of many types, who recite together.*]

CHIME 5.—WILLOW BUDS AND BLOSSOMS (FAITH).

Many a morn the sap hath reddened
The slender sprays of the willow-stem,
But the little brown buds that the winter deadened,
What marvel now hath befallen them?
Slow and still, through the long dark weather
They loosened daintily day by day,
Till they sat as a flock of doves together,
In silvery grey.

But these, not yet the promise receiving,
Knowing not yet what joy should be
Filled with an ecstasy of believing,
Now are magnified, tree by tree!

[*Throw gold-colored tableau light over stage picture.*]

They, the humble, dwelling obscurely,
Strong in the shadows their faith to hold,
God Himself hath arrayed them surely
In glory of gold!

[*Whole stage is aglow with gold-color light, bringing out strong beauties of* WILLOW BUDS AND BLOSSOMS *in grouping. As tableau light dies out, ribbons with "Faith" stamped on are held in view a moment. Stage becomes dark a moment,* WILLOW BUDS AND BLOSSOMS *disappear, and whole garden seems blooming with beautiful* LILIES *as lights appear on stage.* PROLOGUE *speaks.*]

CHIME 6.—LILY (IMMORTALITY).

O Lily, be a token true for me,
Of those calm rays that stream
Where "the white radiance of eternity"
Fulfils our utmost dream!

LILY MARCH.

1. Lilies rise to full height and wave gently to and fro as if glad to be present. As next stanza is recited they gradually form line down stage center and move gracefully to stage front where one passes right, the other left, and so on.
2. When stage back center is reached, they come down stage to center in couples, separate and cross to opposite sides of stage, turn quickly after moving forward two feet and cross to center again, then move down center to front of stage.
3. At stage front couples divide, and leaders of couples lead diagonally to right side center or left side center.
4. At side center, leaders lead to back center.
5. At back center leaders lead serpentine fashion to stage center, then to sides, then to front center.
6. At front center leaders halt and those behind form in couples to right and left of front center couple. Each couple behind front center couple stands a little to right or left of couple in front each time.
7. When all are ready, LILIES bend forward, backward, sideways right, and left, then toe-step to places.

PROLOGUE [*continues while they are marching*].

No gloom sepulchral quenches thee—nay, rather,
By thee the spirit saith,
"I will arise and go unto my Father,
Out of the dust of death!"

Thou, the immortal hope embodied art,
Which no despair can dull;
Dwell thou forever in the simple heart,
And make it beautiful!

[*As* PROLOGUE *recites last stanza* LILIES *stand on place, smiling with uplifted faces out front.* ANEMONES *appear from various parts of stage and dance in and out, or trip in and out among* LILIES *while reciting.*]

CHIME 7.—ANEMONES (PEACE).

Under the soil,
  How softly did the little weary flowers
Rest from their toil,
  Through all the silence of the wintry hours!
Even so, when all the storm and stress of life
  Are overpast,
Shall not the outspent soul, beyond the strife,
  Find peace at last?

Awhile withdrawn,
  In quiet habitations calm and sure,
Towards the dawn
  Those waiting souls in beauty shall mature;
Until God's Easter trumpet down the skies
  Bid vigil cease,
And eyes shall gaze in unforgotten eyes,
  In perfect peace.

[*As* ANEMONES *move, with dainty tripping steps, in and around* LILIES, *they smile and wave dresses daintily. They disappear and* LILIES *only are visible on stage. Tableau light may be thrown over picture and* LILIES *may hold in view ribbons with "Immortality" stamped on. As these ribbons disappear,* ANEMONES *may appear kneeling in front of* LILIES *and hold into view ribbons with "Peace" stamped on. Tableau light thrown over picture. Curtain.* EPILOGUE *recites following lines and as she recites curtain rises and discloses all flowers marching in as described below.*]

EPILOGUE [*speaking*].

These bells that bring you gladness,
  These chimes of hope and joy,
No time can turn to sadness,
  No tempest can destroy.

These buds from spring's own pleasance,
  Their fragrance shall retain,
And bless you with their presence,
  Till Easter comes again.

MARCH OF THE EASTER FLOWERS.

1. Enter PRIMROSES from left and right sides of stage rear, and march to front holding ribbons across chest.

2. Enter VIOLETS from right and left sides of stage rear and move a little inside of positions of PRIMROSES and march down stage forming parallel lines each side of stage next to PRIMROSES.
3. Enter DAFFODILS and step to positions inside of VIOLETS, then march down stage forming parallel lines beside VIOLETS.
4. Each group of flowers follows in same order except ANEMONES, who enter in single line from back center of stage and march down stage center. All face audience with ribbons across chest. Center line kneels. Each line, except PRIMROSES, kneels slightly and less slightly until PRIMROSES are reached. Hold as tableau.
5. Curtain may fall or all may rise and march off stage may begin. ANEMONES continue kneeling until all are off stage. First PRIMROSES march across stage front, pass one another at center and smile, then pass around stage to back and exeunt. Each group of flowers in turn does same until LILIES are reached. They form circles at each side of stage center and revolve, then form spiral, and unform it, then march to stage front and exeunt by right and left. ANEMONES rise and hold "Peace" above heads in plain sight. Back to stage back center and exeunt. Be careful to keep "Peace" in plain view all time.

EMBLEMS OF EASTER.

EXERCISE FOR FIVE, OR FOR FIVE GROUPS OF CHILDREN.

FIRST CHILD.

Ev'ry little flower creeping through the soft'ning earth,
Where it has so long been sleeping snugly in its berth,
As it peeps above the ground, it seems to smile to all around,
And sweetly say to me and you, "See, I belong to Easter, too!"

SECOND CHILD.

Ev'ry little bud that's swelling, and ev'ry tiny spray,
Is the same sweet story, telling of a resurrection day;
Ev'ry little bud that's bursting, ev'ry blossom of the spring,
In its way is whispering the story of the risen King.

THIRD CHILD.

Ev'ry little brooklet running through the meadow and the wood,
Is the same sweet carol humming, if we only understood:
"Winter's icy hand has loosed us," sing they, as they speed along;
'Tis the same sweet story told us,—the echo of the Easter song.

FOURTH CHILD.

Ev'ry Southland wind that blows, with its cheering, warming breath,
Whispers, as it comes and goes, "I cannot sing to you of death;
For ev'rywhere upon my track, as to and fro I've sped,
I saw again to life come back the very things I thought were dead."

FIFTH CHILD.

Oh, yes, they speak of Easter morn, the plants and flowers we thought had died;
And ev'ry little stream that's borne around and down the mountain side;
But do we need the song they sing? Have we not within, instead,
A sweeter voice that says, "Our King, the Christ, has risen from the dead?"

IN SEARCH OF THE LILY.

LEGENDARY SKETCH IN TWO SCENES.

CHARACTERS.

EASTER BUNNY.
BUNNY WIFE.
GRAY HOOT OWL.
ROBIN.
FROG.
CAPTAIN AND SOLDIERS.
PROUD MAN AND SERVANTS.
MERRY YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.
GOOD LITTLE CHILD.

COSTUMES: Suited to characters impersonated.
SCENE: Fields with trees, bushes, etc., in early spring.

SCENE I.

EASTER BUNNY [*peeping from among plants*]. It is high time, Bunny Wife, that we set out to look for Easter Lily.

BUNNY WIFE [*busy coloring eggs in deep kettle over open fire built on ground*]. Yes, I think it is time, love.

[*They quickly put things away and move happily across stage. As they near opposite side of stage they are halted by* GRAY HOOT OWL.]

GRAY HOOT OWL. Where are you going, O Bunnies, dear;
You move so quickly away from here?

EASTER BUNNY. We go to where Easter Lily grows so fair,
And all who would seek it may go there.

GRAY HOOT OWL. Oh, thank you, thank you! I should like to go with you; but, tell me, who is to gather Easter Lily for us when it is found?

[*When* OWL *first speaks he is behind a tree, but as he decides to go with* BUNNIES *he comes into view.*]

EASTER BUNNY. That I do not know, but I know some one will be there to gather it for us. I know that whoever would gather Easter Lily must never have been unkind nor untrue.

GRAY HOOT OWL. Who, who, who? I'd like to know.

[*They move in and out among bushes and plants and suddenly stop in front of lilac bush.* ROBIN *is dancing up and down and shakes branches.*]

ROBIN. Where are you going, O Bunnies, dear;
And Gray Hoot Owl, you move so fast?

EASTER BUNNY The lily that groweth at Easter we seek.
If you would go with us, your wish you may speak.

ROBIN. Oh, indeed, there is nothing I should love better than to go look for Easter Lily; but who will gather it for us?

EASTER BUNNY. That we do not know, but this I have been told—no one can gather it who has been unkind or untrue.

GRAY HOOT OWL. Who, who, who? I want to know.

ROBIN. Cheer! Cheer! Surely some one will be found to gather it.

FROG [*sitting on stone not far away from* ROBIN, *lifts head*].

Where are you going, O Bunnies, so dear?
Would you like another to hop and cheer?

EASTER BUNNY. We go where Easter Lily grows so fair.
You surely are welcome to go with us there.

FROG. Thank you, I am indeed glad to go with you to find Easter Lily; but, tell me, who will gather it when we find it?

EASTER BUNNY. That I do not know, but of this you may be sure—no one can gather it except one who has known nothing but love.

[FROG *acts surprised and looks at others.*]

GRAY HOOT OWL. Who, who, who? I wish to know.

ROBIN. Cheer! Cheer! Some one will be found to gather it.

[*They all move together off stage as curtain falls.*]

SCENE II.

[*In center of large open field stands tall and stately white Easter Lily. Enter* EASTER BUNNY, BUNNY WIFE, GRAY HOOT OWL, ROBIN *and* FROG. *They rest a moment, gaze about, suddenly they discover Easter Lily and stand enraptured.*]

EASTER BUNNY. It is Easter Lily!

GRAY HOOT OWL. Who, who, who? I want to know.

ROBIN. Cheer! Cheer! Some one will come to gather it. Let us hide and watch.

[*They hide among shrubs near side of stage and peer out in direction of Easter Lily.* CAPTAIN *and* SOLDIERS *enter from opposite side of stage, march to center.*]

CAPTAIN [*shouts*]. Halt! Face Front! Salute! [SOLDIERS *salute.*] Face Right. [SOLDIERS *face,* CAPTAIN *moves to right.*] March! [CAPTAIN *and all* SOLDIERS *march off stage.*]

EASTER BUNNY. They never even saw Easter Lily. They certainly have never been kind nor true.

[PROUD MAN *and* SERVANTS *enter and move toward stage center front.* PROUD MAN *turns and discovers Easter Lily. He looks a moment longingly at it, then takes gold out of his pocket and offers gold to* SERVANT.]

PROUD MAN. Gather me that Easter Lily.

SERVANT [*drawing back*]. No, it is Easter Lily, and cannot be bought with gold.

[PROUD MAN *looks amazed at* SERVANT, *turns and walks off stage in haughty manner, followed by* SERVANTS. *Enter laughing joyously* MERRY YOUTHS *and* MAIDENS. *Suddenly they discover Easter Lily and stop. One bolder than others starts toward Easter Lily, but others rush forward and pull him back.*]

MERRY YOUTHS AND MAIDENS. No, no, it is not to be gathered in play.

[*They gaze a moment adoringly at Easter Lily, then pass off stage singing an Easter carol. Suddenly enters at right front corner* GOOD LITTLE CHILD. *As she sings about Easter Lily she walks to it, kisses it, puts face lovingly against it, breaks it off stem and turns gazing off front silently a moment. As she begins to walk along soft radiance seems to encircle her. (Spot light may be introduced.) She stands a moment at stage center near front, then moves softly and slowly off stage.* EASTER BUNNY, BUNNY WIFE, GRAY HOOT OWL, ROBIN *and* FROG *all come into full view and watch with happy expression exit of* GOOD LITTLE CHILD. *They turn and look at each other joyously.*]

EASTER BUNNY. We have all seen Easter Lily. We have all seen it gathered. We all know now that none but the kind and tru and full of love, could ever have gathered it—never unkind, wi no pride of heart, who knows naught but love. We have see Good Little Child. How blest we have been to-day.

ROBIN. Cheer! Cheer!

[*Curtain.*]

TRINITY DRILL, OR DRILL OF THE CROSS.

DRILL FOR 18 GIRLS.

JULE HAMILTON TUCKER.

COSTUME: Soft white material, Grecian style, hair in loose, easy coil, or floating in soft waves about shoulders.

CROSS: White pine or similar light wood; cover thickly with boxwood or evergreen; avoid a flat appearance, having green equally thick on all sides of cross. Tie knots of white ribbon at equal distances on standard and cross-bar. One cross seven feet tall should be made for tableau finale.

POINTS: Use tableau light, white or blue, on Fig. 17. Marching should be slow and stately, in preference to usual military form.

DRILL.

1. Lean gracefully to left, presenting cross, head inclined to left shoulder, eyes looking upward. (Diagram I.) Hold sixteen counts.

DIAGRAM I.

2. Lean to right, presenting cross, head inclined to right shoulder, eyes looking upward. (Diagram II.) Hold sixteen counts.

DIAGRAM II.

3. Clasp hands about cross, head bowed, as in prayer. (Diagram III.) Hold sixteen counts.

DIAGRAM III.

4. Hold cross horizontally, lean well to front, pleading expression of face and body. (Diagram IV.) Hold sixteen counts.

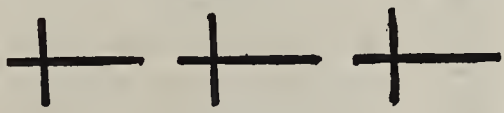


DIAGRAM IV.

5. Outside rows turn and march to rear of stage, reverse so that on return to front all present appearance of columns of threes. Hold sixteen counts.
6. Outside columns incline crosses so that they touch cross-bar of center crosses. Incline body so that head may rest easily on shoulder of central figure. (Diagram V.) Hold thirty-two counts.

DIAGRAM V.

7. All kneel, center cross is elevated, face and hands expressive of prayer. Outside girls place arms about cross which rests upon floor, heads bowed as in despair. (Diagram VI.) Hold thirty-two counts.

DIAGRAM VI.

8. Rise. March off by threes, alternate left and right, coming to position of 9 at rear of stage.
9. First six march left, second six march right, third six remain in position.
10. First six, having reached left corner of stage at rear, turn and march diagonally toward center of front. Second six, having reached right corner of stage at rear, turn and march toward center of front. When in position of triangle (Diagram VII.), stop. First and second sixes kneel, hold crosses closely to heart, smile sweetly, looking down. Rear six stand, each girl resting against that of neighbor, so that crosses form three frames, inside frames head is bowed against head.

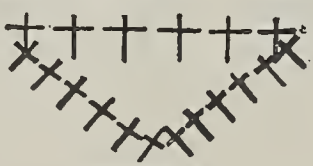


DIAGRAM VII.

11. March to apex of triangle at front and separate, marching square around stage to form Diagram VIII.

The girls who form main beam of cross should so graduate heights that line from rear girl who stands upright to first girl who kneels should be unbroken. Girls of cross-beam should hold crosses well toward front, inclining bodies until they are of same height of No. 4 in main beam.

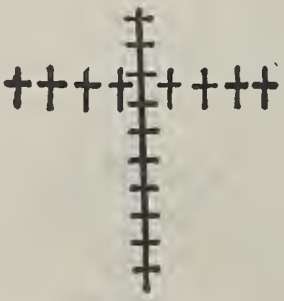


DIAGRAM VIII.

12. Rise. March off from front, left and right alternately. Let line from center be a perfect diagonal to corner. (Diagram IX.)

DIAGRAM IX.

13. March toward center at rear. Reverse lines, marching diagonally to right and left corners. (Diagram X.)

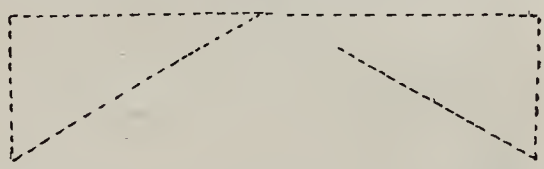


DIAGRAM X.

14. March to rear. Come to front in two unbroken lines of nine each.

DIAGRAM XI.

15. Break, and march slowly to position of Diagram XI. Six girls should form each group. Hold crosses above heads in horizontal position. Form stars as illustrated.

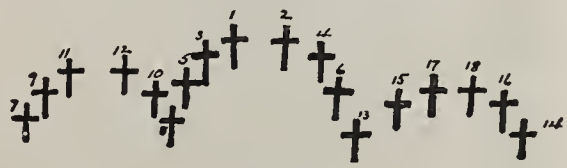


DIAGRAM XII.

16. Gradually form position of three crescents. Hold crosses directly in front of forehead. (Diagram XII.)
17. Central cross should be fully seven feet tall, and fastened securely to wall and foundation of three steps. Girls quickly leave position 16 and each assumes her position as in Diagram XIII. Avoid appearance of haste, but let transition be rapid enough to avoid delay. Number 1 should cling to cross; 2 and 3 should recline against cross; 4 and 5 same position, only one step lower; 6 and 9 should kneel, looking upward toward cross; 7 and 8 rest crosses upon step, and with arms entwined about waists kneel as in prayer; 10, 11 and 12, 16, 17 and 18, assume positions indicated, all looking upward; 14 kneels, resting folded hands on top of cross, looking thoughtfully toward an invisible Trinity;

13 and 15 recline full length, resting weight on elbow, holding cross as indicated; 13 faces cross at rear, 15 faces front. Hold thirty-two counts.

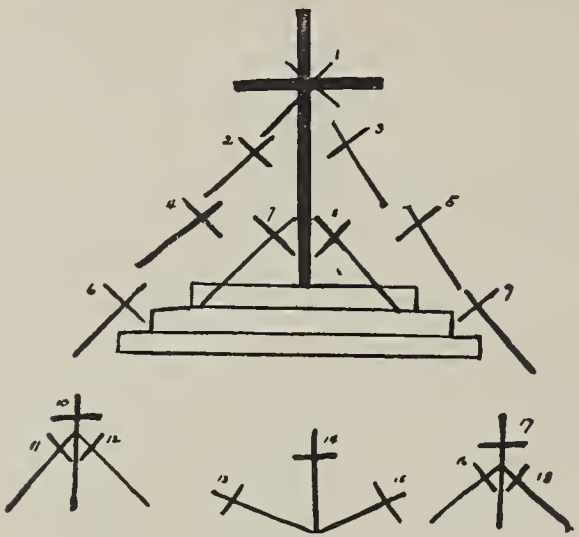


DIAGRAM XIII.

EASTER FLOWERS.

Exercise for Four Girls.

(First girl carries bunch of red roses; second girl two Easter lilies; third girl one blue hyacinth; fourth girl bunch of violets.)

Rose Girl.

These tell me of the rosy morn, when Christ the Lord came from the tomb,
Spreading joy and gladness round, like the rose's sweet perfume;
May our hearts forever be, roses, Lord, that speak of thee.

Easter Lily Girl.

These tell me of the angels bright, who came to earth arrayed in white,
And rolled the heavy stone away from the tomb where Jesus lay;
And told the women that the Lord had risen from the tomb that day.

Blue Hyacinth Girl.

These tell me of the sky so blue, through which the holy angels flew
To hail the risen Lord, and bring the heavenly greeting down to him.

Violet Girl.

These are little flowers that climb from their beds at Easter time;
The first to come at call of spring, the symbol of the risen King.

BIRTH, DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF THE FLOWERS.

ENTERTAINMENT AND TABLEAUX FOR ANY NUMBER OF GIRLS, OR GIRLS AND BOYS.

MARY HEBARD.

SCENE I.

CHARACTERS: One large girl and several small ones, or girls and boys.

COSTUMES: SPRING, large girl, gowned in long, trailing bright green dress, trimmed with trailing vines. When she first appears she wears black cloak having hood which completely hides costume and hair. Hair long and flowing and decorated with smilax. Small girls gowned to represent different flowers. Flowers represented are violet, cowslip, daffodil, hyacinth, spring beauty, anemone, lilac, dandelion, etc. If boys take part, dress them as Jacks-in-the-Pulpit. Any dictionary will give pictures and colorings of flower to be represented.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT: Cover floor with moss and bright green leaves. If you have not background of forest scene, use ordinary background. In foreground and about stage, place pots of young trees or tall palms, leaving spaces so that SPRING and children may pass in and around them. Have trailing vines about sides of stage.

SCENE: As curtain rises, light is very dim, and soft bell music is heard in the distance. Then bells approach and grow louder. As they sound nearer, SPRING comes skipping in, reciting "Voice of Spring."

VOICE OF SPRING.

FELICIA HEMANS.

I come, I come! ye have called me long—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,
And ancient graves and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled and wreathed on Italian plains;
But it is not for me in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or of the tomb!

I have looked o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,

And the fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
The pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home,
Ye of the rose-lip and the dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me, fly!
With the lyre and the wreath and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of careworn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wildwood's strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

* * * * * *

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne—
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more;
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not death's, fare ye well, farewell!

As SPRING reaches front of stage, she drops cloak and stands revealed. She goes on reciting and moves about stage examining things. With her appearance soft, dreamy music begins, and bell chiming ceases. With "Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!" SPRING is at stage center, and stands still, but waves arms as if coaxing children forth. With this line, FLOWERS come rushing in and skip and

dance about stage, following SPRING, who goes on reciting. When last stanza is reached, SPRING is at stage center again, and FLOWERS form circle about SPRING. Trees, etc., intervene. As SPRING says, "For me," etc., she points to herself and rises daintily on toes.

TABLEAU I.

At "For me," while SPRING is standing on toes, all FLOWERS pose in various attitudes, with different expressions, gazing at SPRING. Hold as tableau, and throw different colored lights on scene. As colors of light change, FLOWERS sway from left to right or back.

SUMMER.

Fast and light.

1. Dance! dance! dance! O grass - es on the lea. . . .
2. Sing! sing! sing! With hap - py birds in tune. . . .
3. Sing! dance! sing! O - child - ren, bright and free. . . .

Dance! dance! dance! O wave - lets on the sea. . . .
Sing! sing! sing! Neath sun - ny skies of June. . . .
Sing! dance! sing! And hap - py, hap - py be. . . . .

rit.

Spring-tide has van-ished, glad Summer is here, Rob-ins are sing-ing with nev-er a fear.
Dai-sies are springing, and but-ter-cups gold Fill all the meadow with rich-es un-told.
Sum-mer is bring-ing its gladness to earth, Life is o'er-flowing with mu-sic and mirth.

tempo.

Dance! dance! dance! For Sum - mer, glad Sum-mer is here. . .
Sing! sing! sing! For Sum - mer, glad Sum-mer is here. . .
Sing! dance! sing! For Sum - mer, glad Sum-mer is here. . .

After showing tableau, SPRING finishes reciting, and with "Fare ye well," etc., steps lightly and trippingly backward. Light is lowered until stage is quite dim, and SPRING disappears with long drawn out "Farewell." Lights are now gradually turned up, and bells begin to chime. FLOWERS arouse from depression at departure of SPRING, and dance in and out among trees, singing "Summer." At end of song they glide off stage.

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.

CHARACTERS: Two persons: SUMMER, tall girl; YOUNG MAN or girl dressed as young man.

COSTUMES: SUMMER in white gown with long flowing train. Arms, throat and shoulders bare. Golden crown; hair covered with gold-dust and decorated with vines and flowers; bunch of roses pinned at girdle. YOUNG MAN in gay summer attire.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT: Field and woods picture. Background represents woods. In foreground are grass and leaves; and at stage left pots of flowers. Near flowers, on floor, in slanting position, large mirror surrounded by moss. In mirror flowers are reflected. (Mirror represents a lake.) At stage back left several sheaves of wheat, and near by pots of plants and palms. At stage right front pots of palms and geraniums. Near stage back right slight elevation that resembles rock. In background center high up, opening for sun. Entire stage brilliantly lighted from this point.

SCENE: As curtain rises stage is gradually lighted, until at last is seen, on rock at stage right, YOUNG MAN who is seeking some one. Enter slowly from stage left SUMMER. As she enters sun shines full on her face from background. She looks up smilingly and kisses fingers to sun. YOUNG MAN addresses her.

YOUNG MAN.

Glorious Child of the Sun!
  Born with his gold on thy face;
Singing the song of the ripening grain,
Opening flowers, that for months have lain
  Wrapped in the earth's embrace;
Warming each bud with quickening breath,
Triumphant and scorning the spirit of death.

Glorious Child of the Sun!
  Born with his crown on thy hair;
Girdled with flowers that bloomed for thy sake,
Trailing thy garments by river and lake,
  Waking the melodies there;
Death springs to life where thy kisses have lain,
Life is thine anthem, and love its refrain.

YOUNG MAN addresses SUMMER. She looks at him archly, trips about among flowers, touches them, and looks back coquettishly at him.

TABLEAU II

When SUMMER approaches lake, fairy-like music is played, and she gazes a moment into lake. As she does so, YOUNG MAN ceases speaking and looks at her enraptured. Different lights are thrown on tableau, and SUMMER changes position several times, and arranges flowers. At close of tableau, YOUNG MAN says, "Death springs," etc., steps from rock, approaches SUMMER, and offers his hand as he finishes line.

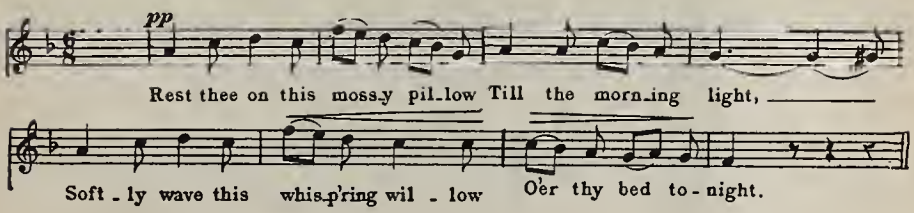
SCENE III.

CHARACTERS: YOUNG MAN and several girls, or all girls, one dressed as young man.

COSTUMES: YOUNG MAN in black velvet and peaked hat with long plume. Under arm carries mandolin. All girls, except one, are dressed to represent faded roses; one girl in white.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT: Similar to Scene II., but with dead leaves and dead looking flowers scattered on floor. Girls lie about on stage resting against pots of flowers. Near stage front right is moss-covered rock, on which is reclining ROSE MAIDEN, dressed in white, holding American beauty rose. Rose and leaves are drooping. Lights on stage are dim, and all maidens are asleep.

SCENE: Curtain rises to weird, fairy music; far-away voices sing, "Rest thee on this mossy pillow."



As voices cease, stage becomes lighter, and birds twitter. Soon is heard whistling, "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer." Whistling approaches, and in trips YOUNG MAN, who gazes about, and, seeing ROSE MAIDEN with drooping rose, sings to her "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer."

TABLEAU III.

When YOUNG MAN reaches "I'll not leave thee" and "Go sleep thou with them," he stoops toward ROSE MAIDEN as if to take rose. All maidens rise on elbows and gaze at him. Throw different colored lights on tableau. When tableau is finished YOUNG MAN attempts to touch rose. ROSE MAIDEN droops; YOUNG MAN lays her down tenderly, and, taking rose from her hand, rises and sings:

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

p

1. 'Tis the last rose of sum-mer, Left bloom - ing a-
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one, To pine . . . on the
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friend - ships de-

lone; All her love - ly com - pan - ions Are fad - ed and
stem, Since the love - ly are sleep - ing Go, sleep . . thou with
cay, And from love's shin - ing cir - cle The gems . . drop a -

rit. e dim.

gone; No flower of her kin - dred, No rose - bud is
them; Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy leaves o'er the
way! When true hearts lie with - ered, And fond ones are

rit. e dim.

pp *pp*

nigh, To re - flect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
bed, Where thy mates of the gar - den Lie scent - less and dead.
flown, Oh, who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

"Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed."

YOUNG MAN throws leaves over her, approaches stage front and sings third stanza of "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer."

[*Curtain.*]

SCENE IV.

CHARACTERS: Several girls, REAPER, WHITE MAIDEN, several FLOWER MAIDENS and WHEAT MAIDENS.

COSTUMES: REAPER dressed in long black robe, with black monk's hood. WHITE MAIDEN, flowing robe and flowing hair. FLOWER MAIDENS and WHEAT MAIDENS represent flowers and wheat.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT: Same as in Scene II., except that all FLOWER MAIDENS and WHEAT MAIDENS of Scene III. now lie in bunches. They look wilted and old.

SCENE: Curtain rises to sad music. WHITE MAIDEN enters slowly from stage right and gazes about. Stage is lighted with golden afternoon glow. She goes through stubble to stage left. While she is moving, REAPER approaches from stage right, sickle in hand; hums sadly and halts at stage front. WHITE MAIDEN does not see REAPER, and halts at stage left front chanting:

"There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

[REAPER *approaches bunches of* WHEAT MAIDENS, *and then* FLOWER MAIDENS, *saying;*]

"Shall I have naught that is fair?
Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet
to me."

[*Spreads garments as though he would embrace whole flowers to himself.*]

"I will give them all back again."

[WHITE MAIDEN *hears* REAPER, *and says:*]

"He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,"

[REAPER *goes from flower to flower, touching their petals tenderly and caressing each in turn.*]

"He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves."

REAPER [*approaching front of stage*].

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,
Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.
They all shall bloom in fields of light,"

[*Upon "they" extend right arm toward sleeping flowers; "fields of light," raise both arms above head; hold during next line.*]

"Transplanted by my care.
And saints upon their garments white,"

[*Lower arms, indicating "garments" with hands.*]

"These sacred blossoms wear."

[*With sweeping gesture extend arm toward flowers.*]

GIRL [*chanting*].

"And the mother gave in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love,
She knew she would find them all again,
In the fields of light above."

[*Suddenly stage is brilliantly lighted, as if angels were approaching.*]

WHITE MAIDEN [*chanting*].

"Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

TABLEAU IV.

At "'Twas an angel," REAPER's black robe falls to ground, and he steps forth in white garments, with wide spread wings (made of wire covered with netting), revealing an ANGEL. A golden crown is on his head, and he turns toward flowers with sweeping gesture as though leaving stage and taking them with him. They separate, and, rising, put out their hands to ANGEL. Throw different colored lights on tableau. With each change of light ANGEL moves back and maidens move nearer him. With last change of light let stage be in perfect darkness. Meanwhile place wide open ladder on stage covered with flowers. High up on ladder let ANGEL stand as if beckoning upward. Below on different steps and on stage have maidens approaching him, all looking up. When all is ready, throw golden light on stage. Hold a moment.

[*Curtain.*]

BLESSED EASTER—CHILDREN'S DAY.

EXERCISE FOR TEN CHILDREN—FIVE SMALL, FIVE LARGER.

TEACHER.

Blessed Easter—children's day!
From their lips the story hear:
They the dear, glad words can say—
"Christ is risen!"—sweet and clear.

FIRST CHILD.

We are little children,
Full of hope and cheer,
And with songs of gladness
In God's house appear.
For the day returneth,
Day of matchless light,
Day when Jesus triumphed
Over death's last night.

SECOND CHILD.

We greet you, friends, this Easter morn,
In childhood's glad acclaim;
And from our hearts proclaim with joy
The mighty Victor's name.

THIRD CHILD.

Open happy buds of spring,
For the sun has risen!
Through the sky sweet voices ring
Calling you from prison.
Little children, dear, look up!
Toward his brightness pressing,
Lift up, every heart, a cup
For the dear Lord's blessing.

FOURTH CHILD.

The world is filled with gladness,
The bells of Easter ring,
Each pure white lily's waking,
To welcome infant spring.
Birds are flying across the sky,
Their songs ring through the air;
They carol of the Father's love
He shows us everywhere.

O dear little children, listen!
  And hear what the glad bells say,
The sweetest chime that ever rang,
  "Our Lord is risen to-day."

FIFTH CHILD.

Let our joyous carols greet
  Christ, our risen king.
Hark! in chorus clear and high,
  Christ is risen! the bells reply,
Christ is risen! the flowers repeat,
  Christ is risen! we sing.

[*Children sing Easter song. At finish children remain, and five older pupils bearing lilies join them.*]

FIRST PUPIL.

"Easter Lilies."

Easter lilies pure and sweet
  On his altar stairs we lay,
Emblems holy, emblems meet,
  Of the risen life to-day.
Easter lilies, swing your bells,
  "He is risen!" let the notes
In a thousand fragrant swells
  Burst from out your waxen throats.

Easter lilies, while each cup
  Pours its incense on the air,
We will kneel and offer up
  All our hearts to him in prayer.
Easter lilies, teach us this,
  Sweet evangels of the dust—
Let our hands reach unto his
  With a broader, deeper trust.
Easter lilies, while thy bloom
  Fills the aisles and chancel dim,
We will look beyond the tomb
  To the risen life with him.

SECOND PUPIL.

"The Lilies' Litany."

The lilies, the virginal lilies,
  In raiment of purity white,
As a pæan of voiceless devotion
  The praise of their beauty unite.

They stand, as the angels of glory
  Once stood by his wakening tomb,
With the gold of their hearts as an off'ring,
  The fragrance of love in their bloom.
O! souls of his wandering children,
  Come back to his sheltering fold.
You are more in his sight than the lilies,
  Your hearts are more precious than gold.
Though hope may be dead in your bosoms,
  His mercy has power to revive;
The Saviour was dead, but is risen,
  His love is forever alive.
As Easter brings many a message
  Of peace, from the radiant skies,
Like the litany breathed by the lilies
  Let praise and devotion arise.

THIRD PUPIL.

"A Fairer Day."

The Easter lilies in my soul
  Have filled it with their bloomin
Their lifted cups catch heaven's dew,
  Its deepest depths perfuming.
At last, at last, upon my life
  A fairer day is dawning;
The night of mist and doubt is past,
  Breaks resurrection morning.
Ring, then, O joy bells of my soul,
  Thy night of pain is ended!
Thy life, thy will, find perfectness
    As they with his are blended.
Thy fount of glory, rising full,
  Has everlasting springing;
The song of joy that floods thy heart
  But echoes angel singing.
"Complete in him!" Peal, Easter chimes!
  Vibrate with heavenly glory!
Another Mary at the tomb
  Hears resurrection story.
He lives! He lives! Vie, Christian heart,
  With Easter sun and flowers!
Swing all the censers of thy praise,
  The living Christ is ours.

FOURTH PUPIL.

"An Easter Parable."

A lily bulb, deep in the soil asleep,
  All the long cold winter through,
Bloomed white at last when the snow had passed,
  And the Easter skies were blue.
Then a child who had planted the bulb in play,
  In the autumn's shadowy scenes,
Was glad, and it asked on Easter day:
  "Tell me what Easter means?"

"The bulb, which so long in the faithful earth
  You fancied was chill and dead;
Has bloomed to a purer, second birth—
  That is Easter," the mother said.

FIFTH PUPIL.

"With the New Day."

O happy, holy Easter morn,
  What promise lights thy radiant sky!
Earth hails again her hope new-born,
  And death is lost in victory.
From heavenly heights a glory streams,
  Backward the hosts of doubt are hurled;
Sorrow and sin are baseless dreams,
  A morning freshness holds the world.
O promise sweet! O lovely light!
  O life, that shall begin again
As spotless as the lilies white,
  Perfect and fair, without a stain.
Look up to him whose love is sure,
  And with the new day's blossoming
Become as little children pure
  In God's divine, immortal spring.

[*Exercise may close with another Easter song by all ten children.*]

EASTER LILIES.

EXERCISE OF QUOTATIONS FOR NINE GIRLS.

COSTUMES: Pure white simple dresses. Each girl, except FIRST SPEAKER, carries Easter lily in right hand. FIRST SPEAKER carries lily bulb in right hand.

POINTS: Girls form horizontal line facing guests and table. On table is placed bowl or jar. As each girl finishes her quotation she walks to table and places lily into bowl or jar, bows and returns to place on line. FIRST SPEAKER places lily bulb on table near bowl or jar.

FIRST GIRL.

The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The lily wraps her silver rest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

—*Mary Tighe.*

SECOND GIRL.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race.
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!
What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair.

—*Thomson.*

THIRD GIRL.

They stand, as the angels of glory
Once stood by his wakening tomb;
With the gold of their hearts as an off'ring,
The fragrance of love in their bloom.

—*Arthur Lewis Tubb.*

FOURTH GIRL.

The great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, ye lilies, chosen thus and graced!

—*Felicia Hemans.*

FIFTH GIRL.

The citron tree or spicy grove for me would never yield
A perfume half so grateful as the lilies of the field.

—*Eliza Cook.*

SIXTH GIRL.

The lilies say: Behold how we
Preach, without words, of purity.

—*Christina G. Rossetti.*

SEVENTH GIRL.

At the breaking of the Easter dawn the cruel thorn-crown lay.
But—thus runs the quaint old legend—at the Resurrection hour
Every thorn upon it bore a snowy, golden-hearted flower.
Ne'er before had mortal eyes been gladdened by such wealth of bloom;
Ne'er before had any flower yielded forth such rare perfume.
Wondering, they called it "Lily," and they tell unto this day,
How on Easter morn it blossomed where the cruel thorn-crown lay.

—*Edith V. Bradt.*

EIGHTH GIRL.

The lilies were the first to see—
  The lilies on that Easter morn;
Bring lilies—crowned with blossoms be
  The head so lately crowned with thorn.

The lilies were the first to see;
  They, watching in the morning gray,
Saw angels come so silently
  And roll the mighty stone away;

They saw him pass the portals' gloom;
  He brushed their leaves—oh, happy dower!
Bring lilies—purest buds that bloom
  His face reflected in each flower.

—*Clarence Urmy.*

NINTH GIRL.

Messages of God's dear love do these flowers bear;
He who with gracious hand gives white so rare,
Will remember you and me with as true a care.
So we bring love's offering on this Easter day,
Lilies fair that to each heart softly seem to say:
"Death no more can over you hold eternal sway."

MYRRH BEARERS.

PANTOMIMED ENTERTAINMENT FOR NINE GIRLS.

E. D. MUND.

CHARACTERS: Nine girls in white Greek costumes.

STAGE SETTING: Plants and flowers placed on stage to represent flower garden.

DIRECTIONS: Girls form semicircle on stage and are numbered: 8, 6, 4, 2, 9, 1, 3, 5, 7. Tallest girl should be 9, and stand in center; the other girls graduate in size both ways to end. They march on stage, 7 in the lead, and form semicircle. Different attitudes described in pantomime directions are assumed by all, except SPEAKER, during entire selection. Each girl should end her stanza with same attitude as that held by rest while she was reciting. Figures at beginning of each stanza represent number of girl speaking, while corresponding figure in pantomime indicates attitude to be held. Immediately following selection, appropriate Easter anthem, as "Christ Is Risen," should be sung. First eight stanzas represent sadness and lost hope; the remaining stanzas represent joy and hope.

1.

The silver cord is loosed, the bow is broken;
  The life we thought immortal ends in gloom;
And we, who waved the palm—joys fitting token—
  In honor of our king, now seek his early tomb.
Our king is dead, and there is no one royal
  To claim our love, to wield his god-like pow'r.
Well we lament, to his blest mem'ry loyal,
  For this our grief must shroud life's latest hour.

2.

The hope of Israel, long desired, expected,
  Seemed come at last, and burdened hearts grew light.
Our shackles he should break, by God directed,
  And freedom's day seemed dawning on our night.
God's chosen people, crowned with pomp and splendor,
  Should o'er the nations rule by right divine;
And Zion stand supreme, while kings attend her,—
  From sea to sea her matchless glories shine.

3.

Our king is dead! and with him ends our dreaming
  Of that fair kingdom on whose mighty throne
Should sit stern truth and love in fair robes gleaming,
  To whom men's hearts should sweet allegiance own.

Heav'n's kingdom fair,—God's kingdom oft he named it—
  In loving hearts its deep foundations lay.
That kingdom's gone! Relentless death has claimed it,
  And all our dreams are shattered in a day.

4.

That light, my gloomy doubts and fears dispelling,
  Brought wondrous joy, and peace I never knew.
The mysteries of faith my heart repelling
  Repelled no more—they were divinely true;
The way, once dark he filled with constant glory,—
  Its snares and pitfalls I no longer feared.
But he is dead! No more salvation's story
  Shall cheer my soul,—the light has disappeared.

5.

Our friend is dead! Whose love, beyond a mother's,
  Knew every sorrow, every pang discerned;
The woman's friend, whose love—pure as none other's—
  With pity o'er our lot so hopeless yearned.
He knew our sore temptations, and with words so tender,
  Poured oil of healing into hearts distressed.
Though all 'gainst woman raged, he dared defend her,
  And gave her new peace, new hope, new rest.

6.

Wo, wo! no more shall we behold him;
  No more his gentle voice of music hear.
The arms of death relentlessly enfold him;
  No more among us will his form appear.
The tender light that in his eye was glowing
  No more, like sunlight, life and joy imparts.
We are bereft, and hopeless we are going
  With love's dear ministries to ease our hearts.

7.

In sheer despair my faith the cloud dispelling,
  Mounts up where hope still sits serene.
Shall he, whose god-like word was death-compelling
  Now in death's triumph chained be seen?
Yea, when I think of Lazarus arising
  From out the dismal tomb at Jesus' word,
My heart says, "Wait and see, the world surprising,
  Your Lord arise." With hope my soul is stirred.

8.

'Tis but the bitter hope of soul's despairing
That lights our hearts with phosphorescent glow;
And yet our Lord, in words strange meaning bearing,
Said through the grave triumphant he should go.
And did not David, in his psalm prophetic,
Proclaim our Lord should not corruption see?
But vain our hope, so trembling and pathetic,
That he should rise who died on Rome's cursed tree.

ALL.

Joy, joy, joy! Our Lord is risen, indeed!
Joy, joy, joy! From death's power is he freed!

1.

Our Lord is risen; death's bonds he snapped asunder.
The tomb has lost its victory to-day.
O day of rapture, ecstasy, and wonder!
For death's dominion now has passed away.
No more we dread his sting, who spared no station.
But into hut and palace came alike.
Earth's deepest grief has now found consolation,
And loving hearts despair no more shall strike.

2.

Our king yet lives! His kingdom now shall flourish,
And over all the world with power prevail.
Its laws of love a manhood now shall nourish,
Which nobler grows, whose struggles cannot fail.

3.

Our friend returns! again in love we greet him.
We hear his voice! His eyes beam tender light.
His sympathy and love, whene'er in grief we meet him,
Shall comfort still, and make life's pathway bright.

9.

Again the sun of righteousness is shining;
The light of life upon our darkness beams.
No more we grope, but deeper truth divining,
We walk in light,—its joy upon us streams.

DIRECTIONS FOR PANTOMIMING "MYRRH BEARERS."

AMANDA CHARLTON.

1.

Incline body diagonally to front on right foot, right hand palm up and out from side of head; look down, and hold while No. 1 speaks.

2.

Incline body diagonally to left on left foot, left hand palm up and out from side of head; look down, and hold while No. 2 speaks.

3.

Weight on both feet, hands clasped on chest; look down and hold while No. 3 speaks.

4.

Slowly lower hands to belt height, and hold while No. 4 speaks.

5.

Incline body diagonally to front on left foot, look up and join hands with partner as follows: 8 and 6, 4 and 2, 9 and 1, 3 and 7 (back of speaker), hold while No. 5 speaks.

6.

Weight on both feet, bring both hands to head, as if in agony; look down and hold while No. 6 speaks.

7.

Throw weight on right foot, raise both arms high and out from head, hands with palms up, and look up while No. 7 speaks.

8.

Hands at sides and lean towards partners as follows: 6 and 4, 2 and 9, 1 and 3, 5 and 7; look down and hold while No. 8 speaks.

At "Joy, joy," etc., all incline body diagonally to right on right foot, wave right hand high, look up, and repeat first line, then all turn to left, and wave left hand, while repeating last line.

1.

Without changing positions, draw right hand to chest, and hold while No. 1 speaks, "Our Lord is risen," etc.

2.

Turn to right, raise right hand, palm up and out from head; left hand on chest; hold while No. 2 speaks next stanza.

3.

All hands clasped over head; look up while No. 3 speaks next stanza.

9.

No. 8 kneels in front of 6; 4 in front of 2; 3 in front of 1; 7 in front of 5; clasp hands on chest and look up; those standing raise both hands with palms up and out from head and look up; hold while No. 9 speaks last stanza; rise to position, turn to right, march off stage.

EASTER CONVENTION.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR ANY NUMBER OF CHILDREN.

CHARACTERS.

SPRING.
FLOWER CHILDREN.
BUTTERFLIES.
ROBIN REDBREAST.
EASTER RABBIT.
MAIDEN OF THE LILY.

COSTUMES.

SPRING: Any fancy dress that represents season; flowers in hair; carries bunches of flowers.

FLOWER CHILDREN: Very small children; gowns in lightest and brightest colors. Around neck of each child is band from which hang tissue paper petals picturing a flower belonging to spring, such as snowdrops, forget-me-nots, buttercups, daisies, violets, hyacinths, lilies-of-the-valley, lilies, etc. Hair is decorated either with flowers in bunch or each child wears large hat exact reproduction of flower she represents. Low slippers decorated with flowers.

BUTTERFLIES: At first swathed in dingy brown and look like caterpillars. When SPRING touches them with wand, their brown wrappings fall off; they step forth in dainty fluffy dresses, reaching knees, and with dainty gauze or crepe-paper butterfly wings.

ROBIN REDBREAST: Suit of brown with red breast and small brown cap. If desired, mask may be worn over face. Low shoes and brown stockings.

EASTER RABBIT: Gray or white suit and rabbit mask with snug fitting cap holding cap in place. Costume made of canton flannel gives furry appearance. Carries basket of colored eggs.

MAIDEN OF THE LILY: In white and carries spray of Easter lily. Gown trails all around over ground.

SCENE AT RISE OF CURTAIN: Wood scene; background well treed; foreground bare, as it is early spring. At right side of stage FLOWER CHILDREN are cuddled and sleeping; at left side, BUTTERFLIES, as caterpillars in chrysalis, are motionless amidst stalks of plants; ROBIN REDBREAST is at center hopping about, making calls at intervals and looking around, and continues hopping and making calls throughout entertainment.

[*Enter* SPRING.]

SPRING. Easter is coming. I must waken my children. First flower buds and little green grass blades would be bitterly disappointed

if they were not awake and springing up to catch beautiful sunshine on Easter morning. [ROBIN *calls.*] Listen! There is robin singing already. He never needs to be called.

[*Goes to sleeping* FLOWER CHILDREN, *waves wand above them and sings. During song flowers begin to nestle and stir about. At its close they recite drowsily, with eyes still closed and hands lifted, as if listening.*]

[SPRING *sings two following stanzas to tune: "There's Music in the Air."*]

There's music in the air;
  Robin gives his gayest call;
There's sunshine everywhere
  Pouring precious gold o'er all.

Wake, oh wake, for spring is nigh!
Open every sleepy eye!
Violet, crocus, snowdrop dear,
Wake, for spring is here. .

FLOWER CHILDREN [*to each other*].

Little sister! Little brother!
  Are you waking? Do you hear?
Who is singing? Who is calling?
  Can it be that spring is near?

[*Rub eyes sleepily. Then open them and clap hands.*]

Little sister! Little brother!
  'Tis the robin calling clear.
Do you hear his happy message?
  Wake, oh wake, to Easter cheer!

SPRING: So you are awake, my precious babies! Well, now you must hasten to grow as fast as you can, to be ready for Easter.

[*Waves wand in time to unseen music.* FLOWER CHILDREN *begin to grow, lifting up first one hand, then other, then rising to knees, and at last to feet. There they remain in pretty groups until close of entertainment.*]

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Welcome to you, gentle children,
  Blossoms of the spring.
Never find I faces fairer,
  Wheresoe'er I sing.

FLOWER CHILDREN.

Robin, robin, are you here?
  We were sure we heard you calling,

CARRYING THE EGGS TO MARKET.

PREPARING THE DYES.

So we hastened out to find
Sunshine bright or spring rain falling.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

Little flowers I am here.
Who beside on Easter morning
Has the right to wake the world
For the springtime's fair adorning?

A FLOWER CHILD. Robin is here. It would not seem like real spring without him. But where are the butterflies?

SPRING. I will wake them at once.

[*Goes to* CATERPILLARS' *chrysalises and waves wand over them, saying*:]

Oh, wake, oh, wake from deathlike sleep and prison;
Your long, sad night is ended, it is past;
From winter's death the spring in joy has risen;
Awake and gladden all our hearts at last.

[CATERPILLARS *begin to unfold from brown wrappings and soon join hands and dance forward as butterflies, singing, to tune "There's Music in the Air," following*:]

Oh, flitting airily
Above the springing flowers,
So happy, gay and free,
What joy is like to ours?

A FLOWER CHILD. Oh, look at pretty, pretty butterflies! They were not here a moment ago.

BUTTERFLIES [*recite*].

Oh, once, in prison cell we lay,
All motionless, and cold, and seeming dead,
Till our prison door was broken away,
And we were called forth to greet the Easter day.

[BUTTERFLIES *join hands and dance and sing to tune "There's Music in the Air."*]

Oh, flitting airily
Above the springing flowers,
So happy, gay and free,
What joy is like to ours?

[*Enter* EASTER RABBIT *hastily carrying basket of eggs. He rushes wildly across stage at front, hesitates, looks quickly around, comes back shaking head anxiously, as if bewildered and in doubt.*]

EASTER RABBIT. Can anyone tell me, please, what time of year it is?

ROBIN REDBREAST. It is nearly Easter.

EASTER RABBIT. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I thought so! I thought so! I have overslept myself, and I'm afraid children won't get their Easter eggs in time this year!

[*Rushes wildly about stage.*]

SPRING [*rushes after him and brings him back*]. Don't hurry so, little rabbit! There is plenty of time yet. Come back and rest a little while with flowers and butterflies. Are you not tired?

EASTER RABBIT [*dropping into sitting position*]. Tired? Indeed, I am! I have hurried so to get these eggs colored. I'll be very glad indeed to rest for a little while. Has Easter Lily come yet?

[*Enter* MAIDEN OF THE LILY *carrying spray of Easter lily.*]

MAIDEN OF THE LILY. Here is Easter Lily.

[*Advances to stage center.* SPRING FLOWERS, BUTTERFLIES, ROBIN REDBREAST *and* EASTER RABBIT *form semicircle behind her.*]

ALL [*recite*].

Easter lily, tall and fair,
  Clad in purest whiteness,
Breathing perfume through the air,
  Radiant in brightness;

Snowy lily, blooming there,
  Won't you tell the reason
Why men choose you everywhere
  At the Easter season?

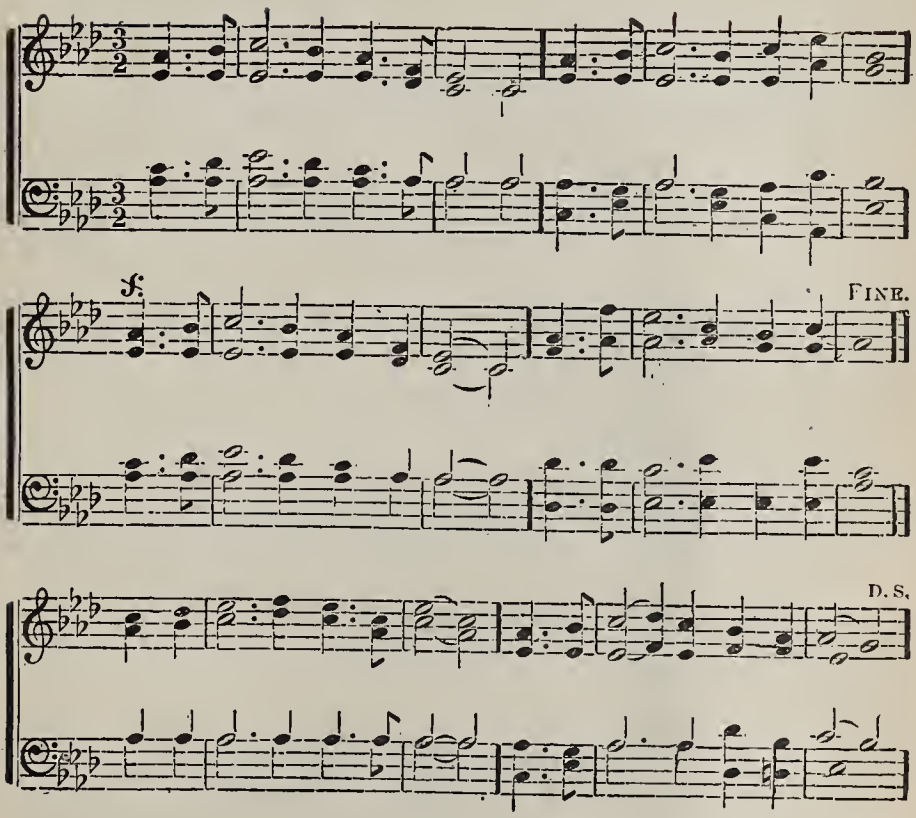
MAIDEN OF THE LILY [*recites*].

Oh, not because my snowy robe is fair,
  And pure and shining as an angel's wing;
Oh, not because my fragrance, like a prayer,
  Ascends to heaven while joyful anthems ring.

Not wholly for these reasons, though in part,
  I stand on Easter day before men's eyes.
A deeper meaning lies within my heart;
  'Tis this: I rise, as souls from sin may rise.

Snow-white from out the depths of darkest earth,
  Soiled and unsightly, even as evil shows.
"Can good come from it?" jeers the scorner's voice;
  And, lo! before his sight the lily grows.

FRAGRANT LILIES.



ALL [*sing*].

Fragrant lilies tell the story
  At the blessed Easter time,
Sunbeams flood the world with glory;
  Bells their sweetest music chime.
Butterflies are hovering o'er us;
  Children haste to praise away.
Let us join the happy chorus
  Of this lovely Easter Day.

[*Close by singing an Easter Carol.*]

FAIRIES' EASTER.

DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

KID. Easter! Say, Bill, what is Easter?

BILL. Don't you know, Kid, what Easter is?

KID. No, I don't. You see, I ain't had much ed'cashun. Pa was sick so long, and n-n-now it's ma.

BILL. 'Cuse me, Kid. I didn't mean to make you wet your blinkers. Truth is, I don't know much about Easter myself. It's got something to do with bread, I think.

KID. Flour?

BILL. Yes, there is flowers. But I don't mean that.

KID. Yeast?

BILL. Dat's it. It's rising. There was oncet a very awfully good man, who lived years and years ago, and he died, and after he died he rose, and dat's Easter.

KID. But what have eggs got to do with it?

BILL. I dunno, Kid, 'bout eggs. But flowers has something 'bout it; for when me poor mudder died last year 'twas Easter and the clergy brought around some beautiful white lilies and put them on mudder, and said they were for her and for the day.

KID. I've got it!

BILL. Got what, Kid?

KID. My dream the other night.

BILL. Your dream? Spin it out, Kid; what was it?

KID. Well, you see, 'twas just this how. I dreamed I was way off from home, miles and miles and miles away, and there was someone with me, leading me along, but I couldn't just tell who 'twas. And we went ever and ever and ever so far. But I didn't feel tired for we went so fast and there was so many new things. I wish I could remember all of them, but I can't. Well, we went and went and went, until we came to a most beautiful field with such lots of green grass, reaching as far as you could see. And there was several little hills in it. And when we got to one of them the person who was with me kicked against it and all of a sudden the thing opened and there was such a great light that my eyes were blinded. It was way ahead of the sun, Bill!

BILL. Oh, go on; never mind me. What did you do?

KID. Well, just as soon as I got my sight, I saw that the person who

was with me had gone down into the hole and was beckoning me. And I wasn't a mite afraid, Bill, though I don't see why I wasn't; but I just went down and then the hill closed, and there was no steps nor such like, but it was just as if we'd walked on air, just floating like, the same as in the water in summer. And I guess that was the reason I wasn't tired for coming so far. And, oh, Bill, you'd oughter have seen that place! My! but it was the most beautifulest place I've ever seen! Wish you'd been there.

BILL. Go on, Kid, quick! What did it look like?

KID. Oh, it was a great, big, large place, all filled with lots and lots of the prettiest—oh, so pretty—furniture and shiny stoves and beds and chairs, and—oh, Bill! I can't tell you all; it was simply splendiferous, and you nor I never saw such a place before. It was way ahead of those places you and I used to talk about when we saw the candy houses at Christmas.

BILL. Well, what did you do?

KID. We walked round, and soon I saw a long line of folkes walking along carrying eggs and I followed them along until I came to a place where there was lots of these—what do you call it, with wings?

BILL. Angels?

KID. Naw.

BILL. Fairies?

KID. Yes, them is the ones. And what do you think they was doing?

BILL. How should I know, Kid?

KID. They was taking the eggs and taking out their insides, and they didn't break the shell, neither.

BILL. That's how so many eggs are empty on Easter, I suppose. Well, what did they do with the inside?

KID. The fairies took the white stuff and beat it up just as you see them do and when it was real white and foamy they placed it in a mold, and when they took it out there was one of the lilies, and then they sprinkled some of the yellow part of the egg on top of the inside and that's what comes off when you put your nose down.

BILL. My, but ain't that a most beautiferous story. Kid, you ought to get the prize for that.

KID. I don't want no prize, but that dream come true; for when I got home last night the fairies had left me mother a whole lot of eggs, and some flowers. So I guess we'll have a real Easter to-day—a Fairies' Easter.

RAINBOW EASTER EGGS.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR SEVEN, OR GROUPS OF SEVEN, BOYS OR GIRLS.

COSTUMES: Boys wear large wire egg form covering all of body except legs. This form may be stuffed egg shape. Opening is made in top of wire form for neck, and openings in bottom for legs to pass through. Legs are dressed in tights of same color of paper that covers egg. Black pomps are worn. Each boy or group of seven boys is made up in one color of rainbow. Rainbow colors are: Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. Girls wear large wire egg form reaching from neck to ankles covering entire body excepting feet and ankles; white stockings, low dainty slippers. Each egg or set of seven eggs is decorated with one color of rainbow. Crepe-paper is best for covering eggs.. If, however, more elaborate eggs are desired, use gauze, tarlatan or cheese-cloth. Hair should be prettily dressed.

STAGE ARRANGEMENT: At back center large flat platform covered with white cloth touching floor all around. On platform large tub decorated with paper and all around outside flowers and leaves of various kinds. If groups of seven take part, have large baskets at various parts of stage forming semicircle of rainbow. (No platform if more than seven take part.)

ENTERTAINMENT.

[*Enter* VIOLET *stage left and recites following lines; goes to right side of stage to begin rainbow formation.*]

VIOLET. I am called an Easter egg
Do you note my violet hue?
Violet stands for tears, you know:
See you not I'm full of woe?

[*Enter* INDIGO, *walks to stage center, recites, retires to* VIOLET, *helping to form rainbow.*]

INDIGO. I, too, am called an Easter egg,
Note you well my indigo hue,
It expresses, as it should,
Loyalty to all that's good.

[*Enter* BLUE, *walks to stage center, recites, retires near* INDIGO *as part of rainbow.*]

BLUE. I'm an Easter egg also,
Blue's my color as you know.
Blue so bright and gay and clear,
Proves my constancy so dear.

[*Enter* GREEN, *walks to stage center, recites, retires to form part of rainbow.*]

GREEN. I'm another Easter egg,
Full of envy, plotting, scheming;
I'm the one that stays unseen,
Though my hue is always green.

[*Enter* YELLOW, *walks to stage center, recites, retires to form part of rainbow.*]

YELLOW. Still another Easter egg,
Cast admiring eyes, I beg,
On the yellow of my form,
Meaning forsaken right along.

[*Enter* ORANGE, *walks to center of stage, recites, retires to form part of rainbow.*]

ORANGE. Orange is my pretty shell.
Don't you think I'm looking well?
But the others, my dear fellows,
Call me openly Rebellion.

[*Enter* RED, *walks to stage center, recites, retires to complete semicircle of rainbow.*]

RED. I'm the last egg of the bow;
But my color stands, you know,
More than they all do. Red, you see,
Always stands for victory.

NOTE.—In case groups of seven recite, words should be changed to indicate plural number, as shown below. The group of seven of one color should afterwards arrange itself on line of rainbow so as to form solid effect of one color:

"We are called Easter eggs:
Do you note our violet hue?
Violet stands for tears, you know:
See you not we're full of woe?"

PICTURES FOR EASTER GIFTS.

Pictures, copies of great paintings such as pertain to the Resurrection or to Christ as a living Saviour, make good gifts. The following are suitable: Giotto's "Raising of Lazarus," Taddeo Gaddi's "The Resurrection," Richter's "Christ Appearing to Mary Magdalene," "Christ Raising the Daughter of Jairus"; Hoffmann's "Christ Healing the Sick," "Christ Raising the Daughter of Jairus," "Christ Raising the Dead," "The Marys at the Sepulchre," "Easter Morning," "Head of Christ"; Plockhorst's "Easter Morning," "He is Risen." Some pictures need only the conventional Easter greeting, "Christ is Risen," while for others Scriptural texts would be appropriate, for example: For Plockhorst's "Mary Magdalene," "Mary, the Mother of Jesus," and "Salome Seeking Christ," write "Ye Seek Jesus of Nazareth," "He is Risen," "He is not Here."

WE ARE RAINBOW EASTER EGGS.

SONG AND DANCE.

(Tune: "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star.")

ALL [*sing and dance*].

We are rainbow Easter eggs,
  Dancing here on tiny legs;
We all feel so bright and gay,
  Just because 'tis Easter Day.

[*All whirl on place; dance four quick steps right; back to place; four quick steps left; back to place; whirl.*]

We will now to you unfold,
  How the Saviour of the world,
Did quickly from the grave arise
  On Easter Day unto the skies.

On the cross was crucified,
  Gentle, loving Saviour, wise;
Then into a tomb was placed,
  He who was to save our race.

[*All pantomime sorrow and moaning and shake heads.*]

Oh, the sorrow of his friends
  When they saw him laid away,
But that sorrow soon was joy
  When they learned that he had risen.

Now when Easter Day arrives
  All rejoice to sing his praise,
For they know that he is living
  With the angels up in heaven.

[*If only seven altogether, they arrange themselves in tub so as to look like a group of eggs, heads so arranged they do not show. If there are groups of seven, each group goes into its own basket and group themselves so as to show seven eggs of one color. All baskets together form colors of rainbow.*]

FLOWERS AKIN TO HUMANITY.

In all places, then, and in all seasons
  Flowers expand their light and soul like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons
  How akin they are to human things.
And with childish, credulous affection
  We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our great resurrection,
  Emblems of the bright and better land.

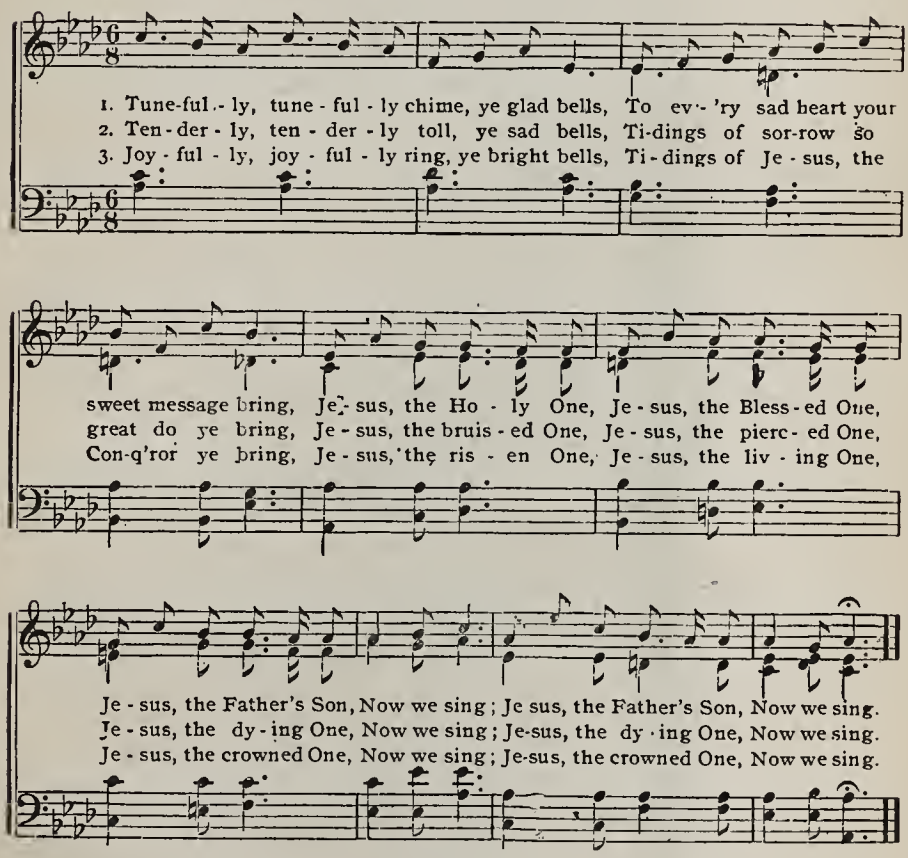
BELLS OF EASTER.

CHARACTERS.

SAD BELLS
BRIGHT BELLS } Groups of boys and girls (4 or more).
GLAD BELLS

COSTUMES: GLAD BELLS, in white; silver stars on breasts.. SAD BELLS, in black; white crosses on breast. BRIGHT BELLS, in white; Easter lilies on breasts; silver crowns.

BELLS OF EASTER.



STANZA I.

[GLAD BELLS *or whole school sing first stanza of song. Then four* GLAD BELLS *recite following*:]

GLAD BELLS GROUP.

Glad Bells rang that glorious morn,
When the Saviour, Christ, was born.

1.

Jesus was God's only son,
Well beloved, the Holy One.

2.

Him for us the Father gave,
Here to dwell, our souls to save.

3.

Angels came and sang his birth;
When the Christ came to earth.

4.

For this wondrous gift so free
Every one should happy be.

GLAD BELLS GROUP.

Glad Bells loud and louder ring,
For he comes, our Saviour, king.

STANZA II.

[*Second stanza is sung by* SAD BELLS *or by whole school, then* SAD BELLS *recite following*:]

SAD BELLS GROUP.

Sad Bells toll so tenderly,
For the Saviour died for me.

5.

Jesus was so good and kind,
Healing all the sick and blind.

6.

But with wicked hands at last
Enemies did bind him fast.

7.

He to judgment then was led,
And with thorns they crowned his head.

8.

Then the Lord they crucified,
And the soldiers pierced his side.

SAD BELLS GROUP.

Through the midnight's silent gloom
Lies he dead, within the tomb.

STANZA III.

[BRIGHT BELLS *or whole school sing third stanza, then* BRIGHT BELLS *recite following*:]

BRIGHT BELLS GROUP.

Bright Bells ring, for Christ is risen,
He is risen, he is risen.

9.

Early to the Saviour's tomb
Mary came with sweet perfume.

10.

But an angel clothed in white,
Greeted her astonished sight.

11.

Weeping Mary, dry thy tear,
Christ is risen; he is not here.

12.

In the Father's home on high
Now he lives, no more to die.

BRIGHT BELLS GROUP.

As he lives beyond the skies,
So we from the grave shall rise.

ALL BELLS.

Now to Christ, the risen, we sing,
Crown him Saviour, crown him king.

[*All sing joyously third stanza.*]

PASCH, Pace, or Paas Egg, more familiarly known in English-speaking world as Easter Egg, is an egg, real or artificial, prepared for Easter by being dyed or decorated. If it a real egg, it is always hard-boiled. From remotest ages the egg has been looked upon as the symbol of creation or new birth. According to the Persians, the world was hatched from an egg at that season of the year which corresponds to the vernal equinox. Hence the Parsees still exchange gifts of colored eggs at the New Year festival, which they celebrate on this date. Among the Jews, the egg entered into all the mysterious ceremonies called apocalyptic, and occupied a prominent position on the household table during the paschal season. Christianity invested the paschal egg with a new significance, namely, that of the resurrection of Christ, and it was colored red in allusion to his blood shed for sinners on the cross. In some remote districts of France the priest still goes his rounds among the parishioners to bless their homes at the Easter season. In return, he receives eggs both plain and painted. In many places it is also believed that the bells which are silent during Passion Week have set out for Rome to get the Pope's blessing. They return Easter Eve to welcome the Resurrection with a joyous peal. Nowhere is the Easter egg more in evidence than in Russia. There people carry a number of eggs with them when they stir out on Easter Sunday. These they present to their friends, saying, "Christ is risen!" the recipient replying, "He is risen indeed!" In the churches, after service, priests and laymen click eggs together like we touch glasses as a ceremonial, indication of kindly feelings. The use of artificial eggs made of sugar or filigree, and enclosing bonbons or other gifts, has for the last half century been encroaching upon the true Easter egg.

SEEKING THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

HISTORICAL FAIRY PLAY FOR ANY NUMBER.

CHARACTERS.

PONCE DE LEON.
PAGE.
FLORA.
FAIRIES.
OSTARA.
FLAGBEARER.
SOLDIERS.
CERES.
POMONA.

COSTUMES: Gentlemen, full knee trousers or trunks; fancy coats with puffed sleeves; capes hanging from shoulders; hats with feathers; swords. Ladies, white dresses decorated with leaves and fruit. OSTARA, Grecian robe. FLAGBEARERS carry Spanish flags.

ACT I.

STAGE SETTING: Interior of cabin. Table center of room. Chairs around table.

[*Enter* PONCE DE LEON, *sits at table, spreads out and glances eagerly at map, moves finger along finally as if following a certain course.*]

VOICE [*outside shouting*]. Land! Land!

PAGE [*rushes in*]. Land, Señor, land!

PONCE [*rises and peers off as though looking through window*]. At last, land! [*Raises eyes heavenward in attitude of prayer.*]

SOLDIERS [*entering with rush and shouting excitedly*]. Land! Land! Land!

[*Hold picture as tableau.*]

PONCE [*approaches* PAGE *and places hand affectionately on his shoulder*]. Boy, how dost thou feel?

PAGE. Strong, Señor, strong and happy.

PONCE. Ah, that is your youth, the warm blood in your veins. Were I but young again what mighty deeds these hands would do! But I am old, old! [*Sinks by table.*]

PAGE [*coming closer*]. But, Señor, there is the Fountain of Youth; we shall surely find it.

PONCE [*springing to feet*]. Yes, the Fountain! Boy, we shall drink of it, you and I. I shall grow young again, and you will never be old. Go dream of all thou shalt do with youth. [*Exit* PAGE.]

PONCE. Yes, I am old; these many years
Have I been slipping down the rope

That binds me to my youth.
My hands are worn by clinging
To its strands. My eyes are dimmed
By peering into depths that yawn beneath me.
This is the age when men shall live
And do great deeds; and shall I die
Before I lift my hands to pluck
From off the cliff of time
The one lone mountain flower of fame?
No! In that land that lifts its breast
Above the cruel waters, I shall find
My youth, lost long ago, and in its strength
Shall climb to heights where men shall call me king.

[*Exit* PONCE.]

ACT II.

STAGE SETTING: Seacoast of Florida. Palms, water and low-lying effect of sea.

[*Enter* PONCE DE LEON, PAGE, FLAGBEARERS *and* SOLDIERS.]

PONCE [*drawing sword*]. I take possession of this land in the name of the king of Spain.

[*Music in distance. All listen. Enter* FAIRIES *singing. "Sweet Fairy Bells," page 142.*]

[FAIRIES *pause, surprised; form semicircle.*]

FLORA. And pray, sir, who are you, and in whose name do you take possession of our happy land?

PONCE. In the name of the king of Spain.

FLORA. But, sir, I am queen, and who shall say that the queen does not rule the king?

SOLDIERS. We bow to so beautiful a mistress.

PAGE. But pray, who are you?

FLORA. Who am I?

[FAIRIES *laugh and dance continuously during all the talking.*]

FLORA. Who brings the wild-flowers to the vale?
FAIRIES. 'Tis Flora, 'tis our queen!
FLORA. Who spreads her robes above the fields
And turns their browns to green?
FAIRIES. She leaves her home of roses
And smiles o'er all the land;
The branch by winter blighted
Shall bloom in Flora's hand.

SWEET FAIRY BELLS.

Lively.

1. In the dell and din - gle, Where the flow-'rets min - gle, Shedding all their per-fumes
2. From the snow-drop's bos - om, From the heath - er blos - som, From the gold -en daf - fo -
3. When the moonbeams shin - ing, Round the flow'rs are twin - ing, Sweet-er then than ev - er

sweet Up - on the sum-mer air, Fai - ry bells are chim- ing, All their changes tim - ing
dil The fai - ry mu - sic rings; E'en the vio - let low - ly Is not si - lent whol - ly,
sonuds The sil-v'ry fai - ry chime; Spell-bound by the lus - tre, All the flow'rets clus - ter,

f

To the breeze that comes and goes In search of blos-soms rare; Ding,dong,ding,dong,
Blend-ing with for - get - me - nots, For ver - y joy it sings; Ding,dong,ding,dong,
Rais - ing eries for hap - pi - ness,That shall not die with time; Ding,dong,ding,dong,

p *f* *p* *a little*

Thus the ca - dence swells, Ding, dong, ding, dong, Thus the ca - dence swells. Oh,

slower. *rit.*

sweet in - deed are fai - ry bells! Oh, sweet in - deed are fai - ry bells!

tempo primo. *cres.*

Ding, dong,ding,dong,ding, dong,ding,dong, bells, ding, dong, sweet fai - ry bells.

FLORA. Who gives the violet sweet perfume?
FAIRIES. 'Tis Flora, 'tis our queen.
FLORA. Who decks the world in daisies white
And gives the world its sheen?
FAIRIES. She takes stray summer sunbeams
And chains them 'neath the earth,
When springing forth in springtime
They find in flowers new birth.
PAGE. Whence come these other fairies?
Are they but waiting-maids?
CERES. Where'er my feet have touched in passing
Ripening grain doth wave
Its yellow locks to bless and gladden
The freemen or the slave.
When on all the sunny uplands
Waves the fruitful corn,
In tones of sweetness through the valleys
Rings my harvest horn.
ALL. Hark the sound!
The world around
Hear the reapers gaily singing
As they gather in the sheaves
The blessed Ceres leaves.
PAGE. But who this queen of fruit and vines?
POMONA. While our queen doth bring the flowers
Brightening all the dreary land;
And sweet Ceres gently showers
Blessings rich on every hand;
I, Pomona, sweetly smiling
Kiss the tree-flowers sweet and rare,
And with gentle voice beguiling
Steal away their garments fair,
But I give them of my heart's blood,
And I guard them through the days
Till the fruits Pomona bringeth
Gladden all earth's weary ways.
PONCE. Sweet maids, 'tis chance that may lead us
To that mystic fountain rare,
Where old age may in its waters
Wash away all pain and care.
FAIRY. Kind sir, that fountain once was ours
But 'tis no longer so;

To find it wouldst thou join us
And go where'er we go?
Wouldst leave thy kindred and thy home?
Wouldst leave thy faith and creed,
Acknowledge Flora as thy queen,
And follow where we lead?

[SOLDIERS *question each other in pantomime.*]

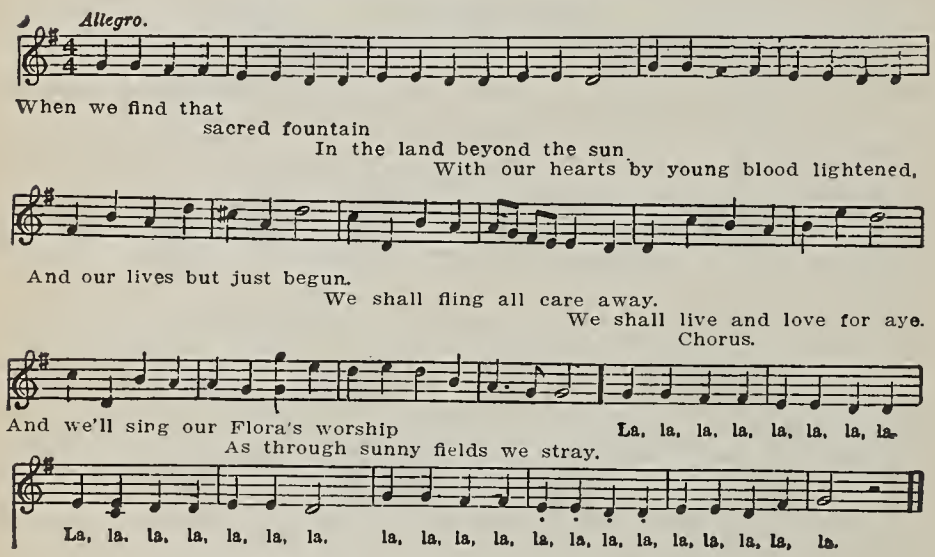
PONCE. I am old. 'Tis youth or nothing. I will go.

SOLDIERS. So say we all. Long live Queen Flora! [*They fall on knees.*]

FLAGBEARER. I cannot desert my flag. I will go back with it to the sea and grow old alone. [*Exit* FLAGBEARER.]

ALL [*sing "That Sacred Fountain."*]

THAT SACRED FOUNTAIN.



FAIRY. The wonderful fountain lies far to the west,
Where nightly the sun slips away to his rest.
We dare not approach it, for there on a stone
Ostara the Beautiful, guards it alone.

[*Enter* OSTARA.]

SOLDIERS. Who comes this way?

FAIRY. 'Tis she! 'Tis Ostara! She once was one of us and most lovely of our band, but now, no longer with us, she guards the sacred Fountain all alone.

FLORA. What would you, dear Ostara?

OSTARA. These men, what do they here?

FLORA. They do seek the blessed Fountain, sister, and would drink of its sacred waters and be young forever.

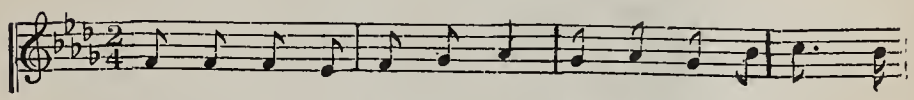
OSTARA. And have they left home, country, and faith to seek that fountain that springs most freely in their own fair land?

PONCE. Who are you that dares say Ponce de Leon has come upon a bootless errand?

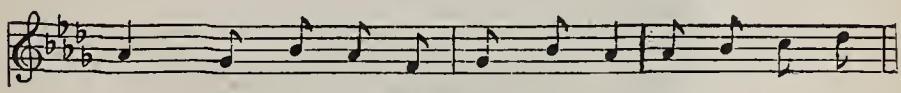
OSTARA. I am Ostara, Easter. She whose name was chosen from all the lovely ones of earth for that blest day when Jesus Christ rose from the dead.

[*Sings "Dost Thou Know 'Tis Easter Day?"*]

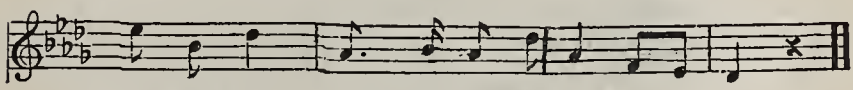
DOST THOU KNOW 'TIS EASTER DAY?



Dost thou know 'tis Easter Day? Angels roll the stone a-
Would thou find that fountain sweet? Find it kneeling at his



way, Canst thou hear the angel's voice, As he bids the
feet. Christ is risen! Youth is ours! Christ is risen!



world rejoice, Christ, the Lord is risen to-day?
E'en the flowers, His life in death repeat.

SOLDIERS. 'Tis the day our Lord rose from the dead. 'Tis strange that we forgot.

OSTARA. Thou has left him to follow strange fancies
And to make an idol of thy youth,
Turn again and greet thine only Master,
Drink at the fount of his eternal truth.
Then consecrate this land unto his glory
His temple shall it be, and the oppressed
Shall fly from many lands to find here safety
And the promised Canaan of their rest.

FAIRY. These maids shall live but few short hours
And then shall find their youth in fruits and flowers;
Long have they claimed this land as theirs alone,
But now the Lord shall come to claim his own.

FLORA. When I pass beyond thy knowledge
Do not say that Flora died,
For I shall live in one fair lily
That shall bloom at Easter-tide.
'Twill typify his resurrection,
Who came on earth his own to save,
And shall lift its snowy petals
Over every wayside grave.

PONCE. This day is called the Feast of Flowers
In our own dear land of Spain;
And this new land of our hopes and joys
Shall bear sweet Flora's name.
Then I take possession of Florida
In trust for my Lord and King,
May its gates be wide each Easter-tide
That the Lord may enter in.

[SOLDIERS *and* FAIRIES *form tableaux group here and sing first verse of* OSTARA'S *song. Curtain.*]

GIFTS FOR EASTER.

THE custom of Easter gifts grows in favor. Beginning with flowers and cards, the former expressive of joy in return of spring, the latter containing the season's greetings, Easter gifts have become the fashion. Good taste demands that in Easter gifts we follow a certain law of propriety not so necessary in Christmas presents. At Christmas we may give whatever is suitable to the individual; at Easter the gift must in some manner suggest the season and its meaning. Joy is the very essence of Easter—glorious, bounding joy. Every gift should suggest the deeper sources of joy, awakening of spiritual forces, hope of everlasting life. In olden times men went about on Easter morning hailing everybody with "Christ is risen," to which came the invariable response, "Christ is risen, indeed." So we should try to remind as many as possible of the joyous news of a risen Lord. Especially at this season should we remember very tenderly those who in the past few months have had dear friends pass into the life beyond. Flowers are appropriate for Easter. Preference is given to white and to those grown from bulbs; for the bulb, even better than the seed, illustrates the law of the resurrection, "Except ye fall into the ground and die."

RING THE CHIMES.

(To make effective, this song may be sung by congregation or by whole school while groups of persons, with long bands of chime-bells, are on stage. One group has triangles to be struck at parts in chorus marked with stars. Those having bands of chime-bells keep them ringing throughout song. If not desired to have congregation or school participate, then have several groups of five or six persons each, enter together and stand at different parts of stage. Each group, except center one (which carries triangles), carries a circular band of chime-bells. Music is played through to chorus, then it is begun again. As soon as music begins again those on stage sing, and each group, except center one, keeps bells ringing in time with music. During chorus center group strikes triangles at those parts marked with stars. All may march off after last stanza in groups, ringing chimes continuously.)

Allegretto.

1. Ring the chimes and let their sto-ry Tell the people far a - way, That the Lord of
2. Ring the chimes from ev-'ry steeple, Peal on peal in glad acclaim; Wak-ing all the
3. Ring of birth and angel greeting, Ring of rising from the dead; Ring the promis -

CHORUS.*

Ring the chimes, ring the chimes,

life and glory, Burst the bands of death today Ring, ring the chimes, ring, ring, ring the chimes, ring,
joyful people, Ringing praises to His name.
es of meeting, Glory crowned our living head.

cres.

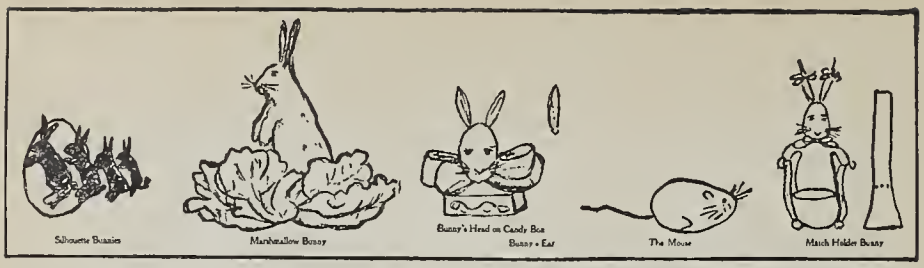
Ring, ring the chimes, ring, ring the chimes,

2d time. pp

dim.

Near and clear and far a-way, Ring the chimes, ring, ring the chimes, ring, Hail the sacred, Easter day.

The egg and the rabbit are two spring symbols of reviving nature that are universal and appear to be as popular to-day as thousands of years ago in ancient India. All egg legends, of which there are a hundred variants, express the idea of regeneration that comes with beginning of spring. The mystic white hare is closely associated with Easter celebration. Among all children to-day is the popular belief that the hare lays all the beautifully colored Easter eggs.



PART III.

SOCIAL OCCASIONS

BUNNY PARTY.

INVITATION.

USE gay-colored note-paper or dainty cards, decorated with rabbits harnessed to cart, piled high with party notes and driven at full speed by rabbit driver.

Miss Gladys McNair
requests the pleasure of your company
at an Easter Bunny Party to be held at her
residence 144 Riverside Drive
Saturday, April 4th, 19--
at 3.30 P. M.

Decorations should suggest rabbits and their nests. All sorts of souvenirs or prizes are provided.

GRAND MARCH.

Hostess provides cotton or candy bunnies so made that two are alike. Bunnies are divided into two lots, separating the pairs, and are distributed one bunny to each lady and one to each gentleman. Gentleman finds lady whose bunny matches his bunny, and they become partners for the Grand March.

GRAND MARCH.

1. Down one side of room entirely across end of room; up opposite side and across to center of upper side of room.
2. Down center of room to lower end. First couple turns and marches right, second couple left, and so on. Couples march to corners of room; make quick turn and move diagonally toward center of room, pass one another at center and continue on to back corners of room.

3. Turn on back corners and move diagonally toward center again, cross one another at center and move to front corners of room.
4. At front corners of room make quick turn and march toward center of room again, turn quickly and march toward top corner on same side of room.
5. At top corners make quick turn and repeat same movements going toward center, then down to front corner on same sides of room.
6. March up sides of room to back corners, across to top center, down center always to front center across to corners, one couple going right and the other going left, etc.
7. March from sides diagonally to center, turn from center and go out to top corners, then march across top of room to center.
8. Down center to front in two couples or four on line.
9. First four step forward, face right and march in single file around stage to back center. Each four follows suit.
10. Fall in, in couples, and march around room; break into groups ready for next game, as hostess announces it.

BUNNY RIBBON DANCE.

Provide large cotton bunny with marbles for eyes, and made to look real by shaping and stuffing. Attach to top of head large white covered wheel which will revolve with movements of dancers. To edge of wheel attach as many ribbons, long enough to reach floor and fold back again half way up bunny, as there are guests (must be an even number). At end of ribbon have cotton bunnies tied fast.

March in single file around bunny until ring is formed.

Each dancer grasps a bunny end of ribbon in right hand and holds ribbon so bunny end slightly hangs down. Every other dancer should be a gentleman, and every other one a lady.

All advance towards bunny and salute. That is, ladies courtesy low and gentlemen bow. When making low courtesy, ladies bring right foot behind left foot, and incline low from waist, then rise again.

All raise right hand with bunny in it above head and turn quickly so backs are to bunny.

All salute.

All march forward and outward until ribbons are held taut.

All salute.

All step backward toward bunny.

All salute.

All march forward and outward until ribbons are held taut.

All salute.

Turn and face bunny.

All salute.

All perform following dancing-steps on place: Hop twice on each foot alternately, right hand holding ribbon, left hand on hip. Advance to bunny and do same steps there. Retreat to first position and dance same steps there. Ladies take step forward and dance twice around bunny to right. Gentlemen remain as outer ring on places and keep time with ladies' movements. Ladies stop, each facing gentleman, and then all dance around bunny once. Ladies dance around bunny alone, then move into places in outer circle with gentlemen.

All dance, advancing toward bunny during four bars of music.
All retreat, dancing backward during eight bars.
Gentlemen step forward toward bunny, then dance completely around bunny by way of right. They repeat. Each gentleman faces lady and dances around her during four bars. Gentlemen circle bunny again; when back again near places they move and form part of circle with ladies. During these movements ladies have been remaining on place and keeping time.
Gentlemen dance to bunny, then dance around bunny. Ladies stand and mark time.
Gentlemen dance into places in ring with ladies.
Gentlemen and ladies face one another in couples. Gentlemen dance past on left side of ladies and ladies dance past on right side of gentlemen. They continue to pass one another alternately until ribbons are plaited on bunny; then all dance opposite bunny in small ring during eight bars of music. All turn about and reverse steps around bunny, gentlemen passing ladies by way of right side and ladies passing gentlemen by way of left side. Continue until ribbons are all unplaited and all are facing bunny in large circle.
All salute bunny.
Advance to bunny and drop ribbons; dance away in couples in any kind of dance.

BUNNY QUOITS.

Place large nest of hay or straw on sheet at one end of room. Each player is given four small bunnies and one large mother bunny (bought in stores or cut out of printed designs of bunnies and stuffed with cotton). Player throws bunnies from end of room opposite to nest and tries to get them into nest, small bunny counting fifteen points, large bunny forty points. Prize is given to first winner of one hundred points.

HUNT THE BUNNY.

Hostess provides all sorts of bunnies which may consist of engravings cut from magazines, colored ones from Easter cards or picture-books, chocolate or sugar rabbits, and tiny china or silver images of bunnies. Bunnies should be arranged around room in plain sight, yet so disposed that chocolate bunny on dark table will not be quickly seen. Players leave room while bunnies are placed in position. One player is admitted at a time and walked slowly around room, pointing out each bunny he discovers to score-keeper. Another player is admitted until all have competed. Player finding most bunnies receives as souvenir tiny silver rabbit enclosed in Easter egg, tied with green and white ribbon.

BUNNY SHADOW PICTURES.

Each person goes behind sheet to impersonate a bunny. Most successful one wins prize. Two or more may go behind sheet and impersonate bunnies sitting on haunches eating. Some may act out a bunny story, etc.

REFRESHMENTS.

Guests sit in circle around room. On table in center of room is flower centerpiece, in center of which is gay-colored wagon to which is hitched four bunnies. Wheels of wagon are entwined with smilax. Rabbit driver. Wagon full of motto snappers.

Serve guests with bunny cake, bunny ice-cream, bunny candies. Each plate has fancy bunny card. After refreshments each guest goes to table and selects a motto snapper from centerpiece. Guest wears whatever style cap is found in motto.

Finish party with Virginia Reel. On departing, each guest receives a souvenir.

SIGNIFICANCE OF EASTER.

Jane Stewart.

EASTER differs greatly from Christmas. Christmas is concerned with the earthly advent of the Saviour; Easter is a season of rejoicing that, though a man die, yet shall he live again. Christmas has grown to concern itself more with material happiness, in this world centering in the home, tending to unselfish contribution to the pleasure of others; Easter is peculiarly a devotional celebration, in its highest interpretation, calling people to its sanctuary, to restful meditation, and to joyful communion with the Creator in gratiude for the blessed hope of everlasting life, typified in Christ's resurrection. At Easter we celebrate the immortal realization of an imperishable life. On Christmas morning we celebrate the great fact of being human. Easter comes as the recognition of forces of spiritual life. The origin of the festival was the outcome of spontaneous joy. The appropriateness of its celebration at the opening of spring, when all nature is awakening into new life after the death sleep of winter, is manifest. It was natural that the heathen birth festival of the sun, which, after the winter solstice, begins to run a new career, should suggest the birth festival of Christ, the Sun of Righteousness and the Light of the World.

Who has not felt the great spiritual power in the phenomena of springtime? The earth is quivering with delight that the time for bud and blossom is so near. There is a spiritual uplift in the manifestations of spring that is irrepressible. Promise for the future is typified in every budding branch and springing blade. The fields were dead; and, lo, they are alive again! Man feels that he is part of the divine energy. New hopes and aspirations are born in the revivified soil of human hearts.

The hopeful joy characteristic of the Easter time is not the least important of its meanings. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are the birthright of every human soul. And we are coming to realize that there is no life so full of delight as that dedicated to the service of others; no liberty so pleasant as the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free from the bondage of sin; no happiness so satisfying as that which springs from harmony with God and from the contentment of lying safe on the great heart that fills the universe with love.

EGG-EATER.

MONEY-MAKING SCHEME.

PROCURE strong white cotton goods six inches longer and wider than doorway where Egg-Eater is to appear. Door should open into room which none but those who manipulate figure are allowed to enter. After tacking material in position and covering doorway, draw on it egg-shaped oval with small end downward, little larger than human head, and six feet three inches from floor. In upper part, where eyes should come, draw two eggs, small ends an inch or two apart. Draw another egg in lower part of face for mouth, cut large enough for good-sized egg to slip through easily. Keeping shape of chin, draw outlines of neck, shoulders, waist and skirt, but not arms. Where arms should come, cut two oblong holes large enough for arms to pass through. Tint face flesh-color and paint in eyes—cutting small holes where pupils should be, then nose, lips, hair and shadows under chin. It is not necessary to be an artist; the more grotesque the effect the better.

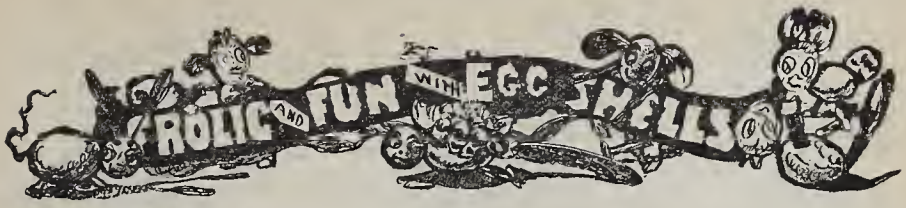
For Egg-Eater's dress use light green cheese-cloth. Make very full sleeves with ruffles at wrists held in by narrow pieces of elastic. Sew on full waist made in surplice fashion and full skirt with deep hem at bottom. Fasten dress down on outlines of figure, except at one place on right-hand side, underneath which make slit large enough to get gifts that Egg-Eater is to give. Cover waist-line with pink sash. Back of face fasten piece of red cloth by upper corners to fall back of mouth, under which basket should be held to catch eggs she eats.

Let person who is to manipulate figure wear white gloves; and, standing on stool back of figure, put arms through arm-holes and draw on sleeves. She can see what is going on through eye-holes. A helper should hand her gifts and take eggs out of basket.

Dress two little boys in white cotton flannel suits, with cape of same, and long ears lined with pink, to look like rabbits. For each boy fix a basket to look like a nest, and fill with eggs. Boys sell eggs for five or ten cents each to anyone who wishes introduction to Egg-Eater, who shakes hands, takes egg and puts it into mouth; takes from pocket Easter present, which she offers to one who gave egg. Gifts made of egg-shells are pretty and inexpensive. Eggs may be brought out and sold again, so only a small number of them is necessary.

EASTER TREE PARTY.

DECORATE good-sized evergreen tree with Easter novelties and gifts. Finish top of tree with large Easter rabbit. Scatter throughout tree fancy-colored Easter eggs, fancy baskets filled with tiny candy eggs, rabbits, chickens, egg-shell brownies, clowns, gnomes. Light tree with candles or electric lights, placed in empty egg-shells. All dance around tree. Gifts are distributed and games played.



Knight.

DO not start out with fixed ideas of what you intend to make; but fasten two or three pieces of egg-shells together without any definite purpose, taking advantage of suggestions offered by egg-shells themselves as fastened. You will be surprised at the result. Most grotesque looking animals can be made from shells and pieces of shell combined. Use sealing wax for joining. Do not use scissors to cut shells. Use shells as ragged as they come. In some cases you may use whole eggs for bodies of animals; if whole eggs prove too heavy, puncture a hole in end and blow out contents. Bits of twigs, matches, or toothpicks make excellent legs and arms. Twigs are always best. Pieces of timothy make good antennae.

KNIGHT AND KNIGHT'S HORSE.

Horse's legs and knight's arms and legs are made from pieces of twigs. Feathers are used for horse's ears and to decorate knight's cap. Remainder of figure is formed from egg-shells, except stick of flag, which can be made from toothpick.

COCO.

Has tail made from root of plant. His legs are made from twigs, his antennae from feathers. The rest are egg-shells.

Coco.

MRS. FUZZY-WUZZY.

Wears crepe-paper bonnet and cloak; carries twig walking-cane.

Mrs. Fuzzy

Hour Glass.

Chicken Eating Egg.

KLONDIKE EGG:

Blow out a goose egg; gild shell and letter across one side "Klondike." Fill egg with gilded or bright yellow candy pellets. Piece of gold paper is pasted over opening.

The Hobo.

Grandpa.

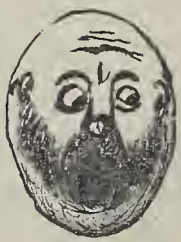
The Miser.

The Old-Time Dude.

The Clown.

The Chinaman.

The Cockney.



The Tramp.

The Scared Boy.

FLOATING EGGS OR FLOATING TOYS.

Place eggs, insides of which have been blown out, upright on round end and pour in melted sealing wax, then melted lead, taking care to hit center of egg or balance will not be obtained.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

HUMPTY-DUMPTY:

Humpty-Dumpty is droll. Paint his face and hair and make a pointed white paper cap with turn-up red brim to paste over cracked head. Paint short white jacket and baggy trousers on egg. Collar, pockets and slippers are red. Humpty's hands are thrust into his pockets.

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE:

These are a quaint and fascinating couple. Both are dressed in white crepe-paper. Pierrot's ruff is very full, and little lozenges of red paper should be pasted down front of jacket and on sleeves. Skull cap is red. Pierrette has frilly skirts, ruff and peaked cap.

PIERROT AND PIERRETTE

RABBIT OR EASTER HARE:

Transform egg by means of paper ears. Bunny may sit on hind legs or upright, or lie crouched on ground.

OWL:

Paint egg like breast of bird, add paper beak and wings.

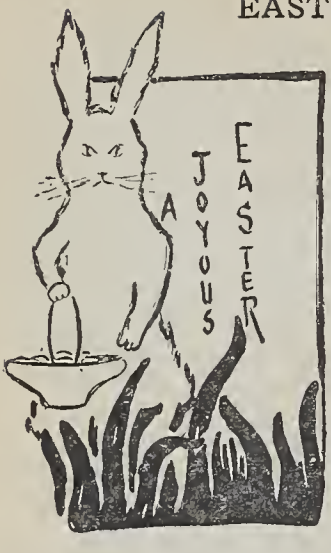
TORPEDO BOAT:

Make hole in middle of side of egg and pour in sealing wax and lead. Paint row of portholes around egg and glue on bow and stern cut from cigar-box. Smokestack is made from cardboard, and railing of wooden toothpicks glued in circle of cardboard, which slips over smokestack and is kept in place with glue. American flag flies from toothpicks. If needle be put into bow, boat can be drawn through water by means of magnet. A whole fleet of boats can be thus made and maneuvered.

CRADLE:

Cut cradle from one whole egg-shell. Pasteboard or wooden rockers are cut out and glued to egg. Fit cradle with mattress, pillow and silk spread. Decorate outside of shell with lace and gold paint. Place dolly into cradle on pillow, under spread.

EASTER TULIP PARTY.



GLUE horizontally across top of plain white card paper tulip branch made size of guest's invitation card. Write invitation to guest below tulip.

Mr. and Mrs. James Gordon Smith
invite May Alice Lawson to attend
an Easter Tulip Party
to be given at their residence, 14 Jones Pl.
Wednesday, April 14, at 8 P. M.
R. S. V. P.

GAMES.

WOODEN SHOE (SABOT) RACE:

Provide pair of wooden shoes. Hostess pairs guests into couples. Each member of a couple tries to shove shoes around room by means of a cane. Time limit, three minutes. Successful couple stands to right of hostess. After all have tried, successful ones again pair off in couples and try again. Pairing off and shoe-shoving are continued until one couple only is left. Last couple tries three times to win. Most successful member of couple secures prize, which may be anything in Delft china, windmill, or tiny pair of wooden shoes.

SKETCHING CONTEST:

Each guest receives pencil and paper. Pot of tulips is on table. Guests sit so they may see tulips. Each guest tries to make best copy of plant. Best reproduction receives pot of tulips as prize.

EASTER BONNET CONTEST:

Each guest is given material for making Easter bonnet. Ten minutes are allowed. Most successful bonnet-maker wins prize. If gentleman, he gets hat; if lady, Easter bonnet, or box of candy.

EASTER STORY CONTEST:

Guests are given pencil and paper and asked to write story about Easter tulip. After ten minutes, hostess collects stories (writers' names being written on papers), shuffles them and passes them again among guests, who read the stories aloud. Guests vote on stories whether "fair," "good," or "fine," score being kept by one guest. If more than one story is voted "fine," all so voted get prizes, or balloting may decide who is winner.

EASTER GARDEN:

Hostess announces name of game and states that each guest is to lay out a garden with potted plants which have been provided. A guest is asked to lay out a garden; when he has completed it, other guests vote either "good," "fair," "bad," or "fine." Another guest is called on, and game continues until all guests have had their turn. Those who have received "fine" oftenest, are again given a chance to lay out a garden. This trial of winners is final test.

DANCING.

THE FLOWER FAN:

Gentleman having selected and seated a lady and given her a fan of flowers, presents two gentlemen to her. Lady rises, bows, gives fan to one gentleman and dances with other gentleman. Gentleman with fan sits and awaits lady dancing. When through dancing, she selects two ladies and presents them to seated gentleman, who rises, bows to lady introducing, who retires, and then he presents fan to one lady and dances with other lady. Lady with fan sits and awaits gentleman dancing. This continues until each guest has danced.

HEDGE OF LILIES:

Four ladies form line at one end of room. Five or six gentlemen form line at opposite end of room. Midway between these two lines stand gentleman and lady, one at each end of long garland of lilies, raised from floor about eighteen inches. Signal is given and gentlemen rush across room, jumping over lily hedge to get to ladies. Successful gentlemen secure partners and dance under hedge of lilies now held high in air. Unsuccessful gentlemen aid in holding up hedge.

LILY GARLAND:

Two gentlemen hold garland in left hands high above head. Couples dance together in waltz, every other couple dance under garland or give forfeit to be redeemed later. Other couples must be careful in turnings not to come under garland unless it is their turn so to do.

REFRESHMENTS.

TULIP BOUILLON:

Chicken broth with three different colored tulips decorating edge of plate holding soup plate or bouillon cup.

TULIP SALAD:

Minced chicken and celery on lettuce leaf. Around edge of plate are laid three or more different colored tulips.

TULIP ICE-CREAM:

Fill ordinary earthen flower-pot with paper cup containing ice-cream. Sprinkle powdered cinnamon over top so that it looks like earth. Into center of ice-cream push real tulip flower and leaves (wrap end of stem in paraffin paper before pressing into cream). It is well to have variety of colors in flowers used.

TULIP CAKE:

Gold cake iced with gold-colored icing and decorated on top with spray of tulip and flower. This may be real tulip or may be made from confectioner's sugar.

DECORATIONS.

Whole scheme of house and particularly of dining-room should produce effect of tulip garden. On table should be beds of green moss, in which are pots of tulips

SOUVENIRS.

Each guest on leaving gets pot of growing tulips.

FORTUNE EGGS FOR EASTER.

PRICK holes in both ends of egg and blow out contents. When completely blown out, break a larger hole in one end, sufficient to admit rolled-up piece of paper containing two lines of poetry. Be sure egg-shell has been well dried before putting in roll of paper. Prepared a couple of days beforehand will be sufficient time. Egg-shells should be colored to match couplet within. These eggs may be used as souvenirs or may be sold. Following are suggestive fortune couplets:

Who gets an egg of purple shade
Will die a bachelor or old maid.

A striped egg bodes much care and strife,
A sullen man or a scolding wife.

The one who gets an egg of red
Will many tears of sorrow shed.

The one who gets a golden egg
Will plenty have and never beg.

A silver egg will bring much joy,
And happiness without alloy.

The one who gets an egg of black,
Bad luck and troubles ne'er will lack.

The one who speckled egg obtains
Will go through life by winding lanes.

The one who gets an egg of blue
Will find a sweetheart fond and true.

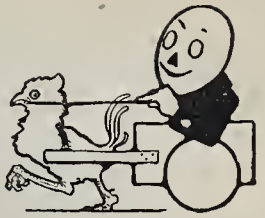
The one who gets an egg of brown
Will have an establishment in town.

The one who gets an egg of green
Will jealous be and not serene.

A lucky one—the egg of pink,
The owner ne'er sees danger's brink.

The one who gets an egg of white
In life shall find supreme delight.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY FESTIVITY.



CUT cards egg-shape. Color one side of card in stripes to suggest dyed eggs. On other side of card write:

Your presence is requested at
Humpty-Dumpty Festivity, April 4th, 19--
at residence of
May Agnes Kilburn, 214 Avenue C,
at 8 P. M.

ENTERTAINMENT—PROGRESSIVE GAMES.

Entertainment consists in moving from one table to another and from one competition to another, with points won. Each guest receives a yellow check each time he wins a point.

I.—CONUNDRUM GAME.

Players, provided with pencil and paper, sit at tables. On each paper are written questions relating to an egg.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.

1. What fact did Columbus illustrate with an egg?
2. What foolish capitalist had a perpetual fortune which he destroyed by killing a fowl?
3. What egg, according to Arabian myth, was largest ever laid?
4. What catastrophe, according to Mother Goose, was not remediable even by united powers of a kingdom?
5. What pretty scene in which eggs are used, occurs annually at Washington, D. C.?
6. Why was the egg recognized by the early Christian church as appropriate to Easter?

(Correct answers are not told guests but are revealed later by hostess.)

ANSWERS.

1. The fact that a seemingly impossible thing can be done when one knows how.
2. Owner of the goose that laid the golden eggs.
3. Egg of the gigantic roc.
4. Fall of Humpty-Dumpty.
5. Egg-rolling on White House lawn, Washington, D. C., on Easter Monday.
6. The egg was considered an emblem of eternal life, the spirit issuing from the dead body, as living creature from inanimate egg.

Each player writes answers. After ten minutes papers are collected. Player answering most questions correctly gets one point toward prize. After papers have passed four persons hostess reads correct answers; wrong answers are crossed out. Any paper all right is marked "O. K." and wins point.

II.—EGG DECORATING.

Players move to different tables on which are pens and ink, egg-shells that have been blown out through ends, sheets of colored paper, scissors and mucilage. Ladies and gentlemen pair off as partners. Each couple draws a human face on shell and fits head with hat or bonnet. Gentleman draws face; lady makes headgear. Point toward prize is awarded player who does best in either kind of work. After point is awarded, the dolls are given as souvenirs to ladies.

III.—EGG RACE.

Chalk out race-track on floor. Track should be five inches wide and skirt entire room, about half yard from wall. If preferred, track may describe circle or figure eight instead of following straight lines. Players draw lots to determine who shall begin. Beginner is given empty egg-shell and palm-leaf fan and told to get egg-shell, by fanning, as rapidly as possible over track. If gusts of wind force egg-shell from track, egg-shell must be brought back and game begun again. As time limit is made, player has to hustle to get his egg to end of track before time has expired. Each player has chance to win a point. Those reaching goal in shortest time win a point.

IV.—HIDDEN PROVERBS.

Players at different tables are given slips of paper on which are written following proverbs:

1. The evil men do live after them.
2. Try what repentance can, what can it not?
3. We that have good wits have much to answer for.
4. All the world's a stage.
5. O Liberty, O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in your name.
6. He who walks on eggs must tread lightly.
7. In times of peace prepare for war.
8. One drop of ink can make a million think.
9. Who buys little needs no basket.

Players have fifteen minutes to choose one word from each proverb making nine words which, placed together, form proverb regarding eggs. Players giving correct answers win point toward prize.

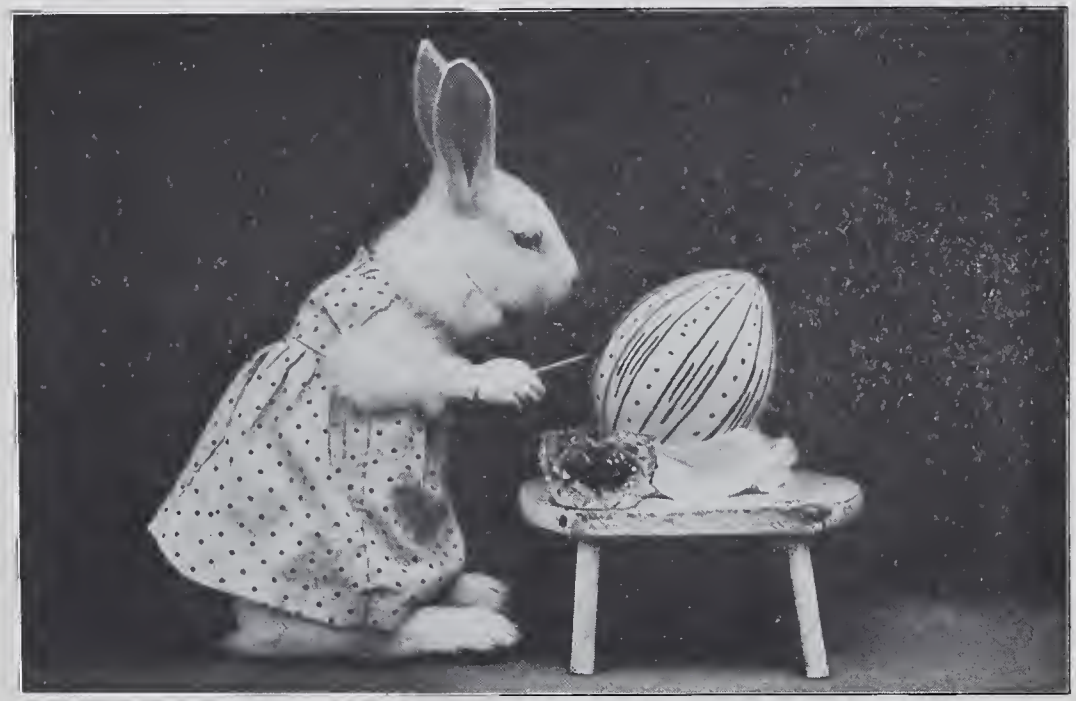
ANSWER.

Do not have all your eggs in one basket.

V.—GOLDEN EGG.

Players sit in circle so that nothing keeps any one from seeing faces of the others. Each guest is provided with two candy eggs, one inch long, one egg gilded with gold paint. Hostess puts two eggs into each envelope, seals envelopes and puts them into basket ready for game. Envelopes are passed to players, who are requested to open

BOILING THE EGGS.



DECORATING THE EGG.

them and take out eggs, not letting neighbor see eggs. Aim of game is to retain Golden Egg. When player asks another to exchange egg and indicates hand having egg he desires, egg must be handed over, concealed by both. In case challenged person loses Golden Egg he may challenge at once for chance to recover it. No player is obliged to exchange twice in succession with same opponent. Players hide hands while shifting eggs. Player holding Golden Egg, when bell is rung after half hour's playing, wins point for prize.

VI.—EGG DESCRIPTION.

Players sit at tables and are given pencils and paper. Hostess presents large candy egg containing landscape inside. Each guest is given one minute to look within and told to write all he has seen, not letting any one see what he writes. Hostess collects papers, mixes and repasses them. When each player has paper other than his own, hostess gives description of all landscape contains. Player having given best description wins point for prize.

PRIZE WINNER.

After all six games have been played person having highest number of yellow checks wins prize. In case two or more have same number of yellow checks, hostess may either give each a prize or have some other contest to decide winner.

SUPPER.

Each player gets large fancy cardboard egg. When he opens it, he finds packages wrapped in paraffin paper. Top parcel is a sandwich, next chicken salad, next fancy cakes, next ice-cream; at bottom of box are various kinds of candies in strips of cocoanut arranged as nest.

DEVILED EGGS ENTERTAINMENT.

MENU may be headed "Deviled Eggs." Provide hard, colored candy eggs, couple of inches long, and two baskets decorated with ribbons. Select a dozen proverbs. Write with gold paint or ink same proverb upon each of two eggs so that by grouping eggs correctly all proverbs are twice repeated.

Divide players, by drawing lots or by voluntary choice, into two divisions to war upon each other. Hostess produces the two baskets containing colored candy eggs, each basket holding one complete set of proverbs. Each division receives basket of eggs and occupies one end of room. All members of a division work in unison, endeavoring to form a proverb before opposing division can do so. Division first to form a proverb is awarded prize, and members among that division are privileged to toss up as to which one shall have prize.

Egg-shaped cafetiere makes useful prize, as do also silver egg-forks, ink-stands, match-cases in oval shape, and other similarly serviceable articles. Chocolate eggs, or fluffy chickens, may be presented as boobies to opposing side.

Supper should suggest Easter Egg in amusing ways—ices frozen in egg-shells, egg sandwiches, fried chicken, etc. Favors may be satin eggs filled with sweets.

A STUNNING EASTER HAT.

Mr. Chanticler. What on earth is that thing, Henrietta?

Mrs. Chanticler. That is an old-fashioned tea cozy, and if you will sacrifice a couple of your tail feathers, dear, I shall have a stunning Easter hat.

EASTER BONNET PARTY.

INVITATION AND PREPARATION.

Miss Mary Jones
requests the pleasure of Alice Maynard's company
at her
Easter Bonnet Party
to be held at Barnside, New Rochelle, N. Y.,
April --- 19--, at 8 o'clock P. M.
You are requested to appear in bonnet made by yourself
from gay-colored tissue paper.

(Gentlemen receive similar invitations
with last request omitted.)

HOSTESS provides hat-boxes five or six inches high (each box containing fifty beans), extra hat-boxes for ladies' souvenirs; baskets of small candy eggs, targets with packages of many-colored papers, and as many bows and arrows as there are gentlemen.

GAMES.

BONNET AUCTION:

Each gentleman receives hat-box containing beans. Bonnets are offered in turn by auctioneer (selected by hostess). Gentlemen bid on and pay for bonnet with beans. Lady gives purchaser of her bonnet first dance, or participates with him in first game or contest.

BONNET NEST:

Each gentleman receives fancy basket containing small candy eggs and is told to stand six to eight feet from bonnet, placed on peg with crown turned toward him like a basket. He tries to throw his eggs into bonnet. If he succeeds in getting all his eggs into bonnet, he wins prize. If he fails, his lady partner wins prize.

BONNET ARCHERY:

Fancy-colored paper target is set up. Each gentleman is given bow and arrow. All around rim of target have been placed wooden pegs from each of which hangs a bonnet. Gentleman tries to hit partner's bonnet in center. If he succeeds, he wins prize and partner wins pair of bonnet strings.

DANCING.

BONNET DANCE:

Ladies form star at room center and dance in star form. Then they invite gentlemen to take them out in dance. Ladies present partners so chosen with tiny bonnets, duplicates of those they wear. These bonnets are tied in buttonholes of gentlemen's coats. First dance should be a Three-Step, next a Waltz, last a Galop, to place.

FLOWER BONNET ONE-STEP:

Ladies dance in couples around room, separate after one complete revolution of room, then each lady bows to some gentleman to whom she presents bouquet. They dance together to room center where ladies kneel and gentlemen decorate their bonnets with flowers handed to them by flower maidens with baskets of flowers. Ladies rise and trip to side of room where they receive bunches of flowers with tiny bonnets swinging from them. They dance in circle form around room teasingly, while holding flowers high in air, offering them to gentlemen who, dancing, try to catch up with them and get possession of flowers. Ladies do every sort of step during chase to prevent loss of flowers. Gentleman has similar privilege. If he succeeds in capturing lady, he dances with her awhile, then steps out of the way. Race continues until each lady in turn is captured.

BONNET SECRETS:

Ladies leave room and change bonnets with one another. Each lady tries to decorate herself so she cannot be recognized. Wraps of various sorts may be used. When ready, lady backs into room with dancing steps and makes squatting curtsey. Each gentleman is given chance to guess who she is. Lucky gentleman wins prize and is given opportunity to dance with lady. If no gentleman guesses who lady is, she is permitted to retire. When she returns, lower part of face from eyes down is covered. Gentlemen are given a chance to guess again.. Successful guesser has privilege of dancing with her and receives prize. Each lady in turn enters and does same thing until all are won.

REFRESHMENTS.

SANDWICHES:

Serve in large paper bonnets placed on plates covered with doilies.

SALAD:

Serve in small paper bonnets.

SOUVENIRS:

Exact reproduction of bonnets worn by ladies filled with candies for gentlemen; bonnet boxes filled with candies for ladies.

OLIVES, NUTS, CANDIES:

Serve in dainty bonnets.

ICES, ICE-CREAM:

Serve in dainty bonnet form placed in hat-boxes. Bonnets of ice-cream should be of different shapes, sizes, and colors, and decorations of bonnets should be different.

EASTER TRIFLE:

A nest of Easter eggs. Following directions are for six people: Soak half box gelatine in half cup cold water for half hour. Boil two cups milk, add gelatine and water in which gelatine has been softened, two level tablespoonfuls of sugar, teaspoon of vanilla. Allow to cool until thick. Add one cup of cream whipped very stiff. Wash six eggs, make large hole in shell at large end; pour out contents of egg into bowls—white into one bowl and yolk into another bowl. Wash clean inside of shells, drain them. Set them with hole end up into box of salt or sand so they stand level. Pour into shells prepared blanc mange. Pour slowly through funnel. Set into cold place to harden. Soak half box gelatine together with half box of rose coloring matter; add one cup sugar, pour over gelatine and sugar one cup boiling water. Add juice of two lemons with sufficient water to make cup of liquid. When cool (not cold) pour into round glass dish with coffee cup inverted in center. Set away to harden.. When ready to serve, remove coffee cup; place small strips of candied orange peel on sides and top of jelly nest, to represent straws; break egg-shells carefully; place eggs into nest, adding here and there a flake of whipped cream to simulate feathers.

EGG NESTS ON TOAST:

Separate whites and yolks of eggs, putting into separate bowls. Keep yolks whole. Beat whites with quarter teaspoon of salt to stiff froth. Heap froth on small slices of buttered toasted bread and spread with minced ham. Make depression in center of each mound. Drop yolks into center of each. Place nests on toast in moderate oven for three minutes. Serve on warm dish.

EGG ROLLING ON EASTER MONDAY ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN.

THERE is no day in all the year to which the little folks of Washington look forward with more eagerness than they do to Easter Monday, the day on which Uncle Sam invites them to come and roll eggs in his beautiful big yard. The President opens the big iron gates of the White House grounds and lets them come in and scamper about all day long. The Secretary of the Navy orders the famous Marine Band to play merry tunes for them. The Commissioners of the District of Columbia send a dozen or more policemen to see that nobody interferes with their fun; while Ambassadors and Cabinet officers, Senators, Representatives, Judges and other high dignitaries come and look on.

As far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember the day after Easter has been celebrated by permitting the children to play games on the White House grounds. Where the custom originated nobody knows.

Scarcely has the sun arisen ere the little folks begin to wend their way toward the White House. Some are rich and many are poor. Some are dressed in bright new clothes and some in rags. Some are white and some are black. Many of them, barely able to walk, toddling along holding on to older brothers and sisters. Others are in charge of mothers and nurses. Here is a bevy of merry-faced girls skipping forward in eager haste, there goes a crowd of boys whistling, laughing and shouting, while following along demurely come groups of children walking two and two and holding hands—little tots—fearful of losing themselves and one another. They come in automobiles, on bicycles, on roller-skates, and in pony-carts, while others come in baby-carriages, crowing and cooing with delight. Every child carries a basket of brightly-colored eggs. Many, too, have boxes of lunch—for they are to be out all day, and must have something to eat besides hard-boiled eggs.

But this gay and happy gathering is not made up alone of children. Fathers, mothers, nurses, gray-haired grandparents, uncles, aunts, big brothers and sisters, together with a great many who are no relation at all, join in the pastimes. It is a day of perfect freedom and equality. High and low, great and small, without thought of rank or station, mingle in the enjoyment. The sons or grandsons of ambassadors and senators scamper about with the ragged little pickaninnies whose fathers aspire to no higher position than the seat of an ash-cart. Little bow-legged darky babies tumble down with blue-eyed, golden-haired babies, and everywhere colored children and white children, poor and wealthy, big and little, roll, tumble and romp together in perfect harmony, and in absolute and perfect happiness.

The chief points of attraction are the mounds or hillocks that rise in gentle slope from the lawn in various parts of the grounds. Their sides are richly carpeted with soft, thick grass, and here it is that the

little ones roll their eggs. They clamber up the hillside with their baskets, the little tots crawling up on hands and knees, and then turn and roll their eggs one by one down the green slope. Some of them, with wild shouts of excitement, go rolling and tumbling after their eggs. If an egg is broken in its perilous journey down the hill amid scores of other eggs it is philosophically eaten. Some of the children are content to roll eggs back and forth to one another. In this game two children, generally little girls, sit on the ground a few paces apart, each with a basket of eggs by her side, and each at the same time rolls an egg toward the other in the hope that the eggs may collide and thus determine which of the two is stronger.

Mothers, fathers and nurses take part in the sport. Even old uncles and white-haired grandfathers, imbued with the joyful spirit of the day, lend a hand, and for the time imagine themselves back once more in boyhood days. They stand at the foot of the hill and catch the eggs that the little folks throw to them, and then roll them back, to the great delight of the youngsters, who, in the excitement of the game, sometimes make wild throws and send their eggs flying through the air in unexpected directions.

But the children do not confine themselves to rolling eggs. Many of them sit in groups and pick eggs with one another. This is done by striking two eggs together. The one whose egg is broken is the loser and gives up his egg to the other. This game is particularly enjoyed by the colored children, for it gives them a good excuse to eat eggs. The boy who owns a goose or turkey egg is a prince among his fellows. In all probability his shoes are torn, his clothes patched, and his woolly head is adorned with an antiquated and moth-eaten fur cap. But he could be no prouder, nor command greater respect, if he were adorned with regal robes.

On the top of the State, War and Navy Department building, near by, is a large ball on a pole. When the children see this ball slide down the pole they know it is lunch time, for this is Uncle Sam's signal that it is twelve o'clock. Gathering into groups, the merry-makers seat themselves, some near the big fountain and others beneath the wide-spreading branches of the trees, and there enjoy their mid-day repast.

With the arrival of the afternoon and the advent of the Marine Band the number of people becomes so large as to almost completely fill the great central lawn. The President, with his family and a group of friends, comes out on to the veranda of the White House. Instantly the air rings with loud and prolonged cheers, and hats and handkerchiefs are waved aloft. The band plays some stirring patriotic air, and a spirit of enthusiasm inspires the heart of every one of the thousands who are present.

As the day wears on games of all sorts take the place of simple egg-rolling. Girls skip rope and chase one another up and down the hills. Boys play leap-frog and turn handsprings. They stand on their heads, climb trees, roll down the hills, wrestle—whole bunches of them at a time—and tumble about on the grass. The smaller ones run and toddle about, ofttimes falling down, but always happy. As the sun is sinking behind the hills across the Potomac the little folks hie themselves homeward, weary, tired and sleepy, but with faces still smiling and happy, ready to tumble into bed and return in dreamland to the scenes of this happy day.

MAD MARCH HARE PARTY.

INVITATION.

The Hatter and the Dormouse
Are as usual drinking tea,
The March Hare, mad as ever,
Is inviting you to be
A member of a chosen few
To celebrate with hearty
And enthusiastic lunacy
A noted Mad Hare Party.

DIRECTIONS.

DINING-ROOM should have a topsy-turvy appearance—pictures, ornaments, bric-a-brac, chairs, all upside down. Yet, in spite of topsy-turvy appearance, artistic effect should be produced. Daffodils, jonquils, and masses of early spring flowers fill room in charming confusion. Dining-room table, in irregular position, is covered with white cloth on which are strewn daffodils, jonquils, and other early spring flowers. Candles are placed wick end down in holder. At ends of table is pell-mell array of bread and butter, cakes, sandwiches, nuts, bonbons, and other things. Center table-piece should be high silk hat upside down and lined with soft yellow bunched material, in center of which sits good-sized March Hare. Wisps of straw hang around his hair in all sorts of positions; round neck big yellow bow. Around hare in hat are daffodils, jonquils, and wisps of straw. From underneath hare come yellow satin ribbons, one end to each guest's plate. Each ribbon ends with lead-pencil and pad. Hostess requests guests to draw any one thing on table beginning with "M." Scarcely have guests begun drawing, when hostess taps bell and tells them to lay down pad and pencil and move to chair to right. Guests in new places are told to go on with drawing according to idea of person who started it. Guests are not in new places long enough to do much when hostess again tells them to move to seat to right and go on with drawing, and so on, until each guest is back in original place, when he is asked to complete original drawing and to write on it its title and his signature. Hostess collects drawings and ones that most nearly resemble original idea, win prizes. Refreshments may be served and evening may end either with Easter games or dancing.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever," remarked the husband as he surveyed her Easter gown.

"You can't jolly me into wearing this dress another season," responded his wife.

INFORMAL EASTER PARTY.

INVITATION.

Egg-shaped white cards, decorated with yellow flowers.

Your presence is requested
at an Informal Easter Party at home of
Alice B. Stockham
Riverdale, New York
Friday, April fourth, 19--
at 8 P. M.

DECORATIONS.

YELLOW and white decorations in both ribbon or cheese-cloth, and in flowers. Over mantel drape wide yellow ribbon on which is written "Easter Greeting." Same kind of ribbon and words across table, but finish ribbon with large bow rosettes at table corners. For center-piece old leghorn hat, turned upside down. Tie with yellow ribbon so that it is partly closed and fill hat with green moss and downy stuffed chicks and rabbits. On corners of table tall vases filled with Easter lilies and jonquils. Between vases suspend narrow yellow satin ribbon. Into center of napkins, folded into fanciful shapes, put large candy eggs with guests' names made from icing outside of egg. One napkin and egg at each guest's plate. Suspended above table is large pasteboard fancy egg filled with souvenirs. From this egg yellow ribbon extends to each guest's plate and is attached to fancy Easter card. After refreshments, each guest takes hold of his string, and, when hostess says, "Ready, pull," all pull and each one receives a souvenir.

GAMES.

EGG DELIVER:

Each guest is given teaspoon and told to lift egg from table and carry egg on spoon to opposite side of room and put into basket. One that succeeds in carrying all eggs from table and into basket in shortest time wins prize.

EGG HUNT:

Guests are requested to find eggs hidden in all sorts of places in room. One finding most eggs wins prize.

EGG-BLOWING CONTEST:

Each guest is given raw egg and told to prick hole into each end and blow out contents. One who blows out contents soonest wins prize. Sharp pin will puncture egg quickly.

EGG-DECORATING CONTEST:

Blown eggs are used. Each guest is given pencil and told to make egg look as grotesque or as attractive as possible. Each style wins prize.

FUNNY EGGS:

Each guest is given paste, cardboard, scissors, pen and ink, etc., and told to make egg the funniest looking object he can. Prize given to maker of funniest looking egg.

DANCING.

BOUQUETS OF EASTER FLOWERS:

Place bouquets and boutonnieres on table. Lady steps forward and picks up boutonniere and hands to gentleman she desires to dance with. After dance she is led to seat and gentleman goes to table and selects bouquet and offers to lady he wishes to dance with. If she accepts, he dances with her, then bows and passes to place. This continues until all have had opportunity to dance.

FLOWER BASKET DANCE (LILIES, GOLD RING AND TULIP):

Lady selects from table basket containing lilies, ring, and tulip. She gives ring to one gentleman, tulip to another, basket of lilies to another. Gentleman with basket of lilies dances alone, holding basket as if holding partner. Gentleman with ring chooses a lady to dance with him and gives her the ring. Gentleman with tulip dances with lady who gave it to him. Gentleman with basket of lilies takes place at room center and waits until all others return to places around room, then he calls for all ladies present. They go forward and each gets a lily. Last lady to get lily remains beside gentleman and gets basket also. The other ladies form circle and dance around this couple.

ARBOR OF LILIES:

Gentlemen secure bouquets. Part of the gentlemen form large inside circle facing outward, and the rest form outside circle facing inward. They stand as wide apart as circles will permit and hold arms high between them with bouquets held high and together. Ladies run in and out around gentlemen who try to capture them by quickly dropping hands around ladies while they are inside. Successful gentleman presents bouquet to lady, who is then to stand outside and await finish of game. When each lady has been captured and presented with bouquet, lines break, all form couples and dance.

EASTER FLOWERS:

Gentleman selects two ladies and asks them to choose Easter flower. He presents the two ladies to one gentleman, and, naming both flowers, requests gentleman to choose one. Gentleman selects flower and dances with lady representing flower he has chosen, while gentleman presenting ladies, dances with other lady. Each lady on floor after dance selects two gentlemen and asks them to choose name of automobile; she then presents the two gentlemen to one lady and mentions which automobile each one represents. Lady selects one she prefers and dances with him, and other lady dances with one not chosen.

REFRESHMENTS.

Buttered bread with sliced egg between; chicken salad; cream cheese, water jelly (made to look like rocks and containing jelly eggs of fancy-colored jelly); orange ice-cream served in candy egg-cups; gold cake with white icing; lemonade; peppermint creams; orange creams.

EASTER NEST GAME.

Alice Crary.

ARRANGE nest of hay or straw on round table. In it place colored egg for each guest. Candy eggs are best. Upon each egg fasten with drop of glue piece of ribbon, covering unsightly end with circle of gold paper. Ribbon should pass through paper. From ends of ribbons suspend numbered cards whereon are rhymed descriptions of birds to whom eggs supposedly belong. Provide guests with pencils and papers and let each remove egg from nest, reading aloud attached card. Guests should be asked to keep numbered list of names of birds as they, from verses, guess them. Some examples of rhymes are given. Birds indicated have here been named with rhymes; of course, these names must not be included in originals. Key should be held by hostess who gives the right answer.

1. A flash of sky on wing.
(Bluebird.)

2. "Oh, shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?"
Thy note from household clocks is heard,
And children's ears rejoice.
(Cuckoo.)

3. King of the water, as the air,
He dives and finds his prey.
(Kingfisher.)

4. Thy plaintive cry announces punishment,
And warns the luckless boy for whom 'tis sent.
(Whippoorwill.)

5. You introduce yourself throughout your song,
And tell the world your brief, old-fashioned name.
(Phoebe.)

6. "Bob White!" you call
Along the marshy coast.
Speak not so loud
Or you will be on toast.
(Quail.)

7. Cooing 'neath barn rafters,
Pouting, sometimes, too,
Rippling like child laughter
All the winter through.
(Pigeon.)

8. An English emigrant, bird of the street,
So common that some like thee not at all.
Yet in the Holy Bible we are told
The Father careth if but one should fall.
(Sparrow.)

9. Red-breasted harbinger of spring
We wait in hope to hear thee sing.
(Robin.)

10. Yellow captive of the cage,
Silver notes thou giv'st as wage.
(Canary.)

11. A flash of white upon the sea,
And yet 'tis not a sail.
A "little brother of the air"
Hath dared to ride the gale.
(Sea-gull.)

12. "Jenny" named in children's books,
Bright in spirit, dull in looks;
With Cock Robin as thy mate,
Nothing else I'll have to state.
(Wren.)

13. In Blue Grass regions is thy splendor seen,
Thou flash of flame.
August thy name,
Red-coated pontiff of the green.
(Kentucky Cardinal.)

14. Black robber of the cornfields, oh, beware!
The farmer can do other things than scare.
(Crow.)

15. We know how long ago
You frightened Mr. Poe—
Black-coated prophet of adversity.
(Raven.)

16. Named for the animal the dairies need,
Yet, in thy nature, quite a different breed.
(Cowbird.)

17. Black-winged in crimson roses thou art dressed,
Fine feathers make fine birds, it is confessed;
And none more fine than thou,
Oh, brilliant beauty of the bough!
(Scarlet Tanager.)

18. The melody is trickling from thy beak,
And silver whistlings help thy voice to speak.
Oh, singer, famed by thousands, clear the strain
Which ripples from thy pulsing throat like rain.
(Nightingale.)

19. Bird of the night,
Thy round eyes are aglow
With all the learning
Which the sages know.
(Owl.)

20. The mother hen must watch her little brood
Lest thou come down and bear them off for food,
And use them for a dinner,
Oh, prowling sinner.
(Hawk.)

21. You imitate the foe which does you wrong,
And call "Meouw," instead of chanting song.
(Catbird.)

22. Your coat is like the leaden sky
Which drops the feathery snow,
And when that leaves us, by-and-by,
Still further north you go.
(Snowbird.)

23. A symbol of the perfect Love
Shed from above.
(Dove.)

24. I supplicate
At heaven's gate
And rest on wing
Where angels sing.
(Lark.)

25. I'm always offered cracker,
And though I like it well
I think some other viands
Would answer just as well.
(Parrot.)

Suitable prizes should be awarded holders of most complete lists. Prizes may be simple or elaborate, provided they suggest springtime. Potted plant, nature book, silver vase, or caged canary are appropriate.

EGG TREE.

MONEY-MAKING SCHEME.

Blow out contents of eggs, paint and make from paper, cardboard, hair, etc., grotesque looking eggs and tie them to branches of trees. Select branches filled with flowers, or make flowers and attach to branches. These branches are offered for sale. They make good room decorations.

FIFTH AVENUE, BUGVILLE, EASTER SUNDAY MORNING.

EASTER HAT SALE.

INVITATION.

A Spring Sail of Hats from River-Ah!
A Rare Display of Head-gear
for
All Sorts and Conditions of Men and Women
To be Capped by
Auction Sale of Millinery

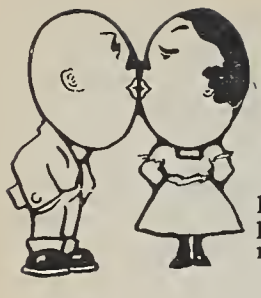
ENTERTAINMENT AND AUCTION SALE.

PRIZES: Old high hat of St. Patrick's Day order, marked fifteen "bones," opera hood, Mexican sombrero, baby's cap, each one tagged with certain number of "bones." Guests receive bone buttons to pay for articles purchased at auction. Hostess provides parcels of different sizes, wrapped to hide contents—paper caps, sun-bonnets, waitresses' caps, cooks' caps, skating-caps, old derbys, dolls' hats, fool's cap, etc. In packages are also untrimmed hats with trimmings, bandboxes with nothing but slips of paper entitling holders to purchase goods. After auction, hostess requests purchasers of untrimmed hats with trimmings to trim them; those with waitresses' hats and cooks' caps to take charge of chafing-dishes and dining-room; wearer of fool's cap to tell fortunes; those having slips may choose prizes, provided they have enough "bones" left to pay for choice; if they have not enough "bones," they may sell their purchases to guests to get more "bones." After hats are trimmed, trimmers should wear them. Refreshments are served in all kinds of paper, pasteboard and china hats. Ice-cream may be made in hat shapes.

THIS CHICKEN HAS LOTS TO LEARN.

"What a ridiculously giddy creature that young Miss Plymouth is," remarked the first hen.

"Oh, she's young yet," replied the old grandmother hen. "Wait till she has known the sorrow of sitting for three weeks on a china egg and two door-knobs—she'll sober down then."



HUMPTY-DUMPTY SOCIAL.

ORIGINAL and comic invitations can be made by cutting from cardboard or extra heavy paper egg-shaped cards on which are painted eyes, nose and mouth, high collar and bald pate, producing picture of Humpty-Dumpty. On reverse side of card is invitation:

Humpty-Dumpty

At Home

April 14, 19-- 210 Riverside Drive

Eight o'Clock

DECORATIONS.

Decorations should suggest Easter eggs. Hang in doorway large white egg made from tissue-paper and filled with cotton-batting, and in which small fancy baskets and paper flowers are hidden. Attached to each basket is a pale green ribbon and to each flower a yellow ribbon. Ribbons hang outside of egg. Sides of room have hay in which colored or fancy eggs are hidden.

GAMES.

Hostess requests each lady to take hold of green ribbon and each gentleman to take hold of yellow ribbon of egg hanging in doorway. Hostess calls "one," "two," "three." At "three," all pull. Each lady gets from egg a basket, each gentleman a gay paper flower. Gentleman has for partner lady whose ribbon on basket matches his flower.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY SEARCH:

Partners search in hay for eggs matching their colors. Couple finding most eggs in twenty minutes wins prize. At end of game all retain as "consolation prize" eggs they have found.

FUNNY-FACE CONTEST:

Each guest is given hard-boiled egg (left natural color), pen and ink, and requested to draw on egg face and head. Ten minutes are allowed. Funniest face receives first prize. Poorest face receives booby prize.

REFRESHMENTS AND SOUVENIRS.

Provide large fancy empty egg-boxes made of pasteboard and open in half like a box. Fill with sandwiches, chicken salad or lettuce leaves, olives, cake and ice-cream. Wrap each article by itself and place it into egg-box in order it should be eaten. These egg-boxes are passed on plates to guests who eat contents. Souvenirs may be egg-shells filled with cotton hiding funny articles. Tie egg-shells together (after placing souvenir within) by gay-colored ribbon in fancy bow at one side.

DANCING.

Main feature of dancing should be variety and surprises.

ONE-STEP:

After couples have danced half way down room, they separate and dance with next couple. Each new couple thus formed continues dancing half way down room and there separates and dances with next couple and so on. Meanwhile at center of room very large egg has been placed. After couples have changed partners several times, hostess lifts top of egg and reveals girl dressed as fairy. Fairy waves wand to two couples to come to her, then waves them to positions on opposite sides of egg. Fairy waves two more couples to positions in front of and behind egg. Again she waves two more couples to different positions opposite each other near egg. When six couples are around egg, Fairy tells them to join hands and dance around egg. She orders them to waltz around egg in couples; to join hands again and dance around egg in circle. She gives each dancer an end of ribbon and separate bunch of ribbons. Fairy holds fast to other end of single ribbons, but bunch of ribbons is held by each dancer alone until dancers motion to other dancers around room to come forward and take hold of ends of their ribbon in bunch and move back to form large outer circle. Both circles dance with skipping steps entirely around egg and back to place. Outer-circle dancers dance in toward inner circle, whirl several times, bow and retreat to place; both circles move around egg and back to place with skipping steps. Inner-circle dancers drop ribbons and skip toward outer circle dancers, whirl, bow and return to places where they again take hold of ribbons. All ribbons are tossed to Fairy, who is covered by hostess and dance finishes with couples dancing one-step to places about room.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY DANCE:

Two gentlemen dressed as Humpty-Dumpty turn somersaults, or handsprings, into room. They grab egg containing Fairy and carry it out. They return, each seizes a lady and dances with her around room in humorous fashion. Each lady's partner gives chase and tries to get her back. If he succeeds, he takes her back to place, then each Humpty-Dumpty tries to seize another lady. Every time he gets a lady he has privilege of dancing with her until she is captured by partner.

HUMPTY-DUMPTY COTILLION—(1) FORMING A KNOT:

Dancers wear clown costume. Partners dance together in Grand Waltz, then form Grand Round. All go to left once around. Ladies advance, form Round inside and go to right; gentlemen outside form Round and go to left; all go once around; gentleman gives right hand to partner's right hand, commencing movement as for Grand Chain; but on meeting next lady left hand is given, and gentleman swings around that lady, giving right hand to next lady, swinging around her, and so turning each lady in succession until partners are regained, when all make profound salute; then follows a General Waltz with all kinds of funny actions on part of dancers.

(2) THE CAPTURING CLOWN—PARTNERS' WALTZ:

Leader calls gentlemen, except one who is to be Capturing Clown, to form large Round. Capturing Clown remains outside Round. Lady is placed within Round for protection. Capturing Clown tries in every way to capture lady. Gentlemen of Round do everything to aid lady to escape. Capturing Clown and lady pass and repass under arms of Round, sometimes within Round and sometimes without. If Capturing Clown succeeds, lady becomes his partner during waltz following capture and gentlemen of Round dance with ladies who are left. New Round is formed, new Capturing Clown and new lady are selected for center of Round, and game continues, each time finishing with general waltz.

(3) FICKLE LADY AND HER CUSHION:

Hostess gives lady a cushion. Partner of lady leads her to room center and places cushion at her feet. He indicates various gentlemen about room to come and kneel before lady. As a gentleman starts to kneel, if lady does not wish him to do so, she quickly pulls cushion away and rejected gentleman moves to place behind her chair where he stands until lady does choose a gentleman. When lady makes selection, gentleman is permitted to kneel on cushion and kiss her hand. Lady rises and dances waltz or two-step with him. Gentlemen now return to places. Hostess selects another lady for center of room, and same procedure is gone through with until each lady selects dancing partner.

(4) TOSS AND CATCH:

Each lady is given a cup and each gentleman a ball. After waltzing together they present themselves to a gentleman, who, if he succeeds in throwing ball into lady's cup, takes her for partner, other gentleman taking his lady for partner, and all waltz. This same method is continued with all others.

(5) PEPPERMINT-STICKS:

Hostess selects lady, provides her with candy peppermint-sticks and baby-bibs, leads her to room center, and presents various gentlemen to her. Lady gives peppermint-sticks and bibs to gentlemen she rejects. Rejected gentlemen tie bib around neck and kneel in various parts of room and suck peppermint-sticks. Gentleman selected by lady waltzes with her in and out among kneeling gentlemen. All rest, after finish of her waltz, join in general waltz.

Germany is the land of the Easter egg. From the children of the Emperor to those of the lowest peasant all are hunting for eggs. German children look upon Easter in much the same way as American children look upon Christmas. Instead of Santa Claus they believe in elves and fairies, rabbits, etc., living in deep caverns in the mountainside, and keeping account during the entire year of each child's conduct, then rewarding them accordingly at Eastertide, by leaving eggs in little nests and nooks in the garden or meadow adjoining each house. Next morning the children arise early and join in the search. Away they go, laughing, shouting, merry-making, until the very hills resound with enjoyment, and after all the eggs are found they are divided equally among the children.

TO COLOR EASTER EGGS.

ALOW or broken tone for back-ground is necessary. This back-ground is got by dyeing the egg twice with analine dyes—first yellow, second time purple or first orange and then weak black. Then with pen, quill, or small camel's hair-brush, draw on egg with strong solution of nitric acid any desired design. Acid should be washed off quickly in clean, cold water, and the silhouette effect will be obtained. The decoration is then painted on egg in water-colors. Three half pans of water-colors—red, yellow, blue—will produce any desired tone, and the simpler it is done the better. To make coloring durable, apply thin coat of French varnish, but be sure that designs are perfectly dry before applying varnish.

To color eggs various shades of brown, hard-boil eggs with dry brown onion skins. This will color eggs various shades of brown, with no taste of onion.

Onion skin boiled a few moments gives a good shade of red or orange, saffron gives yellow, spinach or parsley gives a delicate green. If a flower pattern is desired, new calico wrapped smoothly around egg and then boiled will leave color and pattern behind. If motto, name, or picture is desired on tinted egg, write it with liquid fat on shell of egg, and let it stand long enough to set before putting egg into dye. This keeps shell from taking color wherever tracing is applied, and motto, name, or picture comes out in pure white.

SOUVENIRS FOR EASTER.

EGG VASES WITH FLOWERS:

BLOW out contents of egg. Break away part of small end of egg as irregular as possible. Drop inside shell four or five shot and pour in melted wax to hold shot firm. Paint each guest's name on shell in green, relieved by touch of gold. Fill egg-shell with violets or sprays of lily-of-the-valley, and place beside each guest's plate.

EASTER HATS:

Make tiny hats from fancy straw, ribbon, lace and flowers or of crepe-paper. Wrap each hat in tissue-paper and place into white boxes. Tie hat-boxes with narrow yellow ribbon.

CAMEO EGGS:

Melt odds and ends of colored candles in cups. Hard-boil eggs in soda-water. On each egg draw lightly with pencil rabbit, chicken, flower or any other object pleasing to children. With fine camel's hair brush apply melted wax, which cools rapidly, design standing out like a cameo. Dip eggs into luke-warm dyes of any color. Dyeing eggs will not affect wax after it has once hardened on egg.

DAFFODILS:

Cut from pasteboard, double card, daffodil with leaves and stem. Paint with correct colors. Card being in form of a folder, daffodils are on opposite sides of card; and, when opened, card forms standard beside guest's plate. On inside of card write appropriate verse or verses which may be read aloud.

FUZZY-WUZZY CHICKEN CUP:

Decorate stuffed fuzzy chickens with piece of ribbon and tie them to handle of fancy cup. Cup with saucer and chicken belong to guest at end of entertainment.

EGG-SHELL DIPPERS:

Blow out contents of large eggs. Cut off smaller end of shell. Bore hole in side of shell and slide into hole long slim stick, which may be fastened in place by melted sealing-wax applied outside and inside, at juncture of bowl and handle. This forms a dipper. Paint egg-shell and handle attractively. Loop of green ribbon tied to handle makes pretty Easter novelty.

EASTER MONDAY LAWN EGG HUNT.

DIRECTIONS.

1. Announce: "You are invited to attend an Easter Egg Hunt at residence of (give name and place) on Easter Monday afternoon at 2 P. M."
2. Hide various colored eggs around lawn in all sorts of places—in holes, under leaves, beneath bushes, in low crotchets of trees and in nests made in grass. Remember, children appear early at such affairs, so be sure to have eggs hidden before they come.
3. Each child is given a paper bag, on which is written his or her name. Into this bag are placed eggs found. Child is told not to eat eggs until prizes have been awarded.
4. No child is to start to hunt eggs until all are told to hunt.
5. Children are told, when bags are given them, that when they hear gong or bell they are to come to front of house to have eggs counted.
6. While eggs are counted, refreshments may be served or games played. (Many games throughout this book are suggestive.)
7. If preferred, refreshments may be sold, such as bags of candy, lemonade, cake, ice-cream, etc.
8. Players having highest number of eggs in bags receive first prizes —handsome candy eggs or basket of fancy candy eggs. Other prizes may be awarded, such as chickens, ducks, eggs, etc.

"AN EGG-PLANT."

INVITATION.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown
cordially invite Annie and Willie Benson
to attend an "Egg-Plant"
to be held at their residence
300 Cameron Avenue
Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock

ENTERTAINMENT.

EGG DECORATING:

Guests are given hard-boiled eggs and frames to set them in. Frame resembles napkin-ring, made from cardboard two inches in width, sewed into circle required size. Guests sit at table on which are water-color paints, brushes, tissue-paper, paste, scissors, pencils, etc., and are told to decorate their eggs. Best decorated egg receives prize, which may be fancy egg-shaped box filled with candy.

EGG RACE:

Put ten hard-boiled eggs on floor in two rows, three feet apart. Players are given teaspoons and told, two at a time, to lift eggs with teaspoon one at a time from floor, without touching egg with hand, and carry eggs to opposite end of room and put them into basket filled with hay. One and two play together, three and four, and so on. Winner of each couple receives star on his card (egg-shaped and numbered, provided by hostess). After game has gone around once, guests having stars play together and have chance of winning second star. Best player, after many contests, receives as prize large candy egg through end of which one may view an extended landscape.

REFRESHMENTS.

BOUILLON:

Pieces of hard-boiled eggs are in each cup of bouillon.

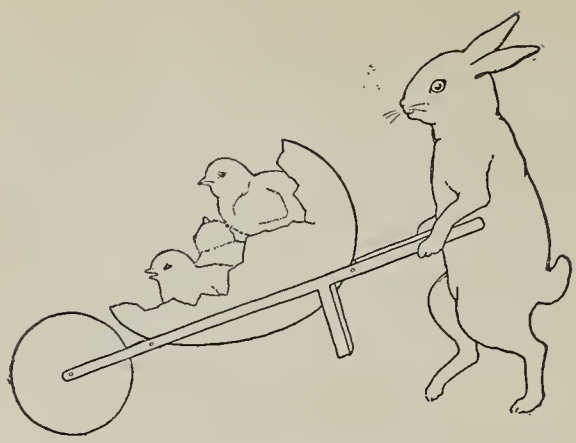
COCKTAIL SANDWICHES:

Put lettuce leaves on thin slices of buttered bread; sprinkle with pepper and salt; roll up; tie with narrow satin ribbon; stick into end of sandwich small chicken feather. If these cannot be got easily, feathers from feather-duster may be used.

CHICKEN SALAD SURPRISE:

Pass in bowl. In this bowl are only tissue-paper lettuce leaves. Each guest draws one out and is surprised to find at end of leaf tiny feathered chicken.

CANDIES,	BONBONS,
NUTS,	RAISINS.



BUNNY PICNIC.

Entertainment for Tiny Tots.

An Easter Bunny invites
May Madelaine Ross Brown
To his Bunny Picnic to be held at
501 Newport Avenue
April twelfth, at two p. m.
You are expected to wear a Bunny Mask

GAMES.

LARGE sheet of green muslin covers floor. Sides of room are banked with dogwood blossoms and shrubbery. Hidden everywhere are all sorts and sizes of candy or toy bunnies. Children should come masked.

BUNNY HUNT.

Hostess tells children to wait for whistle before beginning search for bunnies. Each child is to find one bunny only, and then bring it to hostess. When each child has got one, hostess tells child to sit on floor in circle form. She explains game before they begin to play each time.

PASS THE BUNNIES:

Bunnies are passed along without any stop, one following the other around circle. If a player drops a bunny he leaves circle, and circle closes up. Game continues until two players only are left to pass bunnies back and forth. They are to move bunnies very rapidly. If both continue good players both receive prizes. If one only proves best player, that one receives prize.

BUNNY IMPERSONATIONS:

Each child tries to impersonate a bunny in various ways, as moving about, looking, eating, etc. Best impersonator wins prize.

HUNTING BUNNY NESTS:

Room is arranged with plants of all kinds to look like a wild field. Hidden among plants in all sorts of places are nests of gay-colored eggs. Each child finding a nest receives large candy egg as prize.

REFRESHMENTS.

Children remove masks and sit on floor, picnic fashion, during refreshments.

RABBIT AND EGG ICE-CREAM:

Ice-cream in form of rabbit with pink candy eyes, and gay-colored ice-cream in egg form, laid on large lettuce leaf on plate.

RABBIT AND EGG CAKE:

Cakes in form of rabbits and eggs and covered with icing. Eyes of rabbit are made with pink candies. Cakes are placed on bed of moss in center of room. Rabbits are placed all around edge of plate of cakes facing outward. Eggs are placed inside space left in center.

RABBIT AND EGG CANDIES:

Various candies shaped like rabbits and eggs are placed in fancy peppermint candy baskets or in small fancy baskets, which are placed on floor around centerpiece of rabbits and eggs.

JELLIED EGGS AND REAL EGGS IN JELLY NEST:

Eggs made from blanc mange jelly. Hard-boiled, gay-colored eggs, shells removed, are so placed into large dish filled with lumps of lemon jelly that they look as in a nest. Each child is given a china bowl. Hostess dips from nest lumps of jelly and puts into bowl of each child, then puts blanc mange egg, shelled hard-boiled egg, and fancy-colored egg on jelly in bowl.

NOTE:—During refreshments a room is prepared decorated with daffodils, buttercups, etc., real or artificial. When children have finished eating, they pass into flower room to play a game before going home. ("Game of Flowers" is suggested, as below.)

GAME OF FLOWERS.

Two children, standing opposite each other, raise joined hands. Other children form ring passing under raised hands, while all keep singing and suiting action to words:

We're looking for a daffodil,
A daffodil, a daffodil;
We're looking for a daffodil;
We've found one here.

At "here" raised arms of two children, under which ring has been passing, drop down and inclose head of child who happens to be immediately under arms. All sing:

We find one here, we find one here;
We're looking for a daffodil,
A daffodil a daffodil,
And find one here.

Daffodil takes place of child who caught her and call begins for Buttercup.

We're looking for a buttercup,
A buttercup, a buttercup,
We're looking for a buttercup;
We've found one here..

Same movements and actions take place during singing of this stanza. Buttercup, being found, takes place of Daffodil, and child who has held place, goes into ring with others and game begins again. Various flowers may be used until each child has been caught and has held up hands for others to pass under.

GAMES FOR EASTER.

EASTER FISHING POND:

PLACE into tub of water tin eggs filled with candy eggs. To each tin egg attach loop of cord. Give each player pole and line with pin hook. After each player has fished for egg, put large egg into center of pond and allow players chance to catch it. Most successful one gets large egg as prize and is given also feathered chicken.

IDENTICAL EGGS:

Hostess prepares two eggs of same color for each couple. On one egg is written one line of a couplet and on the other egg of same color another line. Gentlemen receive eggs of different colors, and are told to hide eggs on their person. Eggs of similar colors (those having first line of couplet) are put into all sorts of places and ladies are requested to find eggs. As soon as lady finds an egg, she steps to center of room and reads line on egg. Gentleman having same colored egg, steps forward and reads other line of couplet. At refreshments these two are partners, and so on throughout games.

EGG RACE:

Build around room a course of chairs, barrels, boxes, tables, etc., and finally through a barrel or box. Place six eggs at starting-point on floor. Player is given a shallow wooden spoon to lift egg and start on race. He carries egg around course and deposits it into basket at end of course. Player who first places egg into basket gets a prize. If a contestant drops egg, he picks it up and continues, but failures count against him.

EGG THROWING:

Six hard-boiled eggs are given each player. On floor is heavy quilt, in center of which is bag with open mouth twice the size of egg. Handicaps are arranged according to age of contestants. Whoever throws largest number of eggs into bag wins prize.

ECCLESIASTICAL BALL:

Game, formerly popular with monks, consists of players standing in various positions and passing eggs as rapidly as possible from one to another, across, around, in and out, etc. Player dropping egg goes out of the game. Eggs as well as prizes are brilliantly colored.

DRAWING AN EASTER EGG:

Each player is given pad and pencil and requested to draw Easter egg. Whoever makes best drawing receives first prize (Easter lily growing in pot of earth). Colored, hard-boiled egg is given to one who drew worst looking egg.

MATCHING EGGS:

Two players knock eggs together. Player who keeps his egg without breaking wins. Victor remains in center of room and contests with new player. Victor again remains in center. So game goes on until all have played. Winner receives each egg that he has contested against. At end of game one who has most eggs contests with the one who has next in number. Final winner receives all eggs.

EGG DANCE:

On lawn, Easter Monday, eggs are scattered. Gentleman and lady, hand in hand, dance in and around eggs. If they finish dance without breaking an egg, they receive appropriate prize. Each couple dances in turn.

BALL AND PACKAGE GAME:

Game is suited to follow Easter tree-festivities. Egg-shaped packages containing gifts or sweets are made from bright-colored papers, and loop of narrow ribbon is fastened at top. Packages are suspended on large hoop beneath gas-fixture or electric-light fixture. If gas-fixtures, remove globes. Each player in turn throws soft kindergarten ball at one of the packages. If he hits one, package becomes his. If he fails, he passes ball to his neighbor who takes a chance, and so on. When all have had a chance, hostess bids players open packages.

FEATHERS:

Players sit still in circle with hands lying loosely in laps. Chosen leader, standing in center of circle, begins game by saying:

Cows have feathers,
Cats have feathers,
Rats have feathers,
Ducks have feathers.

When leader names anything that really has feathers all hands must go up. Ones who fail to raise hands pay forfeit, and game goes on.

HEADLESS CHICKENS:

Hang sheet (on which is painted, or paper made, headless chicken) against wall. Contestant is given head of chicken made of paper of gay colors or painted on pieces of muslin. Pin is attached to each head. Contestant is blindfolded and led to sheet and told to pin head on chicken. Contestant who pins head nearest right wins prize. Sometimes live canary in gilt cage is given as prize.

PART IV.

EASTER CENTERPIECES, RECIPES

EASTER CENTERPIECES.

BASKET OF CHICKENS.

Fill fancy basket with gilt egg-shells from broken tops of which appear tiny chickens of real feathery kind or of yellow cotton. Attach to handle of basket yellow satin ribbons which extend to each guest's plate. At end of ribbon attach guest's place-card.

BUNNY CAKE AND EASTER CANDLESTICKS.

On lace square on center of table place several round ruffled lace dollies, one on top the other, each being smaller than one under it. On center of doilies place Bunny Cake. In circular form all around outside of doilies, yet on square lace centerpiece, place Easter candlesticks. Bunny Cake is made as follows: Bake gold cake mixture in round, plain pan. Chocolate icing on cake. Finish upper edge of cake with rim of yellow icing. Make nest of spun sugar colored yellow. If you cannot get spun sugar, use cocoanut shaved in long fine strips and arranged to look like real straw nest. In center of nest place bunny lying or crouching.

HAPPY RABBIT FAMILY.

Yellow satin or sateen tablecloth. Center of table is covered in large circular or elliptical form (according to shape of table) with grass, lettuce and cabbage leaves. Around large bunny, in center of table are baby bunnies. Outside of circle or elipse are two large bunnies facing table center and each other. Each of these two bunnies carries on back basket filled with carrots, turnips, onions, etc., also a Japanese parasol held overhead. Snapping motto, decorated with lettuce leaves and grass and with bunny attached to one side, is placed in erect position at every guest's plate.

EASTER CANDLESTICKS.

Tint egg-shells yellow. Decorate egg-shells with silhouette of tiny rabbit. Set egg-shells over real candlestick holder. Place candlesticks through egg-shells into real holder, which should be crepe-paper jonquil. Its center has cardboard socket glued fast to flower center and holds candle firmly. Light candles when ready.

BASKET OF CROCUSES.

Oval basket filled with crocuses with two large rabbits standing close "on guard" attitude. Four smaller baskets of crocuses, one at each corner of table. Yellow satin ribbons extend from smaller basket handles to handle of oval basket at center of table. From center basket yellow satin ribbons extend to each guest's plate. At end of ribbon nearest guest is name-card to which spray of crocuses is tied by narrow ribbon. Put rabbit boutonniere at each guest's plate.

BARK NEST.

Make nest from bark and fill with blown, tinted eggs. Around centerpiece place ferns snuggling against nest of bark. Here and there among ferns place stalks of Easter lilies.

CHICKEN RUN.

Nail at intervals around edge of barrel six upright pieces of wood, five inches in height, leaving equal space between them. Make fence by wrapping satin ribbon round and round, finishing top of each upright piece with bow. Place on table center. Decorate and tuck all around sprigs of smilax allowing it to trail, all over tablecloth, to four corners of table. Just before guests appear, sprinkle green leaves in enclosure and put in ten downy little chicks, alive or stuffed. At side of each guest's plate place small nest of smilax containing calico-colored Easter egg.

SPRING WILD-FLOWERS.

Use oblong tray turned upside down for table centerpiece. Drape vines of various kinds around tray. Cover tray with moss, and different kinds of wild-flowers stuck into moss to look as if really growing there. Some vines should trail from centerpiece to various parts of table. Moss, roots of trilliums, spring beauties, bloodroot, and pretty creeping vines can be got easily in the woods in early spring. These make appropriate centerpieces for Easter table. To give Easter effect, add small stuffed chickens and ducks.

JELLY EGGS.

Attractive Easter centerpiece is made from jelly in form of nest as follows: With half box of gelatin make quart of lemon jelly according to directions on package, and pour mixture into large, flat, round dish. Cut peel of lemons used for jelly into long shreds and cook tender in sugar and water. Take lemon peel out with skimmer and lay aside until jelly is hardened, then sprinkle peel over clear jelly, that has been turned out on platter, until lemon peel gives effect of nest. Dissolve remainder of gelatin in little cold water. Have ready quart of sweet milk, cooked in double boiler, and thickened slightly with heaping teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in cold milk. Cook long enough so there will be no raw taste to cornstarch. Sweeten with small cupful of sugar; add tiny pinch of salt and the dissolved gelatin, and take at once from fire. Divide this into four parts, coloring one part yellow with yolk of egg, one part pink with fruit coloring, and third part brown with melted chocolate; leave fourth part white. While still hot, use the different colors as follows: Pour one color into one egg-shell, another color into another shell, and so on. If, however, you prefer to have an egg consist of more than one color, pour only a little of one color into bottom of each egg, then put remainder of liquids back on stove to keep hot. As soon as contents of egg-shells have solidified, pour a little of another color into each egg-shell, and again wait until solidified. Continue doing so until egg is filled. Egg may consist of one, two, three, four, or more colors. Prepare egg-shells beforehand by pricking holes in each end and blowing out contents. Then seal one end and enlarge opening in other end a little more. Carefully rinse inside of egg-shells with cold water, then drain and set eggs upright in pan of sand, meal, or salt, making sure egg-shells are firm. Into these you pour the different colored liquid jelly, as stated. When ready to serve, place jelly loaf on table center, remove shells from eggs and place jelly eggs into nest on top of loaf.

EASTER TREE.

Use small deep green shrub having good foliage. Embed it in sand in white or green jardinieres with tulle and ferns arranged at base. Hang on its branches dark green cones, one for each cover. These cones are formed of six leaf-shaped sections, wide in center and tapering to point at each end. Each section is two inches wide at widest part and nine inches long. They are made from China silk or crepe-paper. Sections for each cone are sewed together at base one-third of distance up, leaving two-thirds of petals free. White Easter lily is slipped into each cone, and green silk petals are brought up lightly over lily and inclosing it; green petals are held in place with green baby-ribbon run through slits cut in upper point of each silk petal. Flower part of green cone is fastened to stem of lily with twine. Cones are attached to tree by lily stem, fastening hidden under little sprays of smilax or fern. One end of ribbon attached to each cone hangs down and runs to each cover, where it is fastened, under jaunty bow, to neck of a bunny. At signal guests

pull ribbons lightly, detaching them from cones and loosening petals so as to disclose lilies within. Be sure ribbon run through green petals is held so lightly that the pull will act promptly. China silk is so soft and light that merest touch will hold petals together, so have slits large and lily securely fastened to tree.

VIOLETS AND RABBITS.

Fill bowl, gilt basket, silver dish or tray with violets surrounded by six or more bunnies. At each plate have white spun sugar rabbit holding bunch of violets and foliage. Menu or name-cards should be violet tinted. Ice-cream cases should be white satin, with ribbon violets on top. These cases may be given as souvenirs to be used as pin-cushions, or they may be of violet satin, with small white satin bunny on top. Candied violets in bonbon dishes help carry out color motif. Scatter violets over tablecloth.

RABBITS AND DAFFODILS.

Surround low glass bowl at table center with small artificial rabbits arranged to face guests when at table. Tie yellow ribbon around neck of each rabbit, finish tie with long bow and loops at back of rabbit's neck. Place into bowl water and moss and stand daffodils up straight in moss. At bottom of each rabbit paste end of yellow ribbon and let other end of ribbon go to guest's plate. Across end of ribbon next to guest print guest's name in green. At end of ribbon bow at back of rabbit's neck pin card containing prophecy of fate of guest ten years hence. At end of luncheon each guest receives rabbit attached to string and reads aloud prophecy.

EASTER RECIPES.

I.—MEATS, EGGS, VEGETABLES.

CHICKEN PATES.

Chop cold chicken coarsely and season well. Make large cup drawn butter, and while on fire stir in two eggs, boiled hard, minced fine, also little chopped parsley, then chicken meat. Put over fire and let almost boil. Have ready pate-pans of good paste. bake quickly to light brown. Slip pate-cups from pans while hot and set on plates, fill with mixture and set into hot oven to heat. Serve hot.

POTATO SNOW AND BUNNY CROQUETTES.

Prepare mashed potatoes and chicken croquettes in rabbit shape. (Use peas for eyes. Peas are kept in place by toothpicks.) Form mashed potatoes into large oblong loaf and place on white board. Save some potato for trimmings. Beat potatoes exceedingly light with cream and butter extra. When cool enough to handle, decorate top and side of loaf by pressing potato through pastry bag and tube. Slip loaf on board into oven little while to heat thoroughly. When ready to serve, place loaf on platter, arrange rabbit croquettes around loaf all facing in one direction; garnish dish with parsley. Serve hot,

EDIBLE BUNNY.

Place mashed sweet potatoes on well-buttered platter and mold with fingers and silver knife into shape of. rabbit, scooping out hole in back. Put into oven and bake ten minutes. When ready for table, add to rabbit ears made from cabbage leaf or leaves of Romaine lettuce. Fasten ears in place with toothpick. Stick green peas in place for eyes and shade eyes and mouth with melted chocolate. Fill hole in back with hard-boiled eggs and garnish platter with eggs and parsley.

DUCKLINGS.

Make a mound of aspic jelly about an inch in depth. When cold, unmold jelly on deep plate and place here and there on its surface little ducks of cream cheese which are easily made by pressing cheese into oval shape for body and small circle for head. Small kernels of unpopped corn are used for bills and bits of parsley for eyes. Garnish with small twigs of fir or parsley.

POTATO CHICKS.

Mash hot boiled potatoes and beat until light; add small quantity of cream, generous piece of butter and salt to taste. When cool enough to handle, mold quickly into forms of little chicks, using small pieces of parsley for wings and eyes and piece of parsley stem for bill. Stand in nest of parsley or serve in individual nests.

MAGIC EGGS.

Select dozen smooth and evenly-shaped potatoes. Wash thoroughly, and partially bake in hot oven. When almost cool, cut piece out of top of each one and save pieces for lids. Scoop out hole in each potato large enough to hold egg; season cavities with salt and pepper and pour into each one well-beaten egg. Put lids on securely and set potatoes back into oven to finish baking. When baked, they may be arranged on dish garnished with parsley.

EGG NESTS ON TOAST.

5 eggs, 5 slices of toasted bread, 5 tablespoonfuls of chopped ham. Separate whites and yolks of eggs, keeping yolks whole. Beat whites with ¼ teaspoon salt to stiff froth; heap froth on slices of buttered toasted bread and spread with chopped ham in little mounds. Make depression in center of each mound; drop whole yolks into hollows; place nests into moderate oven 3 minutes; serve on warm dish.

OMELET.

1 cup of boiled, unseasoned rice, turn over it 1 cup warm milk, add 1 tablespoon of melted butter, ½ teaspoon of salt, dash of pepper; mix well; add three beaten eggs. Put 1 tablespoon butter into hot frying-pan; and, when it begins to boil, pour in omelet and set pan into hot oven. As soon as cooked through, fold it double, turn on hot dish and serve at once.

FRIAR'S OMELET.

Stew and sift 6 large apples; while hot add 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon butter. When cool, add 3 beaten eggs. Heat 1 large tablespoon butter brown in cup of stale fine bread-crumbs. Butter a mold, sprinkle bread-crumbs on bottom and sides; fill with prepared apple, to which add juice of one lemon, cover with crumbs; bake ½ hour. When cool, turn on platter, eat with sugar and cream. It may be eaten hot.

II.—SALADS.

MRS. BUNNY'S SALAD.

Mix apple and celery salad thoroughly with whipped cream. Pack into round dish and set into refrigerator. Color cream-cheese delicate green. To do this, boil spinach or cress in little water, drain out spinach and let water cook until only little is left and use this water for coloring cheese. Form cheese into egg shapes; fleck eggs with black pepper. Make amber-colored rabbit from aspic jelly. When ready to serve salad, turn jelly from mold on platter lined with chicory. Make indentations in salad for cheese eggs to be laid closely together, and place aspic jelly rabbit on top of salad, surrounded by cheese eggs. Scoop out the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, mix the yolks with mayonnaise and put the mixture back into the eggs. Place eggs, with broken ends down (so that broken ends do not show) around salad, eggs to stand upright in chicory as if in a nest. Stick a few cloves round and in top of each egg. This salad would be still more attractive if placed on very large round plate-tray covered with renaissance lace doily. On doily is placed large plate to hold salad. Chicory is placed under salad and on doily.

POND LILY SALAD.

Arrange lettuce leaves perfect in shape and color in circle upon plates to be served to guests. Cut into halves large hard-boiled eggs, take out yolks and cut whites into long narrow strips, widest at middle of egg, and narrowing toward ends, like pond-lily petals. Arrange these strips in center of lettuce leaves with narrowest ends outward, to form circle, leaving small circular space in center; then put a second row, placing pieces between those of first circle. Finally press yolks through sieve and heap small quantity in center of each circle, covering green space so yellow represents heart of lily. Serve with mayonnaise dressing, which is to be passed to guests and not put on salad.

WATERCRESS AND EGG SALAD.

Make nest of watercress on each salad plate. Boil three eggs twenty minutes for each plate. Cool eggs rapidly by plunging into ice water. Dry eggs. Remove shells. Carefully remove whites. Cut whites into lily petal shaped pieces and place around center of nest of watercress. Fill egg lily cup with plenty of cream mayonnaise dressing. Grate one yolk over cream mayonnaise. Grate yolks of other two eggs all over nest of watercress so they are like dots everywhere on cress. Place into cool place until ready to serve.

EGG NEST SALAD.

Build nest of narrow strips of cold boiled potatoes laid upon crisp lettuce leaves. Fill nests with eggs made from cream cheese rolled in grated yellow cheese. Serve on individual plates with mayonnaise dressing, plain crackers, or thin slices of buttered brown bread.

III.—CAKES, DESSERTS.

BUNNY CAKE.

Ice gold cake with chocolate icing and finish top edge with yellow, crinkly icing. Put a crouched rabbit into nest of shredded cocoanut and place nest on top of cake.

GOLD CAKE.

¾ cup butter	3 cups milk
10 egg yolks	1 teaspoon nutmeg
2 tablespoons baking powder	2 cups sugar
	1½ pints flour

1 tablespoon lemon

Rub butter and sugar to white cream; add yolks of eggs, three at a time, beating a little between each addition; add flour sifted with baking-powder; add milk, lemon flavoring, nutmeg. Mix pretty firm. Bake in paper-lined cake tin in steady oven fifty minutes.

BUNNY CHARLOTTES.

Bake sponge mixture in individual pans. Cover with pale yellow icing. When firm, cut tops of cakes off carefully with sharp knife. Scoop out cake, fill with thick custard, return tops of cakes to place. Finish whole cakes on top edge with icing put through pastry bag and tube. Decorate top of cake with rabbit's head made from chocolate icing.

HARLEQUIN EGGS.

Some days before Easter eggs should be emptied out of tiny hole made in one end and shells filled with cold water and set away until time to use. They should then be rinsed thoroughly in cold water and filled with different colored jellies or blanc mange and placed, open end up, into pan of meal or salt and allowed to stand until firm. Then chip off shells and serve in nest of whipped cream.

MOCK EGGS IN JELLY.

Fill empty egg-shells with blanc mange, colored yellow and flavored with orange and set them away until firm and time to serve. Make orange jelly and turn it into border or ring mold and set into cold place until hard. When time to serve, unmold it on large round plate and garnish with candied orange straws. Take shells from blanc mange eggs and fill center of jelly ring with yellow eggs. Serve with whipped cream chilled and sweetened.

EASTER CAKE.

Cream together 1 cup of sugar, ½ cup butter, yolks 4 eggs, ½ cup milk. Stir in gradually 2½ cups flour sifted with 2 teaspoons baking powder. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and stir in lightly whites four eggs beaten very stiff. Bake in four layers and fill with following: Grated rind of one and juice of two lemons, 1 cup of water, 1 teaspoon butter, and one heaping tablespoon flour cooked over hot water till it thickens; cool before spreading. Ice top of cake with frosting and decorate with candied eggs, chickens, rabbits, or with candied cherries, seeded raisins, small pieces of citron.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

1½ cups milk	2/3 cup currants & raisins
¼ cup butter	1 qt. flour
1/3 cup sugar	1/3 teaspoon salt
½ yeast cake	½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 egg	1 teaspoon sugar(for yeast)

Scald milk with butter and sugar. Allow mixtnre to cool until lukewarm. Work yeast with sugar till it liquifies and add it to milk; add egg lightly beaten. Put in currants and raisins; sift and add flour, salt and cinnamon. Knead to a dough same as for bread, and let it rise in warm place free from draughts till very light. Divide portions little larger than biscuits; work until smooth; roll into rounds and place on greased baking-tin, little distance apart. Let them rise once more till light, then bake in moderate oven. Just before baking, make cross on top of each bun. When nearly done, brush over with milk or white of egg, sprinkle with sugar and return to oven a moment.

JELLIED EGG.

Pour gelatin flavored with unfermented grape-juice into egg-shells and set them upon ice. When jelly is firm, remove shells, and you will have as many pretty clear violet eggs as you have had shells. Arrange them around a mold of Bavarian cream, and serve. Gelatin flavored with chocolate, orange or cranberry juice would make equally pretty eggs.

BASKET OF EGGS.

Little baskets of puff paste filled with yellow eggs made from rich custard thickened with cornstarch, cooked until stiff and poured into egg-shaped molds. When cold, custard eggs are removed from molds, placed into pastry baskets and covered with whipped cream dotted with white grapes cut in half and seeds removed.

ANGEL'S FOOD.

Break whites of 11 eggs into large cake-bowl, beat them stiff; add gradually 1½ tumblerfuls of granulated sugar which has been sifted eight times; add 1 tumblerful of flour which has been sifted five times; the fifth time sift in one teaspoon of cream of tartar; add 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Keep stirring while you turn it into pan. Bake 40 to 50 minutes in moderate oven and in greased pan.

CANDY EGGS.

Make foundation as follows: 1 lb. confectioner's sugar (do not use powdered) mixed well with white of one egg and teaspoon of vanilla and two talbespoons of milk or cream. Divide whole lump into three parts. Take one part and mold into egg forms. Lay on clean platter to harden. Take another part and mix into it little red coloring (either fruit juice or water into which cochineal bugs have been stirred a moment) just enough to give good pink tinge. Add to mixture little more confectioner's sugar to stiffen. Mold into egg forms and lay on platter to harden. Take third part and mix into it tablespoon of melted chocolate (melt chocolate in teacup over steaming kettle of water). Mix well with white cream and add little confectioner's sugar to stiffen. When stiff enough, mold into egg forms and place on platter. These are delicious and much prized by children.

CANDY BUNNIES.

Make same foundation as for Candy Eggs. Divide mixture into two parts. Shape white bunnies from one part and use pink candies for eyes. Use other part for chocolate bunnies. Add to white mixture three heaping tablespoonfuls of melted chocolate and enough confectioner's sugar to stiffen again. These bunnies also should have pink candy eyes.

CANDY CHICKENS.

Make same foundation as for Candy Eggs. Divide mixture into two parts. Make white chickens from one part with tiny pink candies for eyes. To other part add yolk of egg well beaten. Add also more confectioner's sugar. Make yellow chickens from this part.

PART V.
QUOTATIONS

EASTER LILY QUOTATIONS.

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.
—Jesus (Matthew VI.)

Is not the lily pure?
What fuller can procure
A white so perfect, spotless, clear
As in this flower doth appear?
—Quarles.

Lilies have robes a king cannot buy,
So we have no cause to be silly and vain
About what we wear, you and I.
—Lizzie de Armond.

Leaves of that shy plant
(Her flowers were shed,) the lily of the vale,
That loves the ground, and from the sun withholds
Her pensive beauty; from the breeze her sweets.
—Wordsworth.

And the stately lilies stand
Fair in the silvery light:
Their pure breath sanctifies the air
As the fragrance fills the night.
—T. C. R. Dorr.

Lilies more white than snow
New-fallen from heaven.
—Sir F. Suckling.

The snow-white lily and the palm
Replace the laurel and the bay;
An atmosphere of holy calm
Enfolds the world to-day,
And where war echoed loud and grim
I hear the Easter hymn.
—Margherita Arlina Hamm.

It may be a figure of speech entirely
And the spirit did never the pen inspire,
But something uplifts the soul, I know,
In the days when the Easter lilies blow.

Lilies, lilies! Easter calls!
Rise to meet the dawning
Of the blessed light that falls
Through the Easter morning.
Ring your bells and tell the story
How he rose, the Lord of Glory.

We are lilies fair
The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
"Lo! my thoughts of white."
—Leigh Hunt.

Ring, ye joyful bells of Easter;
Bring the lilies, white and spotless,
Emblem of the pure and blest,
Plant them in your heart's own gardens.
—Faye Taylor.

"Thou wert not, Solomon! in all thy glory,
Array'd," the lilies cry, "in robes like ours.
How vain your grandeur! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"
—Horace Smith.

"Look to the lilies how they grow!"
'Twas thus the Saviour said, that we
Even in the simplest flowers that bloom,
God's ever watchful care might see.
—Moir.

The lily-cup
Those flowers made of light.
—Thomas Hood.

Lilies sweet perfume the air,
Emblems of that life so fair
Which shall make our earth to shine
With a glory all divine.
Love shall reign in every heart,
Wisdom be the "better part."
—Kate L. Gray.

Bear a lily in thy hand
Gates of brass cannot withstand.
—H. W. Longfellow.

Oh rare as the splendor of lilies
And sweet as the violet's breath,
Comes the jubilant morning of Easter,
A triumph of life over death:
So down in thy splendor of lilies,
The fluttering violet breath,
O jubilant morning of Easter
Thou triumph of life over death!

The fairest of all things that blossom and grow,
Sweet as the summer and pure as the snow,
Is the lily that tells,
Like the glad Easter bells,
Once more the sweet story that all hearts should know.

Tall lilies rise like votaries—
With love and joy impearled,
And perfumes meet in concord sweet
Around the rescued world.
Christ conquers death, and radiant faith
Comes like an irised dove,
From heights where bloom, beyond the tomb,
The lilies of His love.
—William H. Hayne.

O dearest bloom the seasons know,
Flowers of the resurrection blow,
Our hope and faith restore;
And through the bitterness of death,
And loss and sorrow, breathe a breath
Of life for evermore!
The thought of love immortal blends
With fond remembrances of friends;
In you, O sacred flowers,
By human love made doubly sweet,
The heavenly and the earthly meet,
The heart of Christ and ours!
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

Shrouded in darkness the lilies were hiding
Deep in the earth,
Patiently waiting the day and the hour
Set for their birth;
Storing up fragrance and whiteness and beauty
Not knowing why,
Trusting to infinite power and wisdom
'Till by and by.
—Lillian D. Rice.

Easter morn with lilies fair
Fills the church with perfumes rare,
As their clouds of incense rise,
Sweetest offerings to the skies.
Stately lilies pure and white
Flooding darkness with their light,
Bloom and sorrow drift away,
On this holy hallow'd day.
Easter lilies bending low
In the golden afterglow,
Bear a message from the sod
To the heavenly towers of God.
—Louise Lewin Matthews.

Shall we despair that where the cannon spoke
Hatred and death, the peaceful fireside smoke
May whisper hope and love—the fields again
Gladden with lilies and the living grain?
—Charles Buxton Going.

Breaks the joyful Easter dawn,
Clearer yet and stronger;
Winter from the world has gone;
Death shall be no longer.
Rousing them from dreary hours
Under snow-drifts chilly
In his hands he brings the flowers,
Brings the rose and lily.
—Lucy Larcom.

See how the lily grows, so pure and fair,
With leaves spread out in mute, unconscious prayer,
All needs by God supplied,—no thought of sun or shower
Disturbs its calm; its firm trust from hour to hour.
O ye of little faith, with many woes,
Pause and consider how the lily grows.
—Adela V. Scrimgeour.

The gates of the night unfolded
And a seraph came down to earth,
And walked where the roots and grass
Were striving again for birth.
The snow lay deep on the churchyard
For the spring was late and cold;
He molded its pearly whiteness
In flowers with hearts of gold.
After the dead, dark winter,
After the shrouding snows,
Still in its fragrant beauty
The Easter lily blows.
—Minna Irving.

Lilies, always lilies at the Easter-tide;
Purest whiteness, richest fragrance scattered far and wide;
Leaves a-budding, birds a-scudding, winds a-dancing free,
Sap a-shooting newest life-blood through the meadow tree,
Hearts a-throbbing, all aglow with life, on every side;
These are welcome heralds at the Easter-tide.

We are the lilies, who mutely and graciously bring
Out of our sweet, sheltered chambers, the message of spring;
'Mid the meek blossoms of April set stately and tall,
Queening it gently and musingly over them all.
Tenderly nurtured, and garnered with love and with pride,
Flowers of worship and mystery, clothed as a bride;
We are the festival lilies, immortally fair.
—Marion C. Smith.

O beautiful, beautiful lilies, what truths
you typify!
You seem to die in the autumn, and yet
you did not die,
And on the Easter morning, while ex-
ultant voices sing,
You repeat to all men the lesson of the
miracle of spring!
—Eben E. Rexford.

O lilies, happy lilies, that everywhere
adorn
The temple, or the chapel low, on
blessed Easter morn.
O lilies, sacred lilies, beside your chal-
ice rare
We kneel, as at a holy shrine, and offer
up a prayer. —Lila W. Sickler.

Is there a field so barren,
A life so hard and chill,
That God may not plant therein
Some reed or vinelet still?
Nay, 'twixt the stones where naught
else grow
He'll make celestial lilies blow.
—Myra E. Pollard.

O Easter lilies, fair and white,
As dead, you long lay hidden,
From your dark grave you sought the
light
And rose, by sunshine bidden.
White-robed apostles of fair hope,
That grace our Easter altar,
We need not now in darkness grope,
Our faith now need not falter.
—Egbert L. Bangs.

Sing, children, sing!
The lilies white you bring
In the joyous Easter morning for hope
are blossoming;
And as the earth her shroud of snow
from off her breast doth fling,
So may we cast our fetters off in God's
eternal spring.
—Cella Thaxter.

When the anthems of Easter exultant
arise,
And the beautiful lilies are bending
a-row,
With the crimson and amber and violet
lights
From the windows above on their
bosoms of snow,
Draw near till you breathe the perfume
they exhale,
Look deep where the petals of ivory
part,
Behold what a marvel! The gold from
the head
Of the Angel of Easter is still in each
heart.
—Minna Irving.

Oh fragrant, white lilies of Easter,
Ye breathe not your perfume in vain,
Ye speak of the sweetness of Christ-
life,
The beautiful mission of pain;
Ye tell of a Saviour ascended,
Of death to be conquered at last,
Of robes and a crown that are waiting
When earth and its trials are past.
—Emma G. Dietrick.

ICING AND DECORATING THE EGGS.

HER EASTER GIFT.